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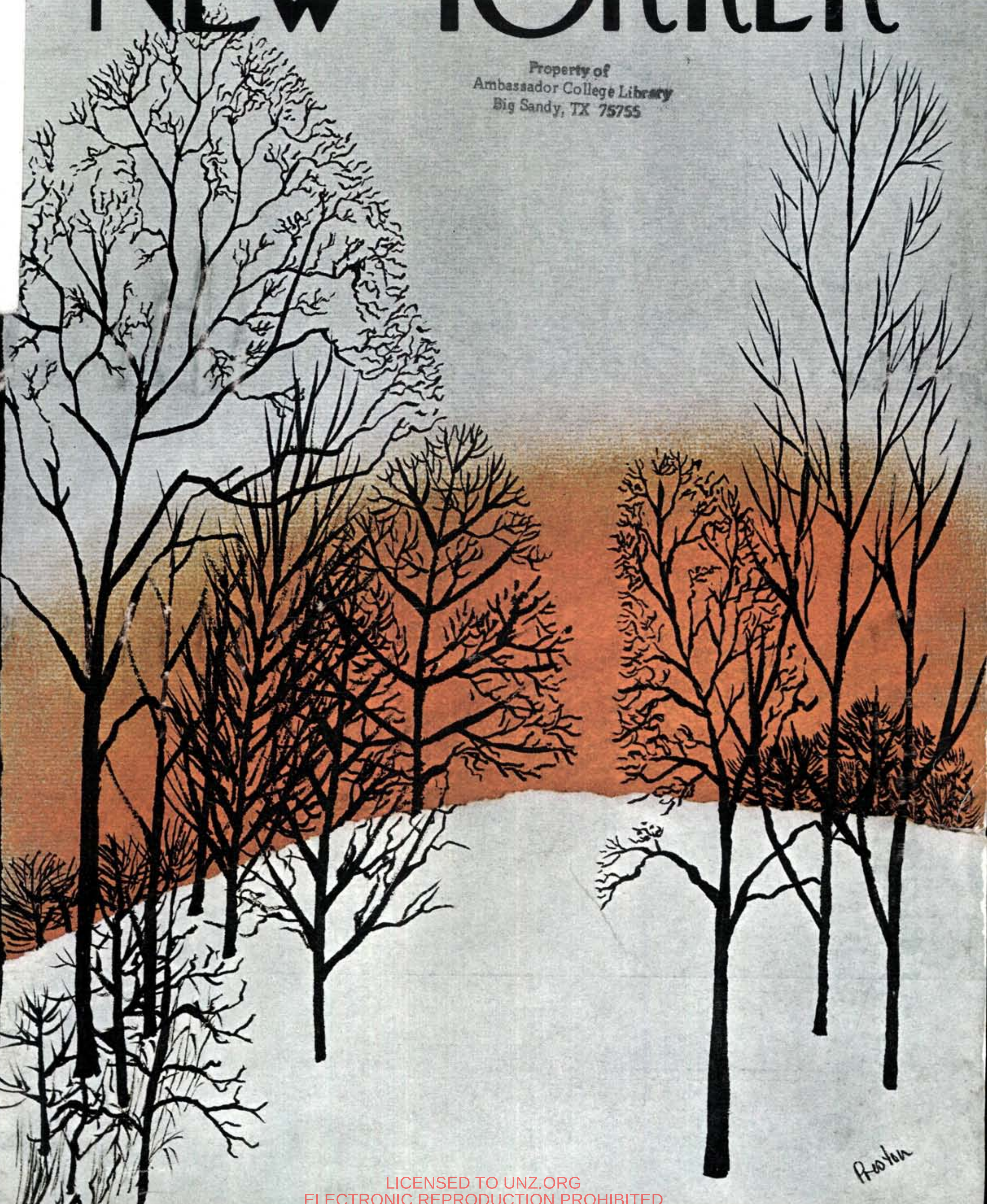

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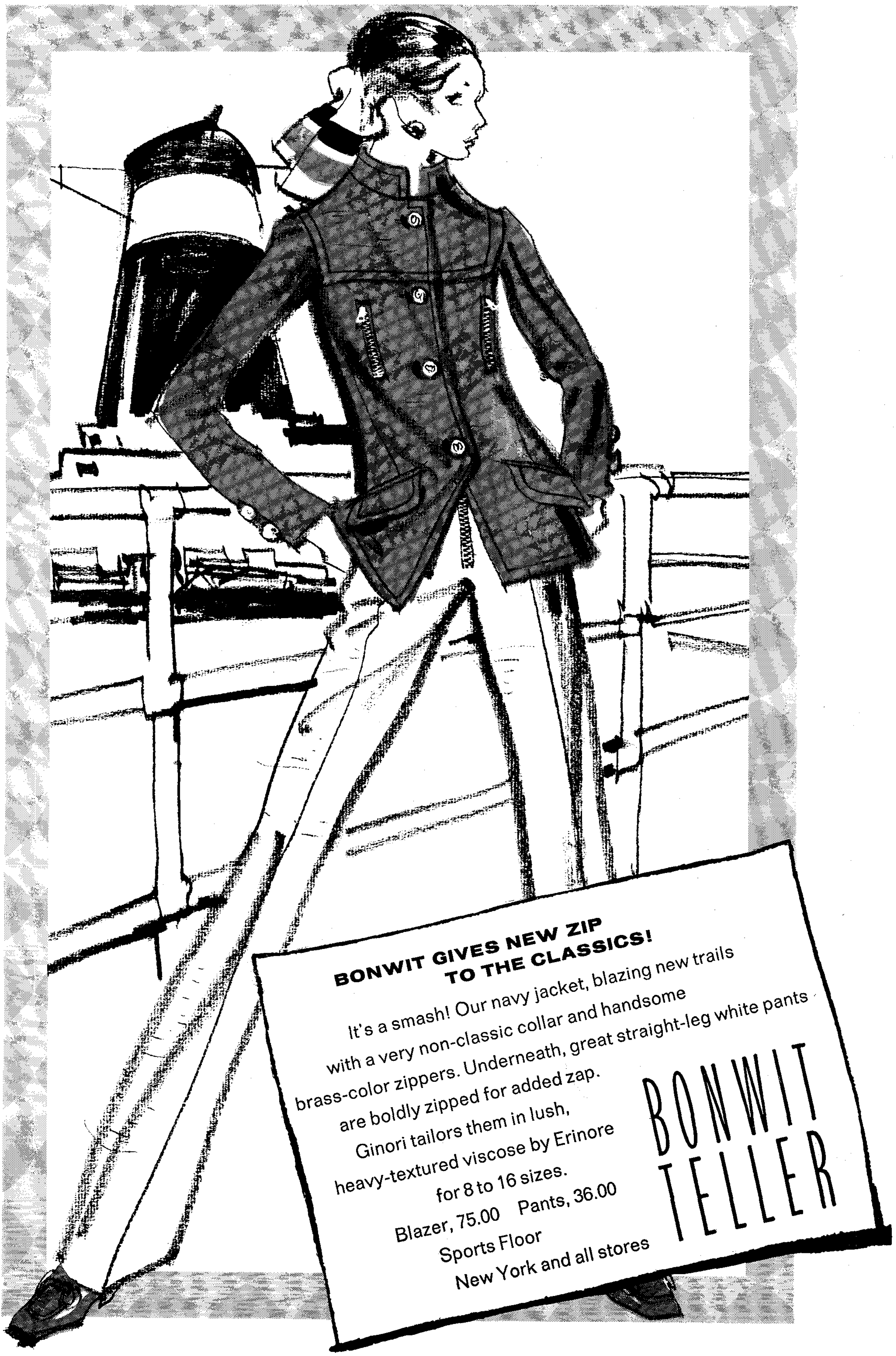

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BONWIT TELLER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Butterflies Are Free—Keir Dullea, Eileen Heckart, and Blythe Danner are excellent in a machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Comédie-Française—A three-week repertory of five Molière plays. LA TROUPE DU ROI and AMPHITRYON: Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 4-5, and Tuesday through Thursday, Feb. 10-12, all at 8:30. . . . DOM JUAN: Friday, Feb. 6, at 7:30; Saturday, Feb. 7, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, Feb. 8, at 2:30 and 7:30. . . . LES FEMMES SAVANTES: Friday, Feb. 13, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 14, at 2:30 and 8:30. Simultaneous-translation sets may be rented. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Closes Sunday, Feb. 22.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A revival of John Herbert's play about homosexuality in prison. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Front Page—A rambunctious melodrama by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, full of wisecracks that can still make us laugh after forty years. The fine cast includes Robert Alda, Bert Convy, Paul Ford, and Harold J. Kennedy, who directed. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Gloria and Esperanza—A play by Julie Bovasso, presented by the La Mama Experimental Theatre Club. Preview Wednesday matinée, Feb. 4. Opens officially Wednesday evening, Feb. 4, at 7, and will run through Saturday, Feb. 14. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Harangues—A pair of one-acters, with prologue and interlude, by Joseph A. Walker. The plays, about racial anguish, are fierce and tragic, but there *is* humor in them, and the production, by the Negro Ensemble Company, is, as usual, continuously fascinating. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 15.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—A middle-aged man attempting his first extra-marital fling is the subject of Neil Simon's latest hit comedy. It is splendidly acted by James Coco, Linda Lavin, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

No Place to Be Somebody—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether engrossing play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially good. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Paris Is Out!—Molly Picon and Sam Levene in "Abie's Irish Rose," only without Rose. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Private Lives—Noël Coward's comedy is well on its way to immortality, and the present production, with Tammy Grimes and Brian Bedford, is a worthy seventieth-birthday present to the Master. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A brilliant revival of CAMINO REAL, the 1953 play by Tennessee Williams. The exceptionally fine cast includes Jessica Tandy, Al Pacino, Jean Pierre Aumont, Philip Bosco, and Victor Buono. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 21.) . . . ¶ At the Forum in the same building: THE DISINTEGRATION OF JAMES CHERRY. This black farce by a twenty-one-year-old playwright named Jeff Wanshel is almost smothered at times by shenanigans and cuteness, but it also has many bright lines and original ideas. With Stephen Strimpell and Cathy Burns. (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 21.)

Sheep on the Runway—Art Buchwald's helter-skelter comedy about a mythical Himalayan kingdom that has the misfortune to be noticed by Washington. With a splendid cast headed by David Burns and Martin Gabel. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Summertree—A revival of a play by Ron Cowen, with Lenny Baker. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Transfers—A trio of shoddy one-acters by Conrad Bromberg. With Ron Leibman. (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. 989-7736. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—ADAPTATION and NEXT: Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . THE BOYS IN THE BAND: A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . CEREMONIES IN DARK OLD MEN: A play, by Lonne Elder III, about a Negro family in Harlem

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DRAWINGS: *Robert Day, Alan Dunn, Edward Koren, Edward Frascino, Henry Martin, Donald Reilly, J. B. Handelsman, Dana Fradon, Barney Tobey, Al Ross, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Charles Sauers, William Steig, Warren Miller, Mischa Richter, Charles Barsotti*

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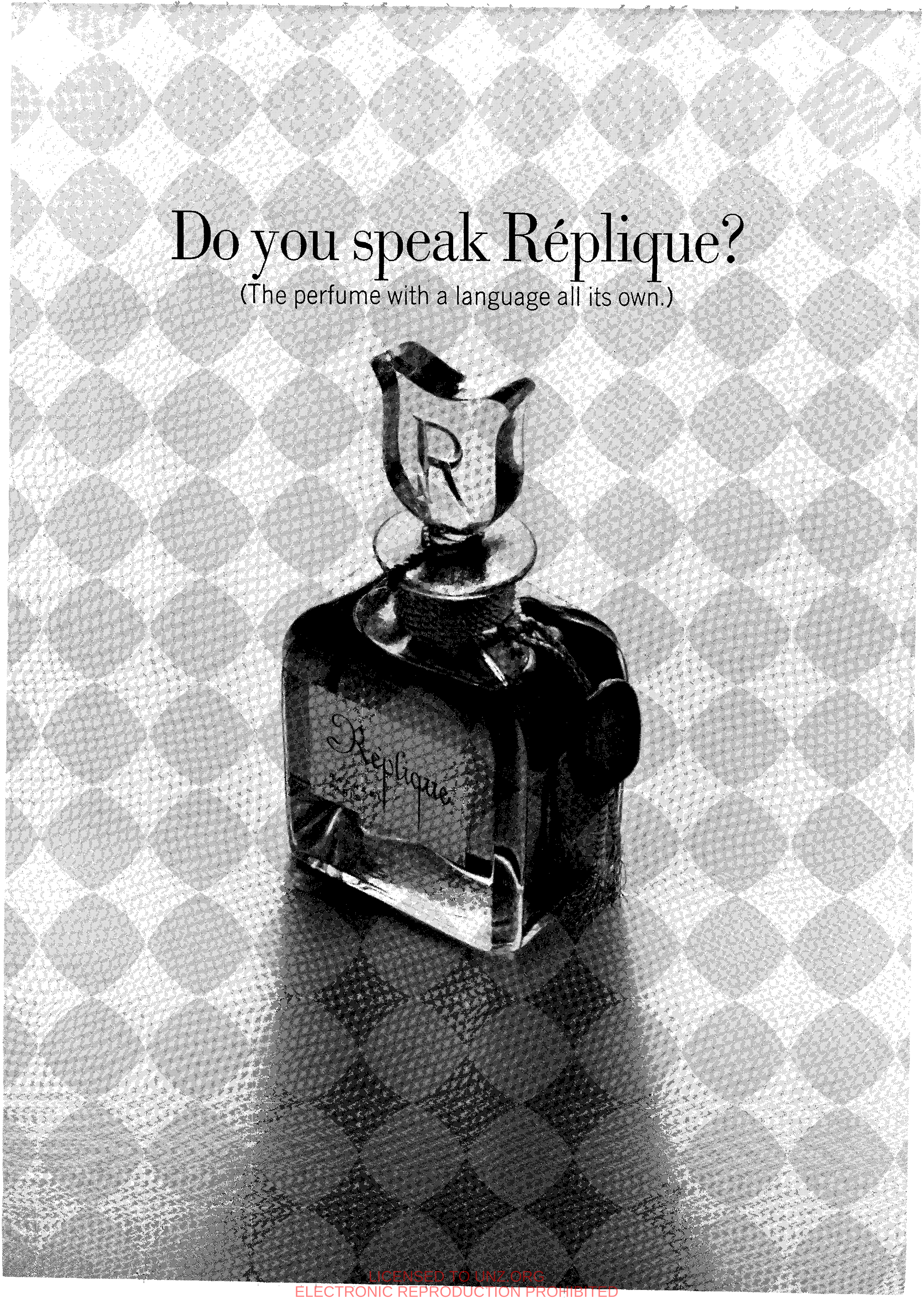
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. With Richard Mason. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 15.)... **THE CONCEPT:** A drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matineés Sundays at 3.)... **FORTY CARATS:** June Allyson and several other nice people in a comedy adapted from the French by Jay Allen and directed by Abe Burrows. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM:** Bob Denver as a sort of young Jewish Lear, or maybe Othello—anyhow, not Romeo. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **PLAZA SUITE:** Three conjoined one-act comedies by Neil Simon. Peggy Cass and Don Porter have the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Charles Aznavour—The French singer, actor, and composer in a solo show of his songs. A three-week engagement that starts Wednesday, Feb. 4, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 22. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Coco—Katharine Hepburn single-handedly saves the day in this old-fashioned trumpery musical, with book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by André Previn, and sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Joy—A program of songs by and with Oscar Brown, Jr. It has indeed some joyful moments, although it seems more appropriate to a cabaret than a theatre. Mr. Brown and the stunning Jean Pace split most of the songs between them, but they leave a few for their irresistible maestro, entirely named Sivuca, who treats us to engaging samples of Brazilian scat. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Last Sweet Days of Isaac—This buoyant musical, with a lively score by Nancy Ford and nimble words by Gretchen Cryer, tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and his brief encounters with a couple of droll, pretty girls. The show loses a little steam in the second act, but it holds up quite well anyway. The performances—by Austin Pendleton as the hero, Fredricka Weber as both girls, and a delightful rock group called the Zeitgeist—are just about perfect. Word Baker directed. Ed Wittstein designed the stylish setting. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A sleazy collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. There is some pleasant dancing and some loud music, and the performers are exceptionally comely, though what they do isn't. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Salvation—A rock musical that is cast—but very loosely—in the form of a revivalist meeting. This revivalist theme gets a bit trying at times, but every other aspect of the show—the songs, the singing, the dancing, the performances, the staging—is a delight, and most delightful of all is the spirit of the company. Words and music by Peter Link and C. C. Courtney. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4:30.)

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Unfair to Goliath—A merry little revue by the Israeli satirist Ephraim Kishon, adapted by Herbert Appleman, who is also responsible for the lyrics. Menachem Zur wrote the music. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **DAMES AT SEA:** A takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, this one about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** He folded his razor neatly and with stroking palps of fingers felt the smooth skin. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Stephen turned his gaze from the sea and to the plump face with its smokeblue mobile eyes. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:**—That fellow I was with in the Ship last night, said Buck Mulligan, says you have g.p.i. He's up in Dottyville with Conolly Norman. General paralysis of the insane. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** A host of hirsute young folk hell-bent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Keith Michell plays the title role; Jack Dabdoub substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **1776:** A misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring William Daniels and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, except Feb. 11, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule of final performances—Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8:15: "Prodigal Son," "In the Night," and "Ballet Imperial."... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8:15: "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet" and "Who Cares?" (première).... ¶ Friday, Feb. 6, at 8:15: "Harlequinade" and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 7, at 2:15: "Swan Lake" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8:15: "Stravinsky Symphony," "In the Night," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 8, at 1:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 8, at 7:15: "Who Cares?" and "Dances at a Gathering."... **DON QUIXOTE:** Thursday and Friday, Feb. 12-13, at 8:15; Saturday, Feb. 14, at 2:15 and 8:15; and Sunday, Feb. 15, at 1:15 and 7:15. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and tea and ice cream and so forth. Folk-rock singer Paul Siebel is on the stand a lot. On Wednesday, Feb. 4, as well as Sunday and Monday, Feb. 8-9, Dreams will also be here. The Irish Rovers will do their kind of folk music Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 5-7, and Ambergris will rock Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 11-14. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven on Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays are anomalous, with visitors taking the regulars' places.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come, and frequently return, to sit and talk and copiously dine. From eleven to three, subdued jazz comes from electric piano and bass guitar. Dinner is served until one.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight and brick walls, and dining amid mirrors. Some fairly advanced jazz sounds from eleven until one, generally on piano and bass. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Dixieland, under slow siege, still manages to flourish here. There's nothing extraordinary about the bar, but the music—played by a group that includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Eddie Hubble, Eddie Locke, and Joe Muranyi—is forthright. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A pair of polar bears (stuffed), an ancient fire engine, and ricky-tick banjo music accompany the drinks, which are mostly fermented. One can buy a boater and put it on one's head, if one enjoys putting on boaters. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano every night from nine to three or four. Also peanuts, boaters (again), garters, and prefabricated nostalgia. A fine how-do-you-do. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's dim, shadowy, and nondescript, and so are its environs. Jazz most nights from nine until closing by the Sonny Stitt quartet. On Tuesday, Feb. 10, the Pharoah Sanders quintet, with singer Leon Thomas, will come in. Closed Mondays.

Tony Parenti's Club, 227 W. 52nd St. (JU 2-8370)—A bar like the ones that used to front on 52nd Street in proliferation during the Jazz Era, with—in a sort of window box—a band dedicated with conviction to Dixie. Mr. Parenti, Jimmy McPartland, Dill Jones, Graham Stewart, and even venerable Freddie Moore are concerned. The cast may change now and then, but the sound will not. Nine-thirty until three, except Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Beginning at about nine-thirty,

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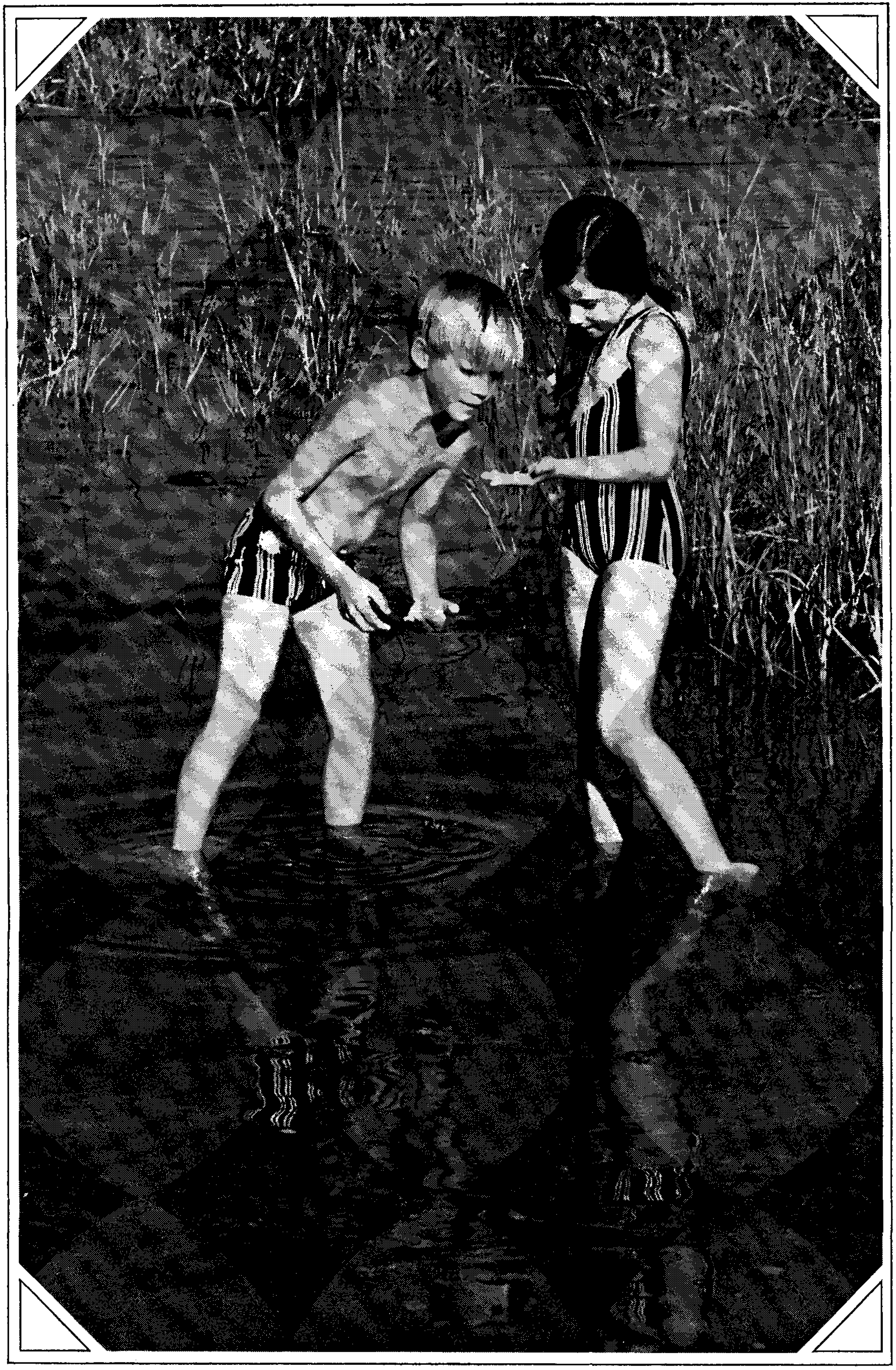

Are Florence Eiseman children nicer than other children, or do they just look that way?

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Billy Taylor's impeccable trio entertains. On Tuesday, Feb. 10, the David Amram-George Barrows quartet will take over. Grilled dinners are served. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Fridays and Saturdays, Nina Simone puts more into each song than some singers put into an evening. Shows at ten, twelve, and two on Fridays, and at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty on Saturdays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—The Gene Ammons quintet plays through Sunday, Feb. 8. The Bill Evans trio, a font of liquidity, starts Tuesday, Feb. 10. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—*Boondock is right; it's practically in the North River,* in a pretty desolate part of town. Sawdust-covered floors, conviviality, and substantial amounts of what is known as soul food. Quiet jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Mondays through Wednesdays) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursdays through Sundays).

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—Tiny and ornate. Fake palms cast shadows on upholstered balustrades, and the furnishings, many of which are for sale, provide a kind of Louis XV-Riemenschneider-Chippendale-rococo effect. The clientele looks satisfied. Dancing to records from ten to three or four, and dining of a delicate sort.

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1282)—*Ce n'est pas français, mais ce n'est pas mauvais.* It's above a restaurant named Sam's, and the trappings are reminiscent of "Casablanca." The record-spinner has multifarious selections to choose from. Activity until three-thirty every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A period piece whose creators have worked hard to make it seem French, historic, and popular. It manages to be a little of each. The dinners and suppers are worthy, and people dance to 45s from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Patrons mill and mingle while a mammoth light show flashes, splashes, and dribbles on a wall. Dancing, to live and recorded sounds, starts at eight on Fridays and Saturdays, and at nine on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. Far Cry will perform Wednesday through Sunday, Feb. 4-8, and on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 6-7, Dreams will join in. Buffalongo starts Wednesday, Feb. 11. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays. No alcohol.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (PL 1-7025)—Service, food, and ambience all foster a serene enjoyment. The recorded music allows various kinds of dancing, from eleven until three or four. Dinner and supper. No music Sundays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—One of the oldest discothèques in existence, with an air that suits its age. The restrained recorded music runs from nine to three or four. Dim lights disclose well-dressed people dancing and dining. On weekends, reservations are recommended for tables (none needed at the bar). Closed Sundays.

Later at Act I, 1 Times Square. (695-1880)—Above the garish square, an ornamented place to dance to records as well as to solidly swinging live groups. The waitresses are apt to get carried away by the music, but don't knock it. Supper. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Manhattan-on-the-Nile might look something like this, with Egyptian statuary and lots of what passes for hip diversion. Some of the latter comes from loud recorded music, some from a singer named Prentice Minner. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A pseudo-street where you can patronize a couple of bars, a cheese shop, a fishmonger's, and several other real establishments. You can also dance to records, from six until three Sunday through Friday and from eight until three on Saturday. The music is reliable discothèque stuff.

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Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Dancing is preëminent here, despite the rotary devices (Harley-Davidson, Schwinn, La Salle—you name it) on the walls. The crowd knows how to swing, and the records reverb. When the records don't, Walpurgis Nights do. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's *in the vaults*—below a crêpe-and-shish-kebab establishment of the same name—and it's generally considered to be a cool place. The records continue without surcease, and the dance floor is alive from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—for whatever they're worth—are suggested on weekends. The drinks are big. The walls are mirrored.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

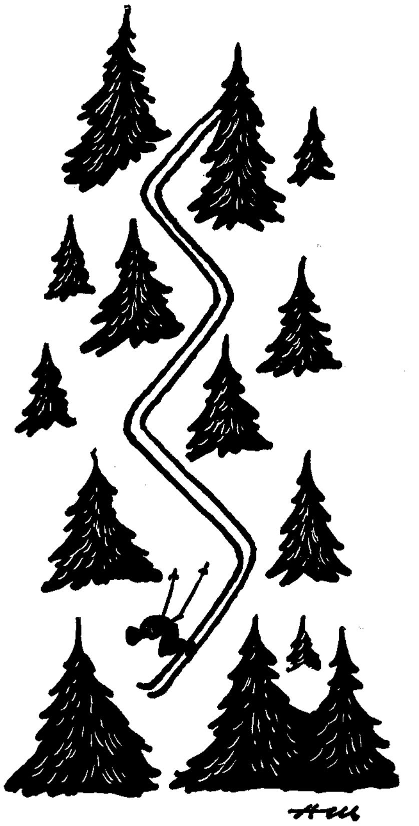
El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): Not *all* the perfumes of Arabia, but enough of them, and of the indigenous architecture, to make the latest restoration of the once imperial palace a pleasurable one. Lester Lanin's varsity is on the bandstand from about nine o'clock on. Closed Sundays. . . . **Delmonico's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Ernie Warren, whose regimental band toured many of our colonies in early days, is bivouacking, with band, in the calm, collected restaurant of this hotel. All quiet Sundays and Mondays, though.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A small Las Vegas, and an acceptable one. Song and music, as in all Vegas lounges, but the mainspring is Rodney Dangerfield, whose commentary on the life we all lead and the people we lead it with is the truth and nothing but the truth, and not always couth. He is in evidence two or three times an evening, except on Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Joan Rivers' march, in narrative form, through the annals of American married life has the force and effects of Sherman's march to the sea. The tenor who now and again precedes her onstage is not to be believed—or listened to, either. Hardly ever before ten, and never on Sundays or Mondays.



El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—A Near East fraternity house, where Greek meets Greek, Armenian meets Greek, and like that. The main meeter and greeter—and jester, too—is Avram Grobard; his assistants play wily Oriental instruments that don't grow on trees, or do they? The dining is a meeting of East and West. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The local revue, "Weigh-In, Way-Out," is not altogether pleased with some aspects of the current edition of civilization, and says so—half the time in words of pretty good wisdom. The cast is B-minus. Diatribes twice a night, except on Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—One big happy family, and even slaphappy whenever the *schuhplattler* dancers strike out—that is, Bavaria in an outgoing, singing, beer-drinking, operetta state of body and mind. None of this, though, on Sundays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Buddy Greco, who finds that singing of an evening is a great big (and communicable) pleasure, ends his supper and dinner sessions in the Royal Box on Saturday, Feb. 7. The establishment *reopens on* Tuesday, Feb. 10, to admit Leslie Uggams, who will prove all over again that a pretty girl is just like a melody, and Jackie Kahane, the best of the Montreal standup comics. As before, there will be music by the orchestra of Lee Evans—an army perfect at minding its p's and cues.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Rafael de Cordoba and his ample Ballet Español remove themselves on Wednesday, Feb. 11. Next evening, a new selection of Andalusian flamencans, under the jurisdiction of the soprano Nati Mistral, will take over. Twice a night, always, is the house rule. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, the activity, likewise on a no-nights-off basis, is enhanced by the guitar of Pepe Preiego and the voice of Antonio Maya. Their lyric commentary on the male-vs.-female syndrome makes it appear to be not at all an unnecessary evil. They commence at ten, and do not stop until way past bedtime.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Dick Jensen, an easy rider from way, way out West, finishes his sets of song recitals on Wednesday, Feb. 4, so that Tony Bennett, the easiest and most agreeable rider of them all, can move in next evening. Two deals every night, time without end. . . . ¶ In the lounge, where music begins at ten, you can almost see the stars over the Nevada desert when the lights go down.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Into the pleasure dome of the Persian Room comes Gordon MacRae during dinner and supper to indulge in a bout of song and story. The melodic line will pass muster; the story line gets long and twisted once in a while. Burt Farber's orchestra and Mark Monte's play with obvious enthusiasm on and on into the night. Closed Sundays. . . . **Plaza 9—and All That Jazz** is host to Oscar Peterson's trio, whose music (only for the ear) is careful to stay in the middle of the road. Marty Napoleon's rollicking trio chips in with music for further listening and music for footwork. Dinner *sí,* supper *no.* Eight is the usual starting time. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ There is music (alive, alive-o) from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and again from seven to ten-thirty (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room; this is mainly the fiddle plied by Sandu Marcu. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the right spot to begin the Grand Tour of Europe, for then Gunnar Hansen's violin sets off upon the prescribed route. No action Sundays, and Monday nights belong to Mr. Marcu.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—At the moment, the view without from this topless tower may turn the eye (and ear) from the view within, for when you

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have heard one of Norm Crosby's jokes you may have heard them all. He does a dinner and supper skirmish, and so does the New *Direction, a group that goes in wholly* for music. This happens every night but Sunday, and dance music commences at eight.

Roosevelt Grill, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, a remembrance of things past and a hope for the future; i.e., the Jazz All-Stars, in the charge of the up-the-rebels Eddie Condon (Roy Eldridge, Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, Milt Hinton, Mousie Alexander, Budd Johnson, Ross Tompkins, Buddy Morrow, Jim Hall), and the quartet owned by the fashion-plate Peanuts Hucko (Jack Lesberg, Cliff Leeman, Dave McKenna). Except on Sundays and Mondays, the music goes from seven to one (two on Saturdays), and so does the dancing. All hands vanish with curfew on Saturday, Feb. 7, but no matter, for on Tuesday, Feb. 10, the World's Greatest Jazz Band, led by Yank Lawson, comes in off the road.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, endowed with so many worldly goods (and no bads), runs its steady course of perpetual music (Quintero's faithful family retainers and a useful new band led by Hal Turner) except when, during dinner and supper, the team of Kole & *Param blends its voices in song. The song is* great, but the manner is often as withdrawn as "Pelléas et Mélisande." On Thursday, Feb. 12, K. & P. will be replaced by Patachou, an oriole as worldly, Parisian, and agreeable as can be. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Next door, in the serenity of La Boite, two Viennese cronies (Ernest Schoen on violin, Jules Kuti on piano) engage in reminiscences. No dancing, naturally. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Liza Minnelli, far from being a sterile cuckoo, is a beamish one, already proclaiming the forthcoming of summer in lively fashion. She arrives in the Empire Room in the middle of dinner and supper. Charles Turecamo's orchestra takes care of everything else. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): *Bring me your sick at heart,* your poor at heart, say the songs of Mabel Mercer, the deaconess of all lieder artists, and I shall heal. This saving grace, extended in a voice of calm dispassion, is supplemented by the comprehending piano of Jimmy Lyon. Closed Sundays.... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Night after night you can see the stagecoach coming through Generation Gap on its way to Young City. A clutch of musicians greets it at the gateway *to the old corral. No music Sundays.*... **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): West Indian customshouse. Among the customs honored in the observance are the uttering of calypso and the downing of rum. The troubadour begins at dinner time and stays on into the morning. Closed Sundays.... **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Members of the immediate family gather every night but Sunday and Monday to dine a bit, dance a bit, sup *a bit, and listen to the head of the household,* Rita Dimitri, who sings soprano and soubrette at nine-thirty during the week, at nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. ... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Anyone who wishes to see a vacuum abhorred should study the Hungarian gypsies bending to their perpetual work. Song and dance (this last by the diners) are added now and then. Closed Mondays.... **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Of I Pagliacci, by I Pagliacci, and *for I Pagliacci—waiters and (not infrequently)* guests alike. Closed Mondays.... **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Often standing room only, and no standing on ceremony, in this bar-and-grill. Voice and piano are the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound is from Scott Reed, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Old King Henri must have been a merry old soul, for he left behind him an entertaining play castle, as well as a couple of his fiddlers three. One of them, George Cardini, does the bowing (*no* scraping) right now in the absence of the other, Norbert Faconi. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*.... **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A country house in the Alpi *Marittime. Lynn Mullinax operates the piano* in the bar, to which he adds several notes of cheer. He's there from six to midnight, except for Sundays.... **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The attic of the Sign of the Dove. A lot of odd furniture and knickknackery stored there make it quite unlike its downstairs neighbor. Part of the furniture is a mild piano, in service from six until one. Closed Sundays.... **IPERBOLE**, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is *no exaggeration in the name of this museum* of modern art, the newest handiwork of Armando Mei, restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that are nothing if not Roman. No nights off. ... **THURSDAY'S**, 334 E. 73rd St. (628-8670): The epitome of the New Night Life on the upper East Side—people just sitting around their dinner tables for a calm evening that is stirred only by the piano of Buddy Barnes in *the bar. It would be great if he had a piano* among the tables, too, but at least Mr. B. is back among us, from nine until two every evening but Sunday.... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Something sort of grandish. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one every evening but Sunday.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Pomp and circumstantial evidence thereof—these are the characteristics of the bar-restaurant, in which there is a piano from five until a bit after midnight, but not Sundays or Mondays.... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed, especially by Rogelio Reguera, whose Spanish guitar is well versed, well voiced, in the classics. From around eight to around one is the range of his evening's tour, and he gets Sundays off.... **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): An evening's leisurely journey from Salzburg to Schönbrunn, conducted by George Feyer's piano. The journey takes from eight-thirty until one-thirty. No music Sundays.... **LA RONDE**, in the Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Ray Hartley, whose ar*rangements for solo piano derive from orig*inal sources, is on a schedule that lasts from cocktails until midnight and that does not include Sundays.... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A wayside tavern halfway along the road to Rome. A troupe of peripatetic musicians calls it home. Closed Sundays. ... **POLO BAR**, in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Joe Miles has the run of the piano in the far corner of this stately mansion, and he stays put from nine to *twelve-thirty. He is absent Sundays and Mon*days.... **HOUSE OF HUNGARY**, 320 E. 79th St. (TR 9-6220): Hungarian rhapsody pours from a band (Elemer Horvath's) that seems born and bred in Budapest; Tokay and the comestibles that go with it heap the tables. Every night, seven-thirty until three.... **MCALPIN GRILL**, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700): Those who wonder what became of Wayne Sanders after Goldie's New York shut down forever will find him here at a sometimes pensive but basically joyous piano between five and eleven every night but Saturday and Sunday.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open *weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5* and 6.)

GALLERIES

Olle Baertling—Metal free-form sculptures; through Feb. 28. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Thomas Hart Benton—Ink drawings and washes, many of them representing the artist's well-known rural themes; starting Saturday, Feb. 7. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Birmelin—Paintings and drawings of the coastline of Deer Isle, Maine, and etchings of a suitcase; through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ilya Bolotowsky—Paintings and painted columns by one of America's pioneer Constructivists; through Feb. 26. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Brown—Sculptures of white-painted plywood built up into blocks; through Feb. 26. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Burchfield (1893-1967)—Fifty paintings from the years 1915 through 1917; through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Enrico Donati—Recent paintings by a widely known Abstractionist who emphasizes texture; through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lynne Drexler—Landscapes in high-keyed colors; through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Dan Flavin—A show of works by the fluorescent-light artist that will run concurrently with *his show at the Jewish Museum; starting* Saturday, Feb. 7. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lucio Fontana (1899-1968)—Paintings by an Italian who specialized in slashed canvases; through Feb. 25. (Del Re, 1100 Madison Ave., at 83rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Mary Frank—Twenty sculptures by a leading younger practitioner; starting Tuesday, Feb. 10. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

Ann Freilich—Landscapes, some of them imaginary; through Feb. 20. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Joseph Glasco—Figurative paintings and drawings; through Feb. 28. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Douglas Gorsline—Paintings with refracted images of figures, still-lifes, and landscapes; through Feb. 19. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Hon Chi-fun—Symbolic compositions using Chinese techniques and imagery; through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Jean Ipousteguy—Drawings by a contemporary Paris sculptor; through Feb. 28. (Frumkin, *41 E. 57th St.*)

Asger Jorn—Paintings and collages with some figuration, by a member of the Cobra group; starting Tuesday, Feb. 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Gene Kangas—*Constructions in a variety of* materials; through Feb. 25. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

Donald Kaufman—Geometric abstractions in one color but with variations in tone; through Feb. 28. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

Ernst Ludwig Kirchner (1880-1938)—Twenty drawings and watercolors by one of the founders of the German Expressionist school; through Feb. 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945)—Fifty-four prints and drawings by the Leftist painter celebrated for her humanitarian themes; through Feb. 28. (Deitsch, 24 E. 81st St.)

Joe Lasker—Figures in interiors; starting Monday, Feb. 9. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Clyde Lynds—Plexiglas constructions, some with steel and aluminum, illuminated from within;

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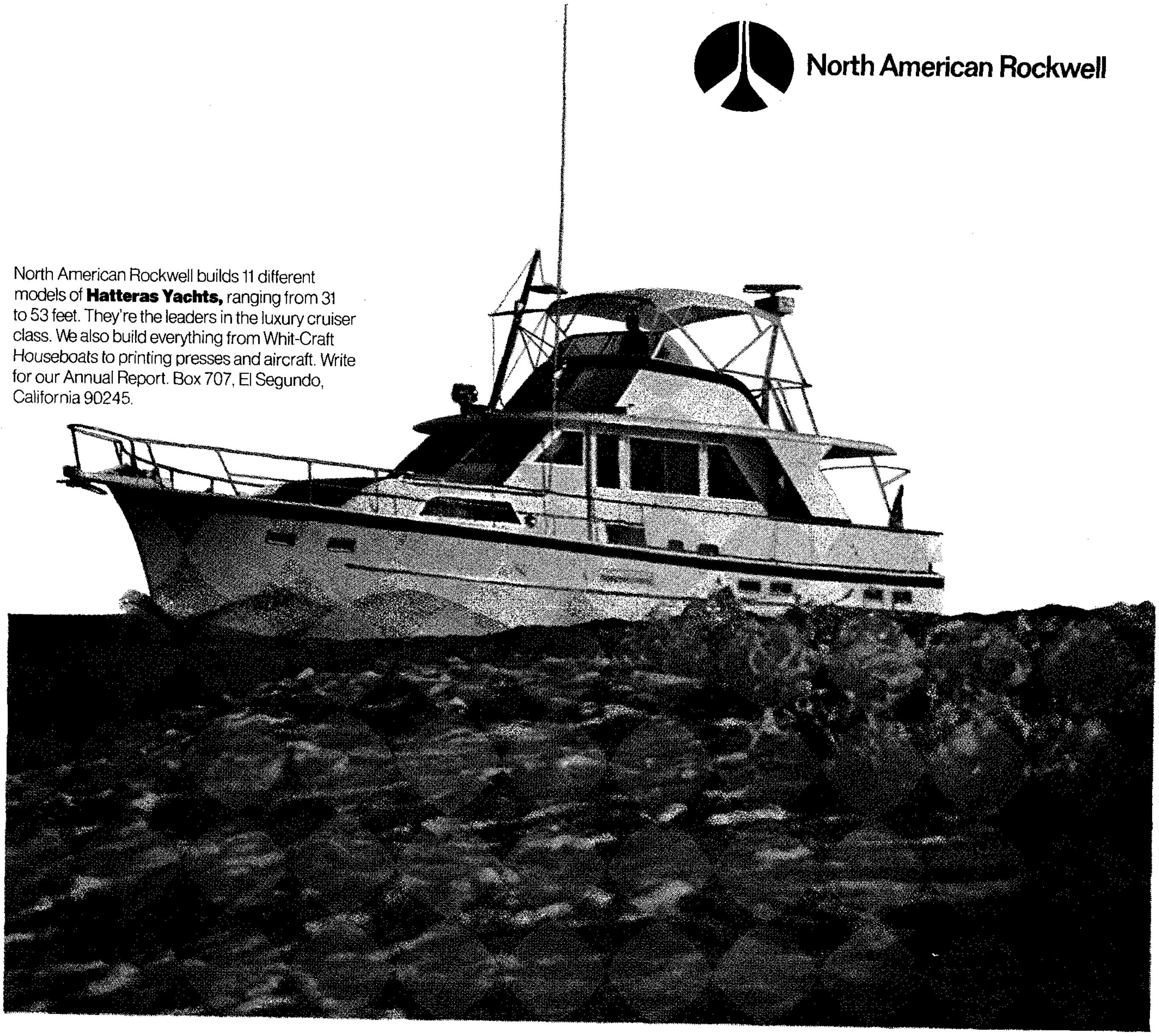

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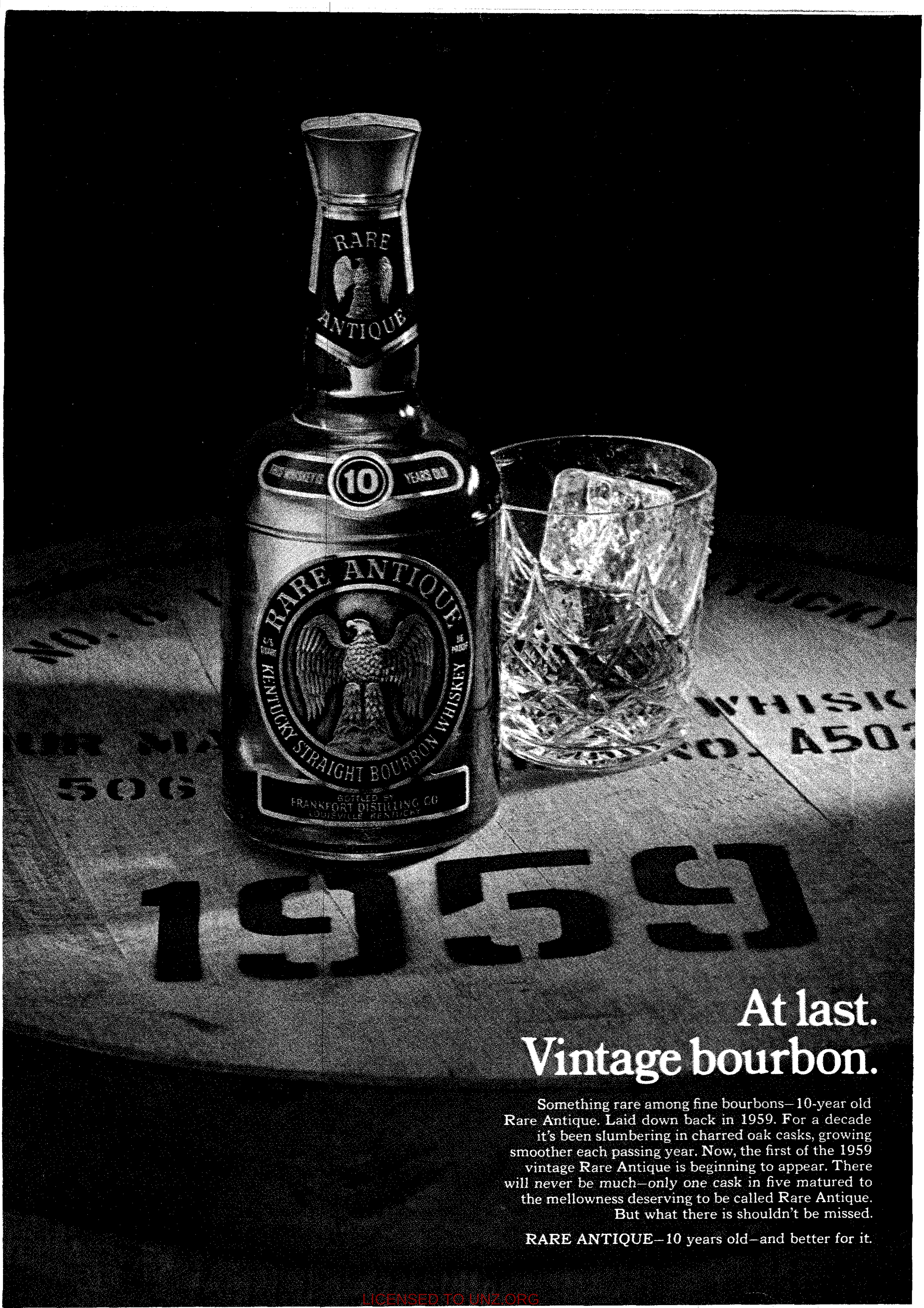
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Feb. 27. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Matta—Paintings and drawings by the Chilean Surrealist who works in Paris; through March 4. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Walter Murch (1907-67)—Paintings and drawings by an American known for his atmospheric paintings of mechanical objects; through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Raymond Parker—Large color-area paintings; through Thursday, Feb. 12. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Man Ray—Paintings by one of the original Dadaist-Surrealists; through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Reinhoud—Metal sculptures of gnomelike figures; through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Seymour Remenick—Landscapes, seascapes, and still-lifes; through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Frank Roth—Fifteen paintings; through Feb. 21. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Ruscha—Paintings, some of objects and some spelling out words; through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Alfaro Siqueiros—The first major New York exhibition in twenty years, covering three decades of work, by this leading leftist Mexican; starting Thursday, Feb. 5. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Syd Solomon—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Feb. 28. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Theodoros Stamos—Paintings by a veteran New York Abstractionist; through Feb. 18. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Stella—Shaped canvases and other paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St.)

Harvey Weiss—Welded-brass, cast-bronze, and terra-cotta sculptures; through March 7. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Paul Williams—Kinetic-light works with playful effects; through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Zona—Space-motion paintings; through Feb. 19. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Larry Zox—Large color abstractions; starting Saturday, Feb. 7. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **GRAHAM**, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures on the theme of birds and beasts by thirty artists, including Robert Beauchamp, Kathleen Cooke, and Stanley Kearl; starting Saturday, Feb. 7. (Closed Mondays.)... **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Forty French Impressionist paintings and forty nineteenth- and twentieth-century American still-lifes; through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: Fifty-five prints by thirty-two Japanese artists; through Feb. 28. ... **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Oils, bronzes, marbles, and reliefs by leading twentieth-century Europeans from Arp to Vlaminck; through March 7.... **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: An exhibition of some sixty works suggesting the variety of art produced during the past hundred years by figures ranging from Eakins, Harnett, and van Gogh to Picasso, de Kooning, and Matisse; starting Tuesday, Feb. 10.... **MARLBOROUGH-GERSON**, 41 E. 57th St.: A benefit show of German Expressionist paintings from the Morton D. May collection; through Saturday, Feb. 7.... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Oils, sculptures, and watercolors by such gallery artists as Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Waldo Peirce, Doris Rosenthal, Roy Moyer, and Fred Meyer; through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **SAMUELS**, 18 E. 76th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century German and French oils, watercolors, and drawings, by Braque, Daumier, Delacroix, Klee, Renoir, Seurat, and others; through Feb. 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)... **SHICKMAN**, 929 Park Ave., at 81st St.: Fashionable French painters of the nineteenth century—among them Couture, Diaz, Forain, Gérôme, Doré, Daubigny, Fantin-Latour—less popular during the past fifty years; through Feb. 21.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—Over three hundred items of medieval art, including gems, manuscripts, stained glass, textiles, sculptures, and works in enamel, metal, and ivory, done between 1180 and 1220, the period when the cathedrals of Chartres, Reims, and Notre Dame, and the first palace of the Louvre were built. The exhibition, which represents the emergence of the Gothic style, comprises borrowings from fourteen countries, including the United States. Starts Thursday, Feb. 12. Except on Mondays, admission is $1.... ¶ More than four hundred paintings, sculptures, and drawings by forty-three Americans chosen by the curator of the Department of Contemporary Art as having determined the direction of art in the past thirty years; through Sunday, Feb. 8. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 4; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 4.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Thirty sculptures and constructions in wire and wood, some free-moving or electrified, plus drawings, prints, illustrated books, and jewelry, by Alexander Calder; through Feb. 15. ... ¶ Environmental situations constructed by five artists and a group of research artists working with electronic technology; through March 1.... ¶ Photographs by Eugène Atget (1850-1927); through March 22. (No admission charge on Mondays, 2 to 9; the rest of the week—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, Thursday evenings until 9, and Sundays, noon to 6—the usual $1.50 will be charged.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Eighty sculptures and twenty-three drawings by Constantin Brancusi (1876-1957); through Feb. 15. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Seventy-six paintings by twenty-two artists who present different phases of representational painting today, among them Jack Beal, Howard Kanovitz, Gabriel Laderman, Alfred Leslie, Philip Pearlstein, and Sidney Tillim; starting Tuesday, Feb. 10. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the main show just now—no special exhibition at the moment. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Drawings and sculptures executed by the students of the School of Art and Design at Pratt Institute from a study of forms in nature. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A hundred and seventy small bronzes and carvings of "Animal Style" art—the art of the nomads from the steppes of Asia that penetrated Europe between the sixth and eighth centuries and appeared eventually in the art of America's Northwest Coast Indians; through March 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design, Third Ave. at 7th St.—Forty posters by Edward McKnight Kauffer, an American who worked in London; through Feb. 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Works and installations, from 1957 to the present, by Dan Flavin, an artist known for his fluorescent-light arrangements; through March 1. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.) A good complement to this showing is his exhibition at the Leo Castelli Gallery, 4 E. 77th St.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Old Master Drawings from Chatsworth," an exhibition of a hundred and thirty-one works from the Duke of Devonshire's collection; through March 14. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A display of decorated and worked tin of the nineteenth century, including a tin bonnet, bridal bouquet, and wedding certificate; through March 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd

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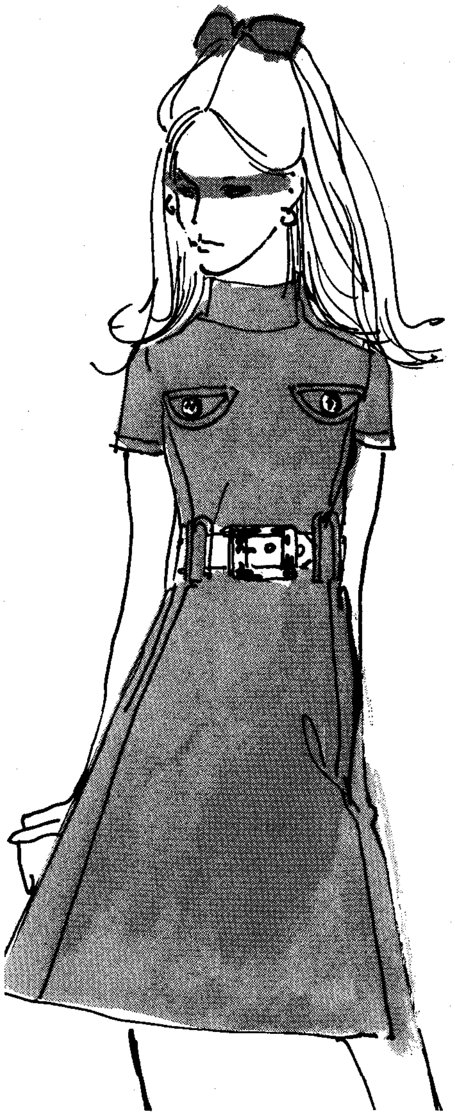

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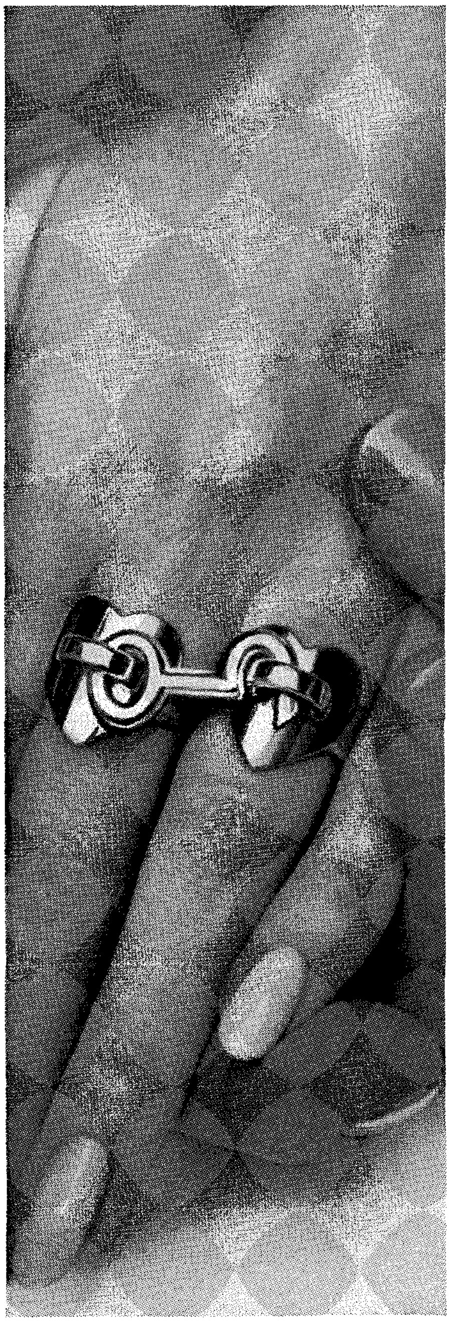

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St.—Sixteen "contemplation environments" designed by artists, psychologists, a sound specialist, and mixed-media practitioners; through March 8. Likely to be overcrowded at noon and on weekends. (Mondays through Fridays, 12:30 to 7; Saturdays and Sundays, 12:30 to 5:30.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Two hundred master prints by more than a hundred leading printmakers of the past five centuries; through March 8. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings by Oscar Bluemner (1876-1938), prominent American colorist; through March 8. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Over a hundred African objects (masks, figures, musical instruments, textiles, jewelry, and artifacts), together with a sampling of the Western art they inspired; through April 19. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Feb. 4: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Colette Boky, Richard Tucker, Frank Guarrera, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 5: "Tosca," with Dorothy Kirsten, Ion Buzea, Giangiacomo Guelfi, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 6: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Régine Crespin, Lucia Popp, Christa Ludwig, Mildred Miller, Walter Berry, John Alexander, and Rudolf Knoll. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 7: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Grace Bumbry, Nedda Casei, Franco Corelli, and Frank Guarrera; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, Richard Tucker, Dominic Cossa, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 7: "La Traviata," with Gabriella Tucci, Nicolai Gedda, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 9: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Régine Crespin, Reri Grist, Christa Ludwig, Mildred Miller, Otto Edelmann, and Nicolai Gedda. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 10: "Don Carlo," with Raina Kabaivanska, Grace Bumbry, Franco Corelli, Robert Merrill, Giorgio Tozzi, and William Dooley. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 11: "La Fanciulla del West," with Renata Tebaldi, Sándor Kónya, Giangiacomo Guelfi, John Macurdy, and Raymond Gibbs. A non-subscription performance. . . . ¶ *Thursday evening*, Feb. 12: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Leonie Rysanek, Thomas Stewart, Robert Nagy, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 13: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Lucine Amara, Placido Domingo, Frank Guarerra, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 14: "Don Carlo," with Raina Kabaivanska, Irene Dalis, Franco Corelli, Robert Merrill, Giorgio Tozzi, and William Dooley. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 14: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Marion Lippert, Reri Grist, Christa Ludwig, Mildred Miller, Walter Berry, and George Shirley. A non-subscription performance. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Mannes Opera Workshop—The first New York performances of Hans Werner Henze's "The Miracle Theatre" (in English), plus Offenbach's "Monsieur Choufleuri." Paul Berl is the music director and Fabrizio Melano the stage director. (Marymount Manhattan College, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday and Friday, Feb. 5-6, at 8:30; Saturday, Feb. 7, at 3; and Sunday, Feb. 8, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 737-0700.)

Italian Composers Festival—The first in a series of three concerts of arias, duets, trios, and scenes from operas, this one devoted to the music of Verdi, performed by the Metropolitan Festival Orchestra, conducted by William Weibel, with Lucine Amara, soprano; Eugenio Fernandi, tenor; Justino Díaz, bass; and others. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 8, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 6, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8:30; and Monday, Feb. 9, at 7:30 (no soloists); and Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 8:30, and Monday, Feb. 16, at 7:30 (both with Gold and Fizdale, duo piano).

Boston Symphony—Claudio Abbado conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 4, and Friday, Feb. 6, at 8:30, both with Alexis Weissenberg, piano. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8:30, with Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute, and Mr. Weissenberg. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8:30; no soloists.)

Washington National Symphony—Arthur Fiedler conducting, with Michael Rabin, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 8, at 3.)

Cleveland Orchestra—George Szell conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 9, at 8:30, with Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano, and Richard Lewis, tenor; Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 8:30, with Bruno-Leonardo Gelber, piano; and Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8:30, with Lynn Harrell, cello.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Istvan Kertesz conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

Clarion Concert—Newell Jenkins directing an all-Sammartini program, with Neva Pilgrim, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Joseph Porrello, tenor; Andrew Foldi, bass; and a chorus. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

American Opera Society—Ronald Gagnon directing a performance of Donizetti's "La Fille du Régiment" in concert form, with Beverly Sills, soprano; Georges Liccioni, tenor; and Fernando Corena, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Juilliard Orchestra—Jean Morel conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 13, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

Hunter College Choirs—Ralph Hunter directing, with an orchestra and soloists. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, Feb. 13, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Sviatoslav Richter and David Oistrakh—Piano and violin in the second of two sonata recitals. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.)

Music from Marlboro—The second in a series of three chamber-music programs offering soloists from the Marlboro Music Festival, this one with Richard Goode, piano; Paula Robison, flute; Richard Solis, French horn; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8:30.)

Paul Zukofsky and Gilbert Kalish—Violin and piano, in the first in a series of three recitals presenting the Beethoven cycle of sonatas. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8:40.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—At Alice Tully Hall—Friday, Feb. 6, at 8:30, and Saturday, Feb. 7, at 9: Isaac Stern and Pinchas Zukerman, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leonard Arner, oboe; and Charles Wadsworth, piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 8:30: Gérard Souzay, baritone; Charles Treger, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Leonard Arner, oboe; Richard Stoltzman, clarinet; Loren Glickman, bassoon; Richard Fitz, percussion; and Richard Goode and Charles Wadsworth, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8:30: The same musicians as Wednesday, plus Yoko Matsuda, violin, playing a different program.

Beaux Arts Trio—The last in a series of recitals, this one with Stanley Drucker, clarinet. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Feb. 6, at 8:40.)

Tom Krause—Baritone. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.)

David Oistrakh—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8:30, a program of Beethoven sonatas. . . . ¶ Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 13, at 8:30, a varied program.)

Drolc Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Mozarteum Woodwind Quintet of Argentina—

Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.)

Felicia Weathers—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 8, at 3.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—The Prokofiev Quartet. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Sunday, Feb. 8, at 3. Tickets at the box office on the afternoon of the concert.)

Isaac Stern and Pinchas Zukerman—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 8, at 7:30.)

Lenox Quartet—With David Glazer, clarinet, in a benefit recital. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Tuesday, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

Eileen Farrell—Soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8:30.)

Evenings for New Music—The second in a series of four programs prepared by Lukas Foss and Lejaren Hiller. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8:30.)

Doris Pines—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Feb. 13, at 8:30.)

Anna Moffo—Soprano, with a symphony orchestra conducted by Anton Guadagno. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of music of the Mediterranean World in the late Middle Ages. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8:30.)

Note—Leslie Parnas will give a cello recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 15, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Feb. 9, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Charles Ives Retrospective Concert—A program of his music, performed by Jean Hakes, soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; Jacob Glick, viola; and other soloists, plus a brass ensemble and a choir. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call TR 3-3258.)

WNYC American Music Festival—Among the events of interest will be a concert by a wind quintet, a jazz ensemble, a chorus and choir directed by Jon de Revere, and a band conducted by David Simon, with Herman Neuman as guest conductor. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 12, at 3.)... ¶ A program of works by American women composers, performed by Julia Smith, piano; Valarie Lamorée, soprano; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 13, at 8:30.)... ¶ Floyd Worthington directing the National Association of Sacred Singing. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 3.) Free tickets can be had by writing WNYC, New York 10007, and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Delaney, Bonnie & Friends, with Eric Clapton; and Seals & Crofts—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 6-7, at 8 and 11:30.

Junior Mance Trio—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 6, at 8:30.

Grateful Dead, Love, and Allman Brothers—Fillmore East. Wednesday, Feb. 11, and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 13-14, at 8 and 11:30.

Sly and the Family Stone, the Grand Funk Railroad, Fleetwood Mac, and Richard Pryor—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Feb. 13, at 8:30.

The Fifth Dimension—Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8 and 11.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8: Knicks vs. Cincinnati.... ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Boston.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8: Knicks vs. Philadelphia.

Dartmouth Winter Carnival—The annual four-event ski meet. (Hanover, N.H. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 13-14.)

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 9-10.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Detroit... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 8, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Los Angeles.

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:05; through Saturday, March 7.

Track Meet—Knights of Columbus. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 6, at 7.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Wednesday, March 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **new york philharmonic**: Leonard Bernstein conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 12:10 and 2:30.)... **amato opera company**: "H.M.S. Pinafore." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By **bil baird's marionettes**: "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesdays and Fridays at 3:30, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Lincoln's Birthday at 1 and 3:30.)... **b. gay puppets**: "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)... **rose lynch productions**: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1.... ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.)... **pickwick puppet theatre**: "Arabian Nights." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Feb. 8, at 2. Children under five not admitted.)... **pixie judy troupe**: "The Thief of Bagdad." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays at 1:30 and Sundays at 2.) ... **traveling playhouse**: "The Pied Piper." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Lincoln's Birthday at 1. Children under five not admitted.)

Marionette Exhibition—A troupe of over forty Bil Baird puppets dating from the nineteen-thirties to the present; through April 6. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Mondays through Fridays, except Lincoln's Birthday, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Eclipse Chase: Yucatán to Nantucket." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Lincoln's Birthday at 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Saturday and on Lincoln's Birthday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry, Prose, and Drama Readings—James Baldwin and LeRoi Jones reading from their own works. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Lecture—James Johnson Sweeney presenting the fifth in a series of seven lectures under the over-all title of "Contemporaries and Predecessors." (Cooper Union's Engineering and Science Building, 51 Astor Pl. Thursday, Feb. 5, at 3. Admission is free.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—

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Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 2: Modern French and other paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Matisse, Picasso, Rodin, and others; from many owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 7, at 10:15: African and Oceanic art, from various collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 7, at 2: English, Continental, and other decorative furniture; Oriental rugs; and decorations. From a number of sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 10, at 10:15 and 2: English, American, and Irish literature; the property of several collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 2: English, Continental, and American silver; from various owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Feb. 6. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 12, at 2: Old-master and nineteenth-century paintings, from many sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 7. . . . **NOTE:** On Saturday, Feb. 7, at 10 and 1, there will be an auction of early photographic material (primarily from the Sidney Strober collection), at PB-84, 171 E. 84th St. Included will be one hundred and thirty-four daguerreotypes from the William Constable Daguerreotype Gallery in Brighton, England; a daguerreotype camera and several other early cameras; Civil War photographs; and many portrait photographs of Abraham Lincoln. (Exhibition hours: Thursday and Friday, Feb. 5-6, from 10 to 5.)

FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The final programs in a series of films directed by Robert Bresson, all in French: Feb. 5 at 2 and 5:30, "Trial of Joan of Arc" (1961); Feb. 6 at 2 and 5:30, "Mouchette" (1966); Feb. 7 at 3 and 5:30, "Au Hasard Balthazar" (1966); Feb. 8 at 2 and 5:30, and Feb. 9 at 2:30, 5:30, and 8, "Une Femme Douce" (1969); Feb. 10 at 2 and 5:30, "Les Anges du Péché" (1943), no English titles. . . . ¶ Feb. 4 at 2 and 5:30: "Made for Each Other" (1938), with Carole Lombard and James Stewart. . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 8: "Sunday at Six O'Clock" (1966), in Rumanian, directed by Lucian Pintilie. . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 11:30: "Tell England" (1930), with Carl Harbord. . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 2 and 5:30: "Mädchen in Uniform" (1931), in German. . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 2 and 5:30: A program of four Hal Roach short films. . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 8: "Forest of the Hanged" (1965), in Rumanian, directed by Liviu Ciulei. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon, or, if a Monday, after 2. Reservations for the eight-o'clock showings will not be accepted before five-thirty.) . . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—Feb. 4: "Bend of the River" (1952), with James Stewart and Arthur Kennedy. . . . ¶ Feb. 5: "Five Graves to Cairo" (1943), with Franchot Tone and Akim Tamiroff. . . . ¶ Feb. 6: "The Spoilers" (1942), with Marlene Dietrich and Randolph Scott. . . . ¶ Feb. 7: "I Wanted Wings" (1941), with Ray Milland and William Holden. . . . ¶ Feb. 8: "Madigan" (1968), with Richard Widmark and Henry Fonda. . . . ¶ Feb. 11: "Ministry of Fear" (1945), with Ray Milland. . . . ¶ Feb. 12: "The World in His Arms" (1952), with Gregory Peck and Ann Blyth. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden: Feb. 17, 21, 24, and 28, and March 3, 6, 8, and 10.

BOXING—Joe Frazier vs. Jimmy Ellis, 15 rounds, for the World Heavyweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. Feb. 16.)

HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Feb. 15, 18, 22, and 25, and March 1, 4, 8, and 15.

RACING—At Aqueduct: March 10-May 23.

TRACK MEETS—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: United States Olympic Invitational, Feb. 20. . . . ¶ National A.A.U. Indoor Championships, Feb. 27. . . . ¶ I.C.A.A.A.A. Indoor Championships, March 7. . . . 102ND ENGINEERS ARMORY, Broadway at 168th St.: Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Indoor Championships, track events, Feb. 18.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: March 5-May 25.

MUSIC—METROPOLITAN OPERA, Lincoln Center (799-4420): The season continues through April 18. . . . NEW YORK CITY OPERA, New York State Theatre (TR 7-4727): The spring season will open on Feb. 19, with Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor," and will run through April 19. . . . PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 23. . . . ¶ Claudio Arrau, piano, Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Bella Rudenko, soprano, Feb. 15. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Italian Composers Festival, Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Andres Segovia, classic guitarist, Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Virgil Fox, organ, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Feb. 25 and 27. . . . ¶ Symphony of the New World, March 1. . . . ¶ Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, and Veyron Lacroix, harpsichord and piano, March 1. . . . ¶ Master Virtuosi, March 6. . . . ¶ André Watts, piano, March 8. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Cleveland Orchestra, Feb. 16 and 23. . . . ¶ Stockholm Philharmonic Orchestra, Feb. 21. . . . ¶ Licia Albanese, soprano, Feb. 22. . . . ¶ St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, Feb. 26. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Feb. 28. . . . ¶ St. Cecilia Chorus, March 2. . . . ¶ American Symphony, March 8-9. . . . ALICE TULLY HALL, Lincoln Center (362-1911): Zara Nelsova, cello, Feb. 17. . . . ¶ Bethany Beardslee, soprano, Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Bach Aria Group, March 4. . . . ¶ Clarion Concert, March 10. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Frank Glazer, piano, Feb. 22. . . . HUNTER COLLEGE (535-5350): Netherlands Chamber Choir, Feb. 16. . . . ¶ Christian Ferras, violin, Feb. 21. . . . ¶ David Oistrakh, violin, Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Paul Zukofsky, violin, and Gilbert Kalish, piano, March 5. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Toulouse Chamber Orchestra, with Nicanor Zabaleta, harp, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Birgit Nilsson, soprano, March 7.

BALLET—Joffrey Ballet, at the City Center, Feb. 25-April 5.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Georgy," a musical version of a novel by Margaret Forster and the British film "Georgy Girl." Tom Mankiewicz wrote the book, Carole Bayer the lyrics, and George Fischoff the music, and the cast is headed by Dilys Watling, John Castle, Melissa Hart, and Stephen Elliott. . . . ¶ Robert Shaw and Rita Moreno in "Gantry," a musical adapted from Sinclair Lewis's novel "Elmer Gantry." The music is by Stanley Lebowsky, the lyrics by Fred Tobias, and the book by Peter Bellwood. . . . ¶ A thriller, "Child's Play," by Robert Marasco, with Pat Hingle, Fritz Weaver, and Ken Howard. . . . ¶ A comedy by Ron Clark and Sam Bobrick called "Norman, Is That You?," in which Lou Jacobi and Maureen Stapleton will appear. . . . ¶ A five-week revival of Mary Chase's "Harvey," starring James Stewart and Helen Hayes. . . . ¶ Shelley Winters has the leading role in "Minnie's Boys," based on the lives of the Marx Brothers. The book is the work of Arthur Marx and Robert Fisher, Larry Grossman is the composer, and Hal Hackady is responsible for the lyrics. . . . ¶ A double bill, "The Chinese and Dr. Fish," by Murray Schisgal. Joseph Bova, Mildred Dunnock, and Charlotte Rae are in the cast. . . . ¶ "Operation Sidewinder," by Sam Shepard, will be the third in this season's series of four productions by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center. . . . ¶ A pair of plays—"Grin and Bare It," adapted by Ken McGuire from a 1929 play by Tom Cushing, and "Postcards," by James Prideaux. Among the principals are David Christmas and Kate Wilkinson. . . . ¶ "Purlie," a musical taken from Ossie Davis's "Purlie Victorious." Gary Geld did the music; Peter Udell turned out the lyrics; the book is jointly by Mr. Davis, Philip Rose, and Mr. Udell; and the cast includes Cleavon Little, Melba Moore, and John Heffernan.

OTHER DATES—Winter Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ National Antiques Show, at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 20-March 1. . . . ¶ Washington's Birthday is Sunday, Feb. 22; Monday, Feb. 23, will be a holiday. . . . ¶ *A total eclipse of the sun will* take place on March 7, and a lot of conversation about it will take place on March 8. . . . ¶ Park Avenue Antiques Fair, at the 69th Regiment Armory, March 7-14. . . . ¶ International Flower Show, at the Coliseum, March 7-15.

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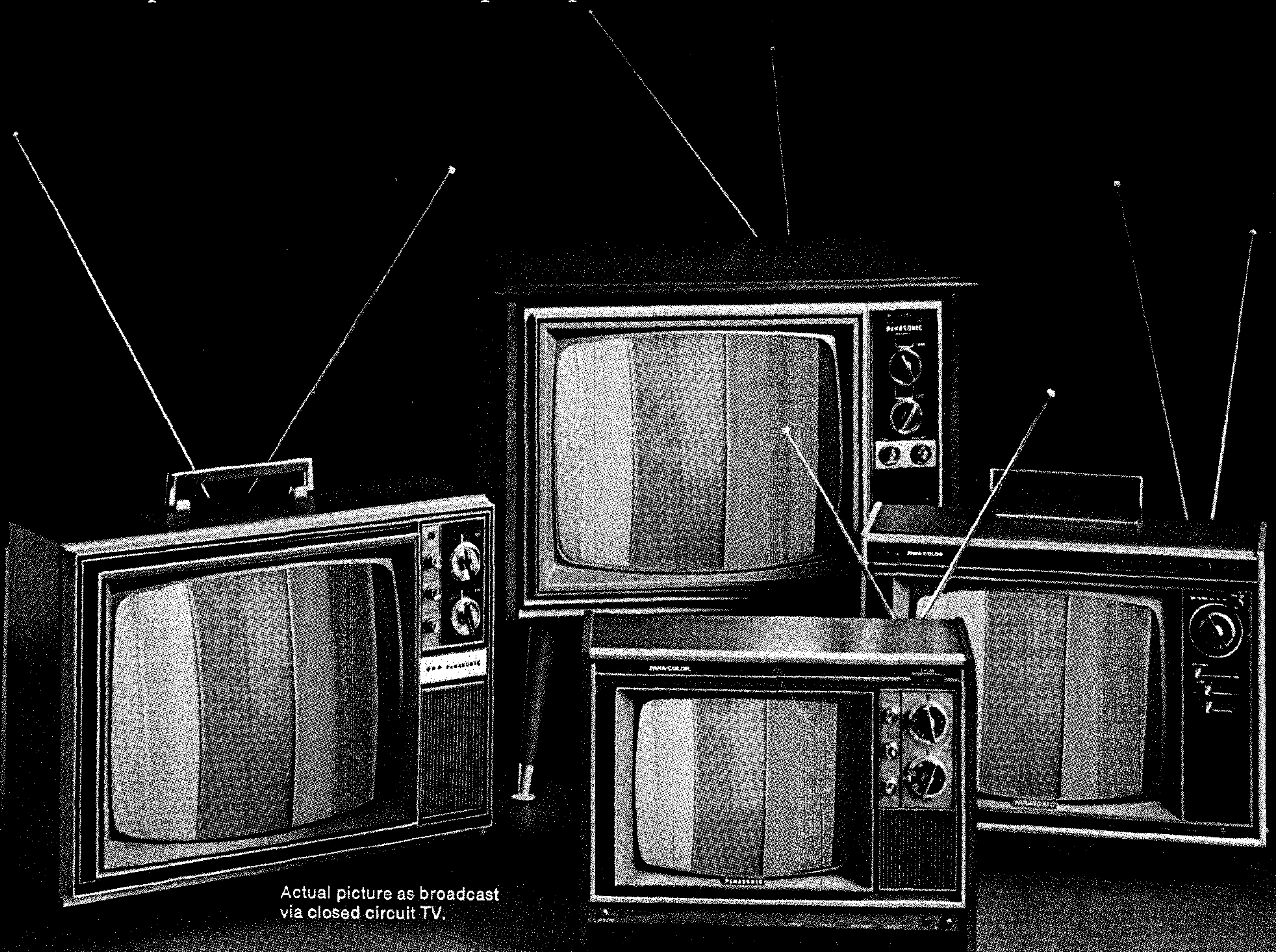

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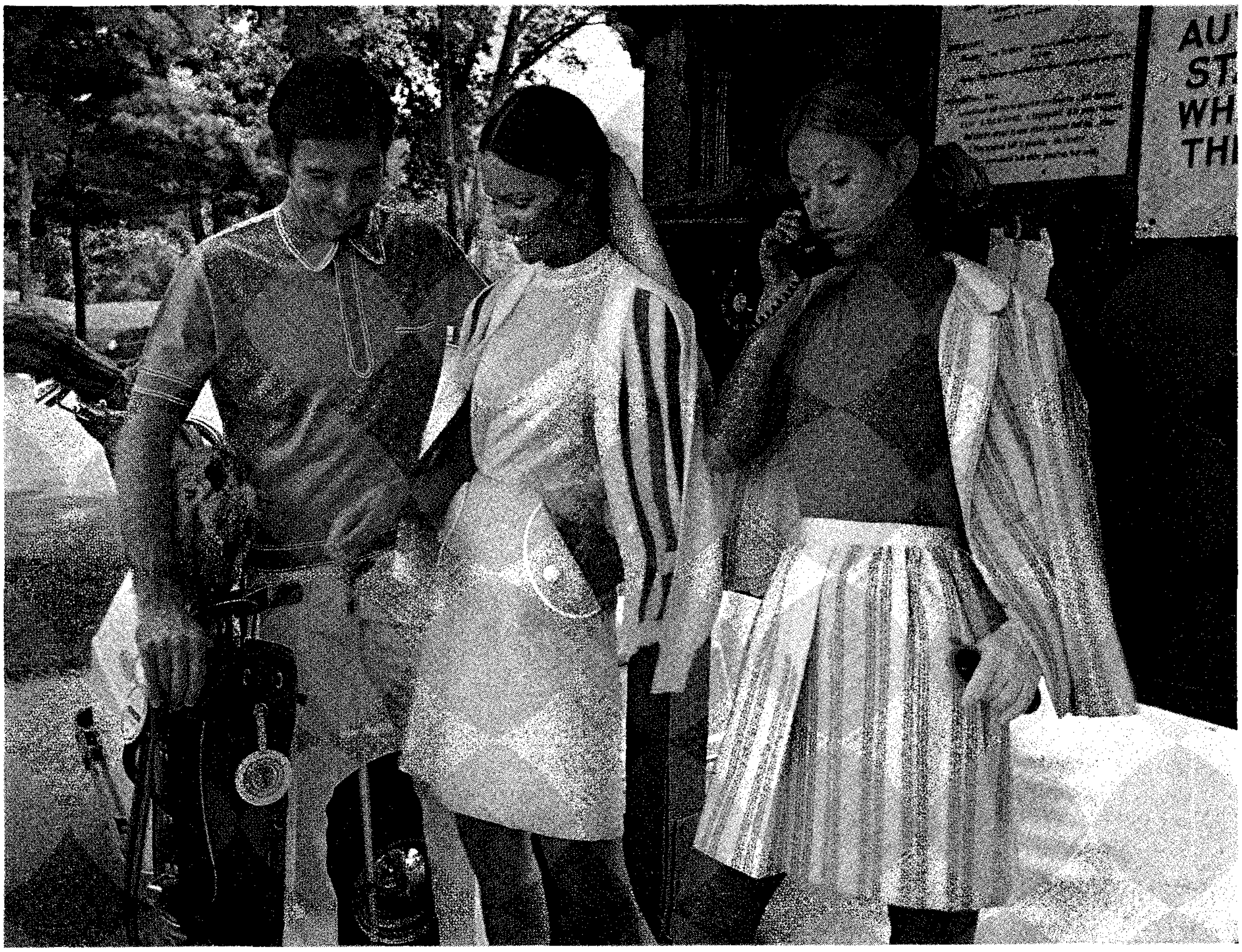


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12		

Alice's Restaurant—Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record, extended by Arthur Penn into a sweet-natured film about Arlo's friendship with Alice and his brush with the police. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Feb. 11.)

Anne of the Thousand Days—Literate and civilized, but not very exciting. Richard Burton plays Henry VIII to Genevieve Bujold's Anne Boleyn. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

L'Avventura (1959)—Antonioni's masterpiece, and one of the most influential of all modern films. A study of a successful businessman who compromises on everything and is too shallow even to be truly lonely. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Feb. 4.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice—A very commercial but also very funny American comedy on modern sexual mores. Robert Culp, Natalie Wood, Elliott Gould, and Dyan Cannon form the two couples (it's the latter one that will interest you). (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Body and Soul (1947)—Robert Rossen's celebrated prizefighting melodrama, from a script by Abraham Polonsky. It has energy, but it's also rather corny, and when it came out it felt like a thirties movie. John Garfield is the fighter, and Lilli Palmer the girl who recites Blake to him. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Feb. 9-11.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid—It's a poor excuse for an American Western legend, but there are some pleasant people (Paul Newman, Robert Redford, Katharine Ross). Directed by George Roy Hill from an original screenplay by William Goldman. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; starting Feb. 11.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Feb. 5-8.)

The Circus (1928)—Chaplin at his most clown-with-a-breaking-heart masochistic. Not top-drawer Chaplin, but still pleasant. With Merna Kennedy. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Feb. 11.)

Downhill Racer—Some exciting ski footage and a minimal story. With Robert Redford and Gene Hackman. The director, Michael Ritchie, comes up with occasional surprises in this promising début. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Feb. 11.)

Force of Evil (1948)—Abraham Polonsky directed this small but highly esteemed movie about numbers racketeers. With John Garfield and Beatrice Pearson. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Feb. 9-11.)

Funny Girl—A great star with a gift for comedy, and some good songs. Barbra Streisand, directed by William Wyler. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, 265-8431.)

Goodbye, Columbus (1969)—Richard Benjamin as the sensitive young librarian and Ali MacGraw as the spoiled *nouveau-riche* college girl in Larry Peerce's updated version of Philip Roth's Jewish summer romance. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013; through Feb. 7.)

Goodbye, Mr. Chips—An overblown version of James Hilton's tear-stained little gold mine of a book, with songs where they are not needed (and Leslie Bricusse's songs are never needed), yet there's still charm in the story, and Peter O'Toole is a fine romantic hero. (Palace, B'way at 47th, 757-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Grand Illusion (1937)—The subtle barriers of class among a group of prisoners and their captors during the First World War. With Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio. Jean Renoir directed this great elegy for the death of the old European aristocracy, and it is one of the true masterpieces of the screen. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Feb. 4.)

Hello, Dolly!—The whole archaic big-musical circus surrounds a Happening—Barbra Streisand—and it's all worth seeing in order to see her. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Lincoln's Birthday at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

If . . . (1969)—A suffocating English school as a reflection of class society in an attempted epic on violence and revolution. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013; through Feb. 7.)

The Immortal Story (1968)—Orson Welles' film, taken from Isak Dinesen's story about an allegorical millionaire in Macao. With Jeanne Moreau. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Feb. 5.)

John and Mary—Thin little romance, with lots of modern accoutrements. Dustin Hoffman and Mia Farrow are the cuddly, infantile lovers who are meant to be darling. Directed by Peter Yates. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Lion in Winter—Imitation wit and imitation poetry at the court of the Plantagenets. Anthony Harvey directed James Goldman's adaptation of his own play. Peter O'Toole is in great voice and good spirits as Henry II; Katharine Hepburn is Eleanor of Aquitaine. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Feb. 10.)

The Lovers (1959)—The romantic sex film that made Jeanne Moreau infamously famous. As a modern-day Emma Bovary, she made love very elegantly in water—maybe because the director, Louis Malle, had been Jacques-Yves Cousteau's assistant. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 6-12.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Love between a beautiful widow and a handsome widower who drives racing cars. Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 6-12.)

M*A*S*H—A gloriously sane comedy about the insanity of war. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, and Tom Skerritt. Directed by Robert Altman. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

The Mask of Dimitrios (1944)—Modest little "international" thriller from an Eric Ambler story. With Zachary Scott, and Peter Lorre as—surprise—the good guy. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Feb. 5-11.)

Midnight Cowboy—Excellent performances by Jon Voight as the cowboy and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663; through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, 877-4040; starting Feb. 10.)

The Milky Way—Luis Buñuel takes a playful look at some of the irrationalities within Catholicism. In French. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

The Molly Maguires—About a terrorist band of Irish immigrants in the Pennsylvania coal mines in the eighteen-seventies. Not too lively, but a handsomely designed production, and with good performances by Sean Connery, Richard Harris, and Samantha Eggar. Martin Ritt directed. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013; starting Feb. 8.)

Oh! What a Lovely War—This musical lampoon of the First World War is meant to stir your sentiments, evoke nostalgia, and make you react to the obscenity of battles and bloodshed, and apparently it does do all that for some people. With John Mills, Maggie Smith, Sir Laurence, Sir Michael, Sir John, Sir Ralph, et al. Richard Attenborough directed. (Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, 877-4040; through Feb. 9.)

On Her Majesty's Secret Service—Fine action passages, including a ski chase that's an instant classic, and enough entertaining people to compensate for the stolid new actor playing James Bond. (86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144; and Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through Feb. 10.)

Orpheus (1949)—Jean Marais as the poet who needs to renew himself, in Jean Cocteau's masterpiece—the most magical of all modern films. With Maria Casarès, François Périer, Edouard Dermithe. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Feb. 4.)

Patton—If there had been no General Patton, Terry Southern would have had to invent him. This movie, with George C. Scott, in the role, is designed to satisfy both war-lovers and pacifists, and may even get away with it. Franklin J. Schaffner directed. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; starting Feb. 4, at 8:30. Thereafter nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Lincoln's Birthday at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Putney Swope—Robert Downey's goonish and obstreperous film, rude and pretty funny, about a weary black who gets heaved willy-nilly into the chairman's seat of an advertising agency. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Feb. 10.)

The Reivers—Steve McQueen and Rupert Crosse in a good tall tale out of William Faulkner. The style is a little too "beguiling" but it's an awfully pleasant comedy anyway. (Pacific East, 220 E. 59th, 688-0750; through Feb. 11.)

The Secret of Santa Vittoria—Anna Magnani beats Anthony Quinn with a rolling pin while a lot of Italians make their funny Italian sounds, waving their funny Italian arms—in the way they do only in American movies. Stanley Kramer directed this anti-Nazi *opéra bouffe*, which is meant to be a celebration of the indomitable something-or-other of man. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Feb. 4. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Feb. 9.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—A comedy about melancholia—probably the *only* comedy about melancholia. Charles Aznavour is

NEW ENGLAND FISH CO.
LOBSTERS
GEICKE

Charlie the Piano Player, who just wants to be "out of it" in François Truffaut's poetic, nihilistic gangster picture. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Feb. 4.)

Simon of the Desert (1965)—A saint (Claudio Brook) is tempted by the Devil in the guise of a woman (Silvia Pinal). Directed by Luis Buñuel. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Feb. 5.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—A modern comedy-romance in an improvisatory style, by François Truffaut. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Claude Jade, Delphine Seyrig, and Michel Lonsdale. In French. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Feb. 11.)

Take the Money and Run—Woody Allen as a criminal who never makes the Ten Most Wanted List. Written and directed by the star. A stop-and-go film, but a true original. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050; starting Feb. 11.)

Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here—An ideological Western that sets out to demonstrate that America is a brutal racist nation. Robert Blake plays Willie the Indian, Robert Redford the sheriff who hunts him down. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652.)

They Shoot Horses, Don't They?—Horace McCoy's nineteen-thirties novel about the Hollywood extras who enter a marathon dance, here turned into another savage nightmare of American life. Jane Fonda gives a good, strong performance, and Sydney Pollack's direction keeps the nightmare lively. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Feb. 12.)

The Wild Bunch—The West in 1913, on the border between Texas and Mexico. Sam Peckinpah has directed a cast including Robert Ryan and William Holden. The film is very good, with Brecht's bitter realism about lone gunslingers who are unwittingly the victims of capitalistic politics. (Trans-Lux West, B'way at 49th, CO 5-1355; starting Feb. 6.)

Wonder Bar (1934)—A huge Warner Brothers musical with Al Jolson, Dick Powell, Dolores Del Rio, Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez, and everybody else on the lot. Busby Berkeley did the choreography, and Harry Warren and Al Dubin wrote the songs, which include "Why Do I Dream Those Dreams?" and "Going to Heaven on a Mule." (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Feb. 5-11.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Pop heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) in a lighthearted, inventive Pop Art animated feature. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Feb. 10.)

Z—How a political murder is made to look like an accident. Costa-Gavras' extraordinary thriller is based on recent Greek history. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Zazie (1961)—A wild romp through Paris, as seen through the eyes of an eleven-year-old child. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Feb. 12.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ABOVE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Feb. 10: "Medium Cool," Robert Forster.
From Feb. 11: **DOWNHILL RACER.**

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
Theatre closed.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
STOLEN KISSES (in French); and **YELLOW SUBMARINE.**

Charles, Ave. B. at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Feb. 10: "I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish; and "Anyone Can Play" (1968), Virna Lisi, Ursula Andress.
From Feb. 11: **ALICE'S RESTAURANT**; and "La Chamade" (in French), Catherine Deneuve.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 10: **PUTNEY SWOPE**; and **YELLOW SUBMARINE.**
From Feb. 11: **TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"A Married Couple," an Allan King film.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
TELL THEM WILLIE BOY IS HERE.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Prologue," John Robb.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
JOHN AND MARY.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Start the Revolution Without Me," Gene Wilder, Donald Sutherland.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
M*A*S*H.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Feb. 8: **MIDNIGHT COWBOY.**
From Feb. 9: "Zabriskie Point," a Michelangelo Antonioni film.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Feb. 11: **THE REIVERS.**
From Feb. 12: "Mumsy, Nanny, Sonny, & Girly," Ursula Howells.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through Feb. 10: "Female Animal," Arlene Tiger.
From Feb. 11: "The Magic Christian," Peter Sellers, Ringo Starr.

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Honeymoon Killers," Shirley Stoler.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Feb. 9: "A Dream of Kings," Anthony Quinn, Irene Papas.
From Feb. 10: "End of the Road," Stacy Keach.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Z (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
THE MILKY WAY (in French).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Kremlin Letter," Bibi Andersson, Richard Boone.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Feb. 4: **THE SECRET OF SANTA VITTORIA.**
From Feb. 5: "Without a Stitch" (in Danish).

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
From Feb. 4, at 8:30: "The Flying Matchmaker," Mike Burstein. (A limited number of opening-night tickets are available at the box office.)

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Looking Glass War," Christopher Jones, Ralph Richardson.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Feb. 4: "Without a Stitch" (in Danish).
From Feb. 5: "The Virgin Soldiers," Lynn Redgrave.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Feb. 10: **ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE.**
From Feb. 11: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
"Cat and Mouse" (in German).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Feb. 9: **THE SECRET OF SANTA VITTORIA.**
From Feb. 10: **MIDNIGHT COWBOY.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Feb. 10: **PUTNEY SWOPE**; and "More," Mimsy Farmer.
From Feb. 11: **THE CIRCUS** (silent).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Fando and Lis" (in Spanish).

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Feb. 10: **THE LION IN WINTER.**
From Feb. 11: **BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID.**

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Feb. 4: **GRAND ILLUSION** and **ORPHEUS** (both in French).
Feb. 5-8: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** (in French); and "Plisetskaya Dances" (1965), a Russian documentary film, with an English narration.
Feb. 9-11: **FORCE OF EVIL**; and **BODY AND SOUL.**
From Feb. 12: "Haxan," a film on witchcraft through the ages; and "Wild Horse of Fire" (1964, in Ukrainian; formerly called "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors").

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Feb. 10: "The Honeymoon Killers," Shirley Stoler.
From Feb. 11: **TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN.**

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
From Feb. 4, at 8:30: **PATTON.** (Opening night is a benefit performance.)

Palace, B'way at 47th. (757-2626)
GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (265-8431)
FUNNY GIRL.

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Topaz," Frederick Stafford.

Trans-Lux West, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
Through Feb. 5: "The Last of the Mobile Hot-Shots," James Coburn, Lynn Redgrave.
From Feb. 6: **THE WILD BUNCH.**

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
HELLO, DOLLY!

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Feb. 10: **THE LION IN WINTER.**
From Feb. 11: **BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID.**

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Viva Max!," Peter Ustinov, Pamela Tiffin.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Marooned," Gregory Peck, Richard Crenna. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Lincoln's Birthday at 2:30, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Other Voices," a documentary film.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Damned," Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Feb. 4: "Hamlet," Nicol Williamson.
From Feb. 5: "The Virgin Soldiers," Lynn Redgrave.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Fantasia" (1940), a Walt Disney film.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"A Time in the Sun" (in Swedish).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Feb. 10: "Generation," David Janssen, Kim Darby.
From Feb. 11: "The Magic Christian," Peter Sellers, Ringo Starr.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Feb. 7: **IF . . .**; and **GOODBYE, COLUMBUS.**
From Feb. 8: **THE MOLLY MAGUIRES.**

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Feb. 9: **OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR.**
From Feb. 10: **MIDNIGHT COWBOY.**

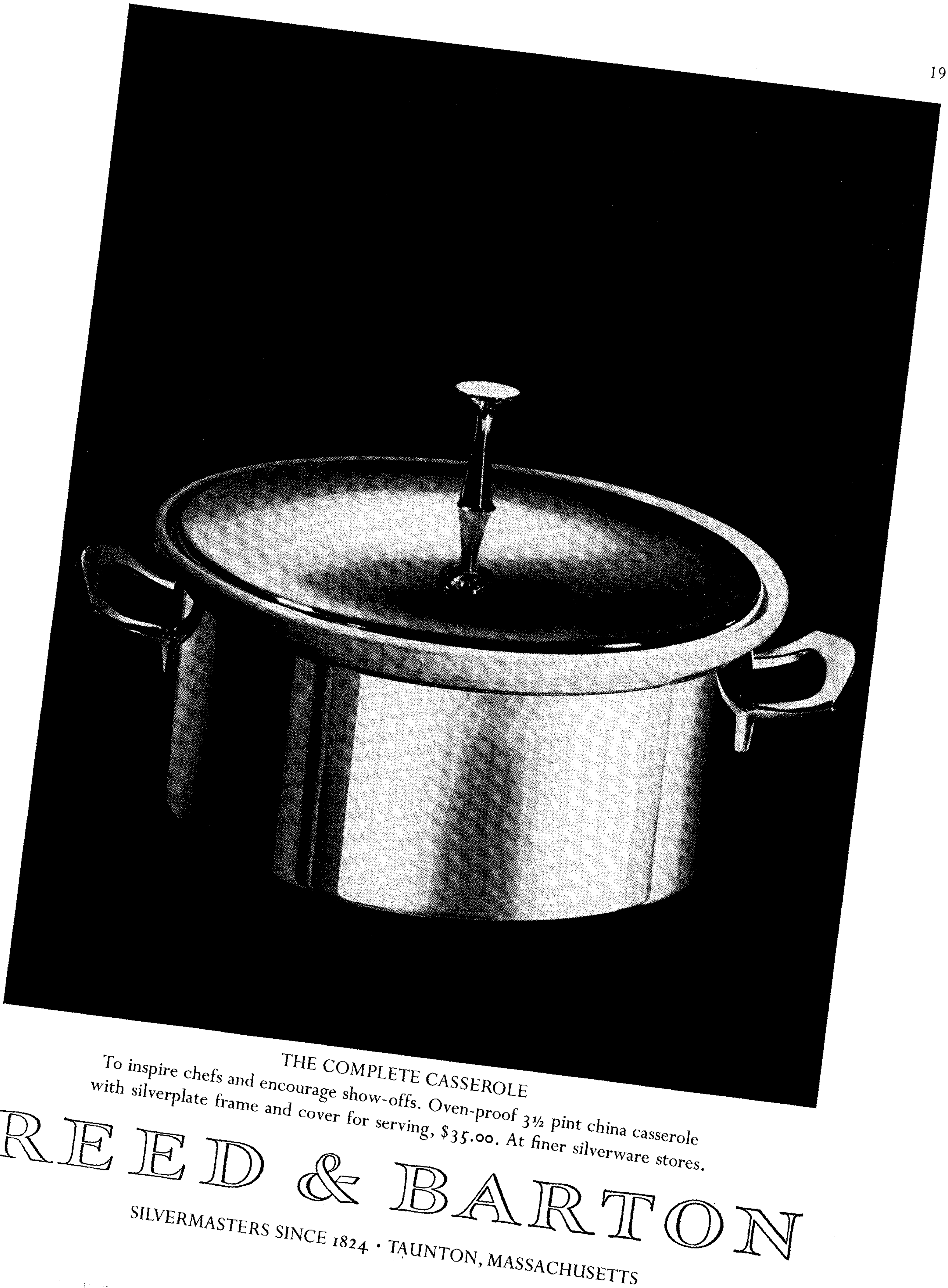
Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Feb. 10: **ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE.**
From Feb. 11: "My Sweet Charlie," Patty Duke, Al Freeman, Jr.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Feb. 4: **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian); and **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (in French).
Feb. 5-11: **THE MASK OF DIMITRIOS**; and **WONDER BAR.**
From Feb. 12: **ZAZIE** and **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (both in French).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 10: **THE LION IN WINTER.**
From Feb. 11: **ALICE'S RESTAURANT**; and **STOLEN KISSES** (in French).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Feb. 5: **THE IMMORTAL STORY**; and **SIMON OF THE DESERT** (in Spanish).
Feb. 6-12: **A MAN AND A WOMAN** and **THE LOVERS** (both in French).

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Feb. 10: "Medium Cool," Robert Forster.
From Feb. 11: **DOWNHILL RACER.**



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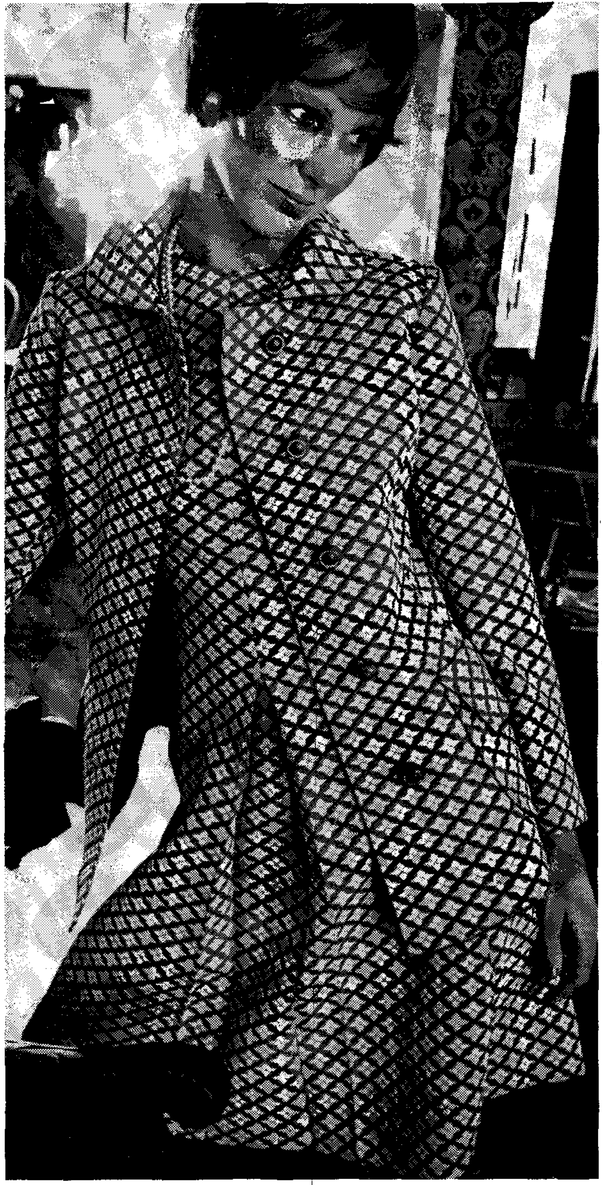
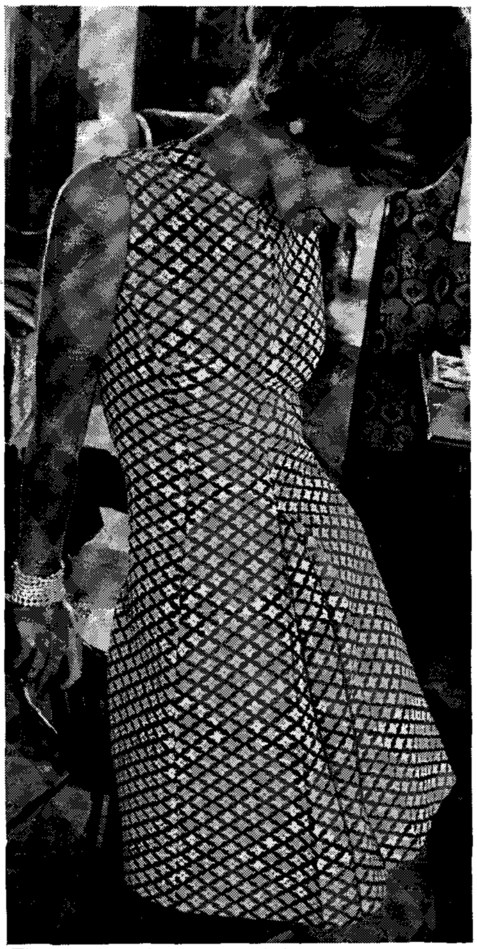


We're bidding for the smart look of a longer jacket and matching dress. Made of textured polyester knit. White diamonds on red or navy. 10 to 16, 95.00*

*Slightly higher on the West Coast



The diamond-patterned dress is a winner on its own!

Peck & Peck's long suit is diamonds. For a certain kind of woman.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

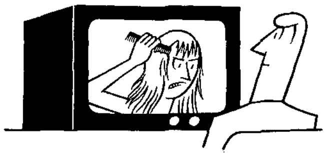
Notes and Comment

RIDING the Sixth Avenue subway the other evening, we noticed an advertising poster for a radio station that pitches its appeal to the Now Generation. In the liquid style of drawing for which long-haired youth is thought to have a special weakness, it showed a number of objects—a train, the Empire State Building, a guitar, a harmonica—flowing out of the speaker of a radio set, and above it all, in huge purple letters, were the words "RIGHT ON!" The phrase "Right on," which originated with the Black Panther Party, is (or was) an expression of affirmation on the revolutionary left, as in this colloquy:

Speaker: Imperialism must be smashed!

Audience: Right on!

When we got home, we turned on the television set and watched a commercial for a hair treatment currently promoting itself as The Peacemaker. A girl was trying to tug her comb through her just-washed hair. "The great American tug-of-war," the announcer announced. Then a big peace symbol—the inverted Y inside a circle—flashed on the screen. The peace symbol dissolved to a lemon, which unpeeled to reveal a bottle of the hair treatment. Then a quick cutback to the girl, who this time was smiling and combing her hair without difficulty. As the commercial faded, she held up two fingers of her free hand in the anti-war salute. We turned off the set, and stopped wondering why protest demonstrators took to shouting obscenities. True, obscenities are offensive, even to the majority of the vocal minority. But they are unlikely to be borrowed ("co-opted") by the managers of radio stations and the manufacturers of hair goo—an advantage not to be lightly dismissed these days.



A Party Staged by Love and Transcommunications Productions, Inc., for the University of the Streets

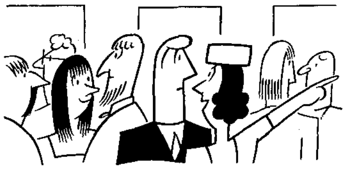
SEVERAL hundred people from *various* vocal minorities got themselves together a few nights ago in a building at Avenue A and East Seventh Street to celebrate and support the University of the Streets, an organization that helps kids on the lower East Side, and that has been in need of support since it fell from favor at the Office of Economic Opportunity. The getting together was in a series of total-environment rooms decorated by Love and Transcommunications Productions, Inc., an imaginative outfit, and it was a success. The Mayor and Mrs. Lindsay were to be there, we heard. Also the Leonard Bernsteins, the Carter Burdens, the George Plimptons, and Peter Fonda. We did not see any of them, but we had a fine time. When we entered, we saw a great many people bottlenecked at the bottom of a narrow staircase waiting to be checked off a list in the keeping of a harried Pinkerton's guard. The line had stopped moving because the guard could not find the name of a bearded young man who said his name was Stanislavsky. The name stumped the guard. "Here," he said to the young man. "It's *your* name, *you* find it." While the young man searched through the list, everyone else in the line moved past the checkpoint and disappeared into one or another of the available total environments.

In a room on the fifth floor, an artist named Ralph Hawkins, who now and then works for L. & T. Productions, had created an environment out of moss. It was looking rather the worse for wear by the time we saw it, but he told us that originally it had been a landscape with rivulets flowing through it, and that he had spent four days putting it together. He said that at home he had a vest made of moss, and that his girl friend, Lindsay, had had a skirt made of moss, but that they left the skirt in the kitchen one night, and since they had no heat in the kitchen it froze.

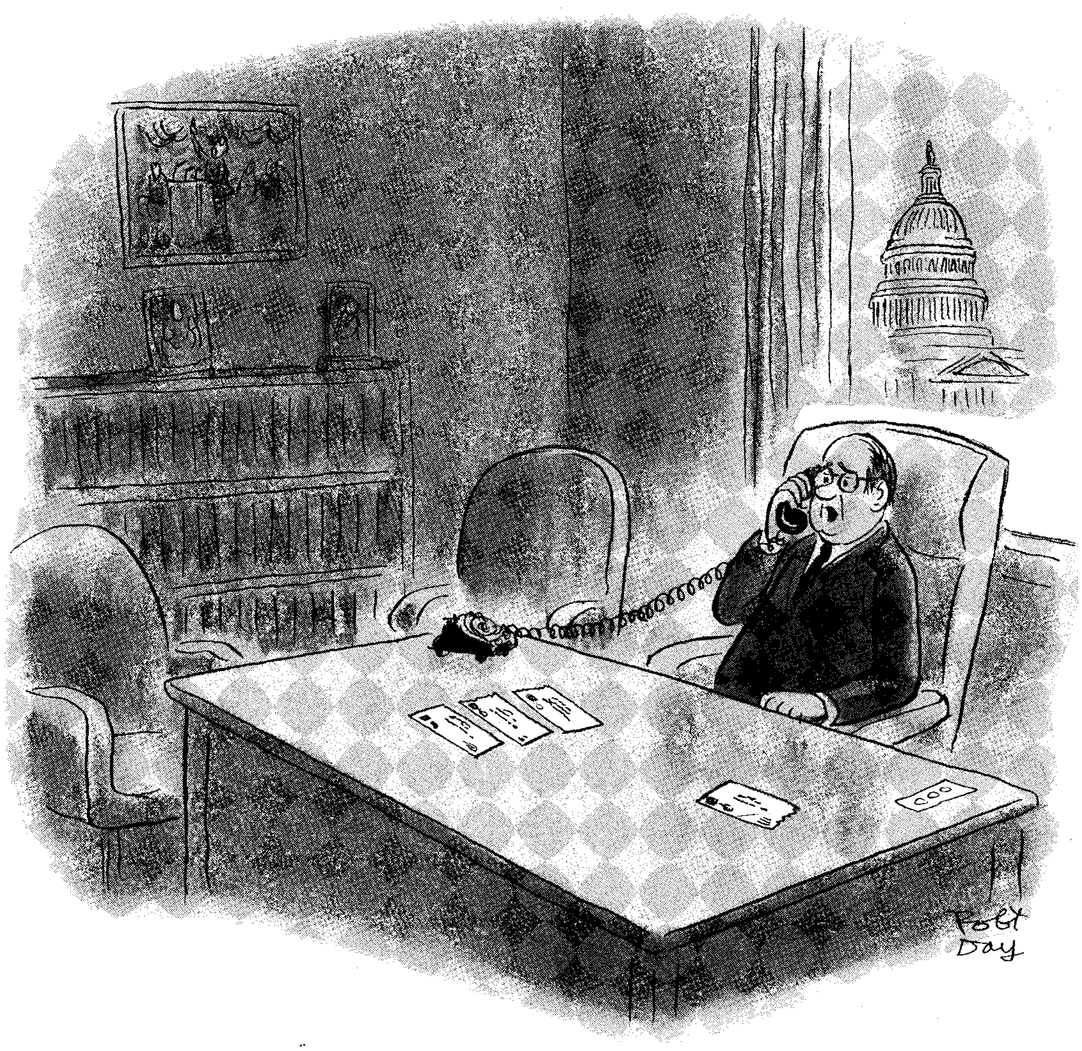
"How did you get into moss?" we asked.

"I needed something cheap," Hawkins said.

A lady came up to us and pointed across the room. "That's Mr. Meighan," she said. "He's the ex-president of either C.B.S. or N.B.C., I forget which."



We never met Mr. Meighan. Instead, we met Mrs. Cosmo Cosmos, who tells fortunes at Aux Puces, the discothèque, and who has the largest Afro hairdo in New York. We had a delightful talk with Mrs. Cosmos. "My name isn't made up. Really it isn't," she said—a fact that was verified later when we met Mr. Cosmo Cosmos, an interior decorator, in the kitchen. We also met Bob Cotton, the president of Love and Transcommunications, who said he was pleased by the spirit of the party. "I haven't paid my rent," he said, "but my landlord's here tonight." David Amram, the composer and French-horn player, turned up to help out, and spent the evening in a room on the fifth floor decorated with a vaguely Eastern motif, where he played the French horn, the Pakistani flute, and the *dumbek*, a Middle Eastern drum that *he* said is called that be-



"So far, my mail is running three to one in favor of my position."

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cause those are the two sounds it makes: *dum* when you hit it in the middle, and *bek* when you hit it on the side.

Another Pinkerton—a young man from Woodside named Chris—was standing in the kitchen when we went down there. He bummed a Camel off us, and we got to talking. He thought it was a good party, and said it had been an easy night for the guards, because there were so few drunks.

"I only do this part time," Chris told us. "Joined up in hopes of beating the draft, and I make about ninety a week at it. My other gig pulls down about a hundred and twenty—teaching at a school for disturbed kids in Flushing. Hey, thanks for the cigarette. I gotta split."

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OVERHEARD at a lunch counter in the West Forties the other day, one young woman to another:

No. 1: Mae left her job in the store. She's studying computers.

No. 2: That must be about the hardest thing in the world. That takes real brains.

No. 1: Mae says there's nothing to it—just numbers.

Anniversary

RICHARD TUCKER, the lower East Side cantor whose powerful Italianate tenor propelled him into an enormously successful musical career, celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary at the Metropolitan Opera last week with a Saturday-afternoon broadcast of Puccini's "La Bohème"—his three-hundred-and-ninety-seventh performance with the company. The Tucker voice is a constant source of amazement to his less fortunate colleagues, because its size, range, and quality remain intact at fifty-four, an age when many tenors are starting to write their memoirs. The Tucker personality—religious, sentimental, analytical, and occasionally puckish—is one of the company's best-established backstage institutions. (Tucker's latest escapade—placing a pornographic picture inside the small casket that the baritone Robert Merrill was to open during the third act of "La Forza del Destino"—reduced Merrill to stunned silence and evoked a stern lecture from Rudolf Bing, the Metropolitan's general manager.)

We dropped by at the Metropolitan to offer our congratulations on the day of the performance and found Mr. Tucker sitting in front of his dressing-room mirror and studying a score of "La Bohème" while a makeup man transformed him into Rodolfo, the twenty-year-old poet-hero of the opera. Tucker, a stocky man with black hair, shrewd eyes, and a thin, arched nose set in a rather large face, waved a wordless greeting to us (we had been told that he talks as little as possible for two days before a performance), smiled, and pointed to a chair. Then, after turning on a hot-water tap to increase the humidity in the room, he sang "Io resto per terminar l'articolo di fondo del Castoro" in a mellow *mezza voce*. He continued to sing reflectively, glancing from the score to the mirror, as the makeup man—a small, serious technician named George—applied various colored creams over a basic tan makeup: a darker brown beneath the chin, white under the eyes, red on the cheekbones and below the eyebrows, black on either side of the nose. As the contours of Mr. Tucker's face began to change before our eyes, he frowned over a note and dashed across the room to check it on a piano. Satisfied, he returned to his chair, leaned back, and sang the first half of Rodolfo's famous aria—"Che gelida manina"—while George outlined his eyes with heavy black lines. Then both men looked dispassionately at the reflection in the mirror. "Yeah," said Mr. Tucker softly, grimacing to see how the makeup would look with an open mouth. "You're great, George. After sixteen years, you know every nook and crook of my face." George smiled, and murmured that he would return in five minutes with the beard. During his absence, Mr. Tucker bent over the hot-water tap and finished the aria in full voice. "Moisture's good for the vocal cords," he whispered, pouring himself a cup of Sanka from a red-and-white thermos bottle.

At one-thirty, as the last strands of

beard were being glued on to Mr. Tucker's chin, his wife, Sara, an ebullient blonde wearing a blue dress and a brown mink coat, arrived with the three Tucker sons—Barry, a stockbroker; David, a doctor; and Henry, a law student. While Mrs. Tucker sorted a stack of mail and opened some packages, the young men began to reassure their father as he paced nervously around the room, singing scales at the top of his voice. Henry offered to lend his mustache (real) for the performance; David removed a heavy silver ring that Tucker habitually wears and slipped it on his own finger; Barry remarked with a broad grin that his two-and-a-half-year-old daughter, Amy Lynne, had just been accepted by a nursery school. "What?" said Mr. Tucker, whirling around. "Why, that's the greatest news I've heard all day!"

At one-forty-five, Mrs. Tucker slipped a penny into one of her husband's black leather boots, kissed him without disturbing his makeup, and led her family out to the auditorium. David paused at the door and said, "Dad, I know there are four thousand people out there, but will you dedicate the aria to me?" Tucker nodded, and popped a cough drop into his mouth as his dresser—the son of the man who dressed him twenty-five years ago—helped him into Rodolfo's black-and-white checked pants and black frock coat. "I'm a hell of a well-dressed hippie," Mr. Tucker whispered, eying his image in the mirror. "John, can you fix the pants to the shirt with a safety pin, so I won't come apart when I kneel down for the key?" At one-fifty, Patrick Tavernia, the stage director, tapped Mr. Tucker on the shoulder and said, "Richard, you're going to be *very* good today. Now, there's one change in the first act. When you get up to look into the fire, I want Colline to sit down in your chair. You don't know he's there, and then you push him out."

Mr. Tucker nodded, and followed Tavernia next door to greet his Mimi of the afternoon, Renata Tebaldi. "R-r-richard!" said Miss Tebaldi, hugging her long-time partner. "You're always ter-r-riffic! Be careful of my eyelashes when you put the napkin on my face."

Returning to his dressing room, Mr. Tucker splashed some cologne across his shoulders. "The girls like it," he whispered.

At one-fifty-five, Rudolf Bing, gaunt, gray-haired, and elegant, dashed in and handed Mr. Tucker a check. "It's a wonderful occasion," said Mr. Bing rapidly, "and I'm sure it will be a fine performance. We're giving you this in advance because you *always* finish."

Mr. Tucker smiled at the familiar joke and reminded his boss of their first salary negotiation, in 1950.

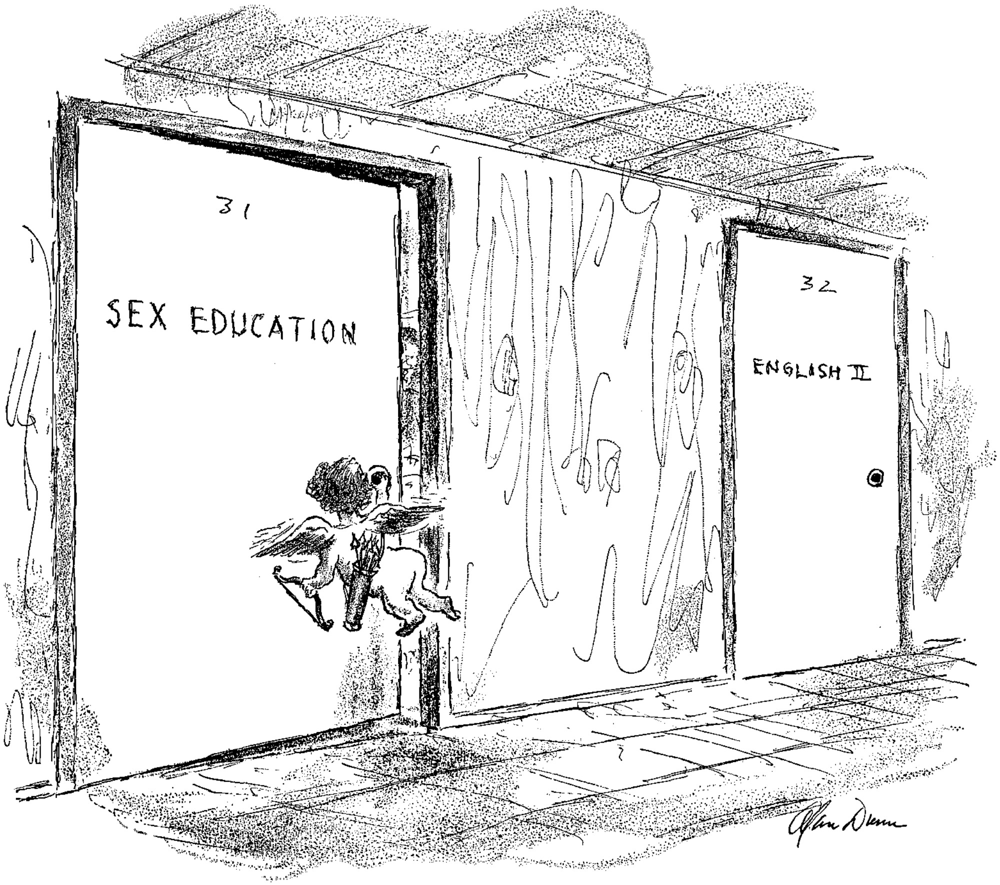
"Of course I remember," said Mr. Bing. "We were fifty dollars apart, so we flipped a coin and I won."

"And you kept the coin," said Mr. Tucker.

"My God!" said Mr. Bing, embracing his senior tenor. "It's hard to believe we've been together twenty years! Good luck."

By the third intermission, the performance was going so well that Mr. Tucker, surrounded by his admiring family, felt relaxed enough to venture into normal conversation. "Everybody remembers that I made my début as Enzo in 'La Gioconda,'" he told us, "but people forget that I entered the Metropolitan Auditions of the Air three years before that—and lost. Actually, it was a good thing, because I had just started to study opera and I really wasn't ready for the Met at that time. Then, a couple of years later, somebody brought Edward Johnson, the general manager of the Met, out to the synagogue in Brooklyn where I was cantor. After the service, Johnson—who used to sing in a temple himself—told me that if I could hold an audience of two thousand in a synagogue I could certainly hold an audience of thirty-six hundred in an opera house. The next thing I knew, I was standing on the bare stage of the old Metropolitan Opera under a single light bulb auditioning for the role of Enzo. When I finished, Johnson took me over to Emil Cooper, the maestro, and asked him for an opinion. Cooper—who is really responsible for my early success at the Met—looked me over and said, 'I will assume the responsibility for Richard Tucker.' And for the next six months we worked every day on the role, so that by the time I actually made my début I was pretty professional."

When we asked Mr. Tucker how he kept his voice in such excellent condition, he replied that longevity in a tenor is the result of hard work and a careful choice of roles. "I've never had an easy day in my life when it comes to singing," he said. "A voice with real potential is like a raw egg. An egg has to be fried, boiled, or scrambled before it amounts to anything. Well, a voice has to be placed correctly in the mask and developed with a technique that makes it possible for the owner of the voice to sing to the limits of his ability. I worked for thirteen years with a great teacher—Paul Althouse—who taught me *bel-canto* technique and convinced me that I am a *lirico-spinto* tenor. He refused to let me sing German, because the guttural sounds would ruin



my vocal production, and he wouldn't let managers force me into the heavy tenor roles that I couldn't handle."

As Mrs. Tucker poured her husband another cup of Sanka, their son Henry turned on a portable radio to catch the intermission broadcast, and the mature Tucker voice—dark, gleaming, and full-bodied—flooded into the room singing "Vesti la giubba" from "Pagliacci." Immensely pleased by this unexpected tribute, Mr. Tucker disregarded a warning frown from his wife and, opening his arms to embrace an invisible audience, began to sing along with his own record. After he had belted out a ringing high A, he paused and turned to his sons. "That's the only legacy I have for you," he told them. "You know, there aren't many of us left who really learned how to sing."

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A RETURNING traveller happily reports that last week, in Paris, he noted, chalked along a wall on the Boulevard Haussmann, the words "Vive les Mets!"

Boats

WE went to the Sixtieth National Boat Show, at the Coliseum, last week; lolled about on a Chris-Craft thirty-eight-foot Commander powerboat with flying bridge ($58,000), on a Chris-Craft thirty-four-foot Aqua-Home (rentable at $385 a week), on a nineteen-foot Evinrude Dolphin 210 motorboat ($5,800), on a Snark Moby Dink dinghy ($119), on a Jet Board with motor ($595), and on a Mossberg Swiftline canoe ($199); and came out a couple of hours later with a heavy longing to go right back inside. We also came out carrying a hundred and twenty-six pounds of paper material plugging the exhibits inside and including, in addition, Gulf's booklet "Fun and Safety Afloat" ("Before Shoving Off," "The Sailor's Alphabet," "Signal Flags," "Useful Knots for Mariners," "Boating Courtesy," "Water Skiing Signals," and other chapters); a Tide Schedule for 1970 (June 7, New York: High, 10:54 A.M. and 10:48 P.M.); a Samson Basic Eye Splice for 2-in-1 Braided Ropes instruction booklet ("First, tightly tape end of line to be spliced with one layer of tape. Then, put a big DOT one fid length from end of rope . . ."); a Samson Anchoring Tips booklet ("Every boat over 18 feet should have at least two anchors; and for boats over 30 feet, a third is desirable. A 'lunch hook' or light anchor should be used for short stops . . ."); a booklet on the language of sailing ("P_2 dimension: the real mast height measured from the center of the eye of whatever holds the spinnaker block . . ."); a snappy orange-and-black sticker reading "I saw Duo's 'Mystry Boat;' " and a Hatteras Yacht wall calendar for 1970 with a different yacht pictured in color for each month (February's yacht: the Hatteras Fiberglass 53 Motor Yacht—$136,900, plus extras).

"How's business?" we asked Mr. Ken Erhart, of Decatur, Indiana, at the Duo, Inc., exhibit of the Duo Mystry 17 speedboat ($1,450). "Selling a lot of boats?"

"By the *boat*load," Mr. Erhart said, handing us a brochure on the Mystry, which described its "wrap-around bucket seats, padded dash, and foam flotation," and pointed out that "even sharp-breaking waves are no obstacle to this rugged speedster, with its Indy wedge construction and aerodynamically designed tunnel hull."

"Any sign of the effect of President Nixon's speeches against inflation, against spending?" we asked.

"Nixon isn't scaring anybody," a Duo Mystry Boat assistant said. "The boat business in this country is a three-billion-dollar business. What people want, they're gonna buy."

We went on to Mr. Harry Green, who was looking after the sailboats and dinghies of Snark Products, Inc., of Fort Lee, New Jersey.

"Here's our Sea Snark," Mr. Green said. "A sailboat for a hundred and nineteen dollars. Here's our Moby Dink. A dinghy for a hundred and nineteen dollars. Here's our Triumph, only three hundred and forty-eight dollars—a sailboat with a place for a motor. When you get tired of sailing, you come home by motor."

"How's business?" we asked.

"Great," said Mr. Green. "In the Triumph, you just about *can't* tip over. The feeling of security is there. You can be a *green*horn with this boat and not worry about it."

"How about the Sea Snark?" we asked.

"A ten-thousand-dollar sailboat tips over, too," Mr. Green said reproachfully. "Besides, half the *fun* is falling into the water."

"Aren't we supposed to be cutting back on luxury buying?" we asked.

"These aren't *luxuries*," Mr. Green said. "A Snark is like a first boat. It's like starting driving with a used car."

No Lexington Avenue I.R.T. problems here. No Con Edison. No Midtown Tunnel. No garbage. No snow. At the exhibit of Galley Slaves, Inc., we picked up a nice little brochure entitled "Are You Your Boat's Captain or Janitor?" "Why not let us do the dirty work?" it read. "We'll wash your dishes, make your bunks, wash your windows . . ." We paused at the stall of Richards Aqualung Center, where a Mr. Arnold Post, on duty there, said to us, "We are where the pea-jacket craze started. We have pea jackets, safari jackets, bell bottoms, striped bells, Navy hats, Marine Dress White Belts. This is our new super-stretch skin-diving suit. The Caribbean model. Only thirty-four ninety-five."

"Who needs that?" we asked.

"Anybody near water, and two-thirds of the earth is water," he said.

On to the stall of Omni Laboratories, Inc., of Marblehead, Massachusetts. "THINK OMNI," a sign at the stall read. We admired an Omni compass ($56) on a red background and under a clear-plastic dome. "Who needs that?" we asked David Gardner, an Omni man with bushy sideburns.

"Everybody," Mr. Gardner said. "It's the standard navigational instrument. People have been using it since Columbus."

"Why think Omni compass for fifty-six dollars?" we asked.

"Ours is the first one in red, which makes it more attractive and easier to see."

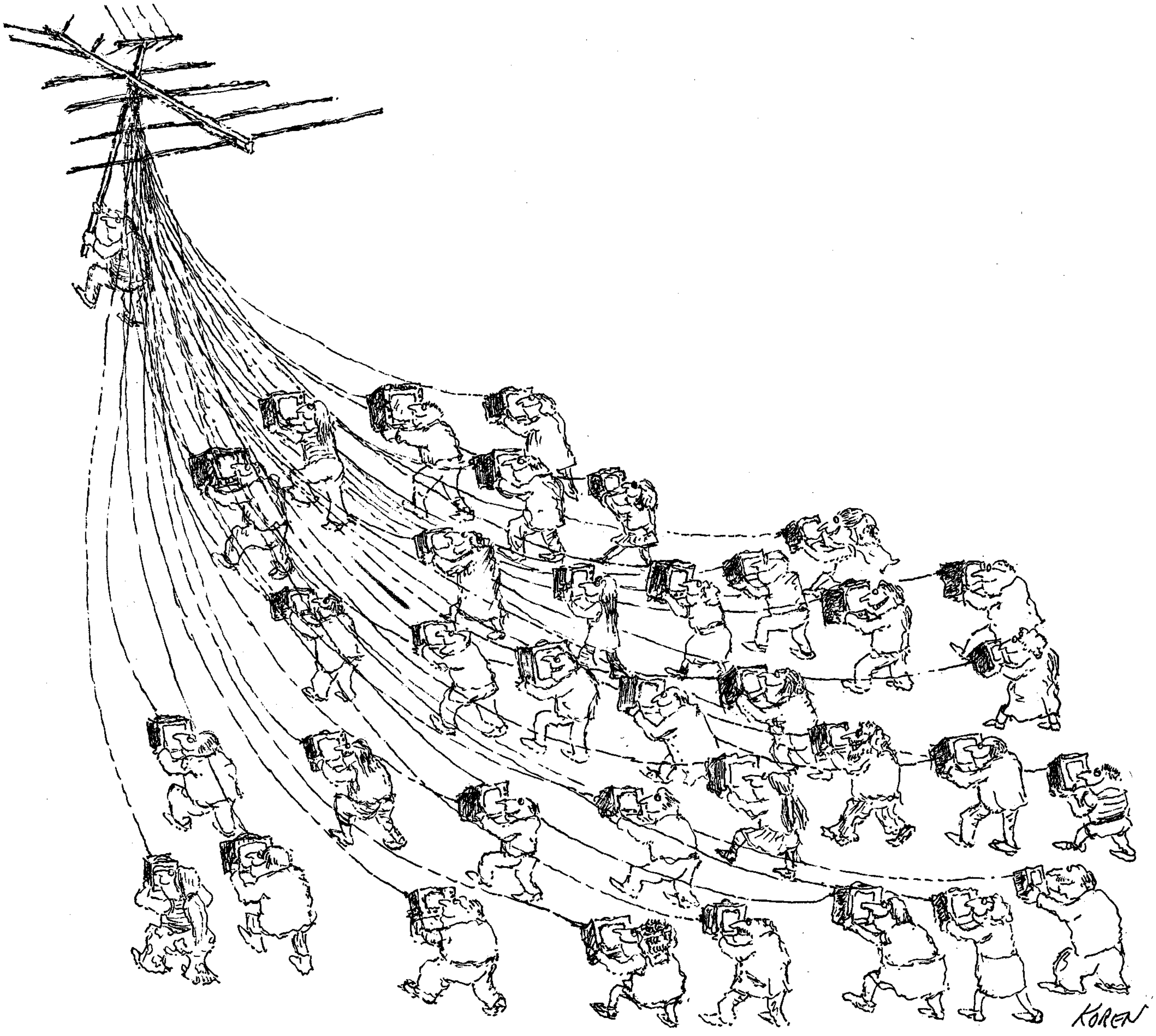
"How's business?" we asked.

"One-tenth of the business we get is brought in from this show," Mr. Gardner said.

"How's business?" we next asked Allen D. Willard, president of James Bliss & Co., Inc., established 1832, of Dedham, Massachusetts.

"I think it might be all right," Mr. Willard said cautiously.

We looked over the display of merchandise ("EVERYTHING MARINE") on the counters at the Bliss stall. Boat



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moccasins. Scrimshaw. Salt-water soap. Float Coat. Swedish yachting cap. A Man-Overboard Pole. Foul-weather gear from Japan. Yachting boots from Norway. Floating Tote Bag. Highball glasses decorated with code flags and various nautical sayings.

"We have four retail stores in Boston, and we mail-order all over the world," Mr. Williams said. "Our regular catalogue has eight thousand items in it."

On to the Jet Board. "THE GOING THING," the sign at the display read. Mr. Leland Streepey, in charge of the Jet Board, said it weighed sixty-five pounds, had a specially built handle for carrying it at the center of gravity, would support up to four hundred pounds, and "could be used where people are swimming, because its propellerless water-jet-propulsion system makes it safe for the user as well as those nearby."

"This Jet Board is for everybody who envies the surfers and wants to do it but doesn't know how," a Jet Board assistant told us. "It has this little motor inside the Board. All you do is get on and *go!*"

"What if you fall off?" we asked.

"You wear a special safety belt around your waist, which is connected to a magnetic switch on the Jet Board," he said quickly. "As soon as you fall off, the switch is pulled and the circuit is broken, causing the engine to stop immediately."

"You mean this Board enables you to surf without having to *surf?*" we asked.

"With this Jet Board, you surf with or *without* a wave," he said. "There are no waves in inland waters."

"Who needs that?" we asked.

"Most of the country," he said. "Much more of the country does not have waves than does have waves. Much more of the country is not athletic than is athletic. This is what you would have to call a major breakthrough."

On to Allan Marine. Air fenders. Air vents. Anchor shackles. Bilge pumps. Boat-hook holders. Bow lights. Docking lights. Flagpole sockets. Smoke bombs. Water-ski tow hooks. Wind-power trickle chargers. On to the Ray Jefferson Battery Charger. The LaMarche Constavolt. The Invert-A-Volt. On to the Chris-Craft Aqua-Home, a thirty-four-footer that sleeps six and has an electric galley, three-burner stove, rotisserie, oven, refrigerator, folding dining table, lounge that converts to bed for two, stall shower, and more, more, more.

On our way out, we picked up a brochure offered by the General Electric Credit Corporation: "Marine and Mobile Home Financing." What we want, we're gonna buy.

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA'S FRIEND

I HAVE never visited him in his sumptuous quarters five levels below the Opera, across the dark lake.

But he has described them. Rich divans, exquisitely carved tables, amazing silk and satin draperies. The large, superbly embellished mantelpiece, on which rest two curious boxes, one containing the figure of a grasshopper, the other the figure of a scorpion . . .

He can, in discoursing upon his domestic arrangements, become almost merry. For example, speaking of the wine he has stolen from the private cellar of the Opera's Board of Directors: "A *very* adequate Montrachet! Four bottles! Each director accusing every other director! I tell you, it made me feel like a director myself! As if I were worth two or three millions and had a fat, ugly wife! And the trout was admirable. You know what the Poles say—fish, to taste right, must swim three times: in water, butter, and wine. All in all, a splendid evening!"

But he immediately alters the mood by making some gloomy observation. "Our behavior is mocked by the behavior of dogs."

It is not often that the accents of joy issue from beneath that mask.

Monday. I am standing at the place where I sometimes encounter him, a little door at the rear of the Opera (the building has 2,531 doors, to which there are 7,593 keys). He always appears "suddenly"—a *coup de théâtre* that is, to tell the truth, more annoying than anything else. We enact a little comedy of surprise.

"It's you!"

"Yes."

"What are you doing here?"

"Waiting."

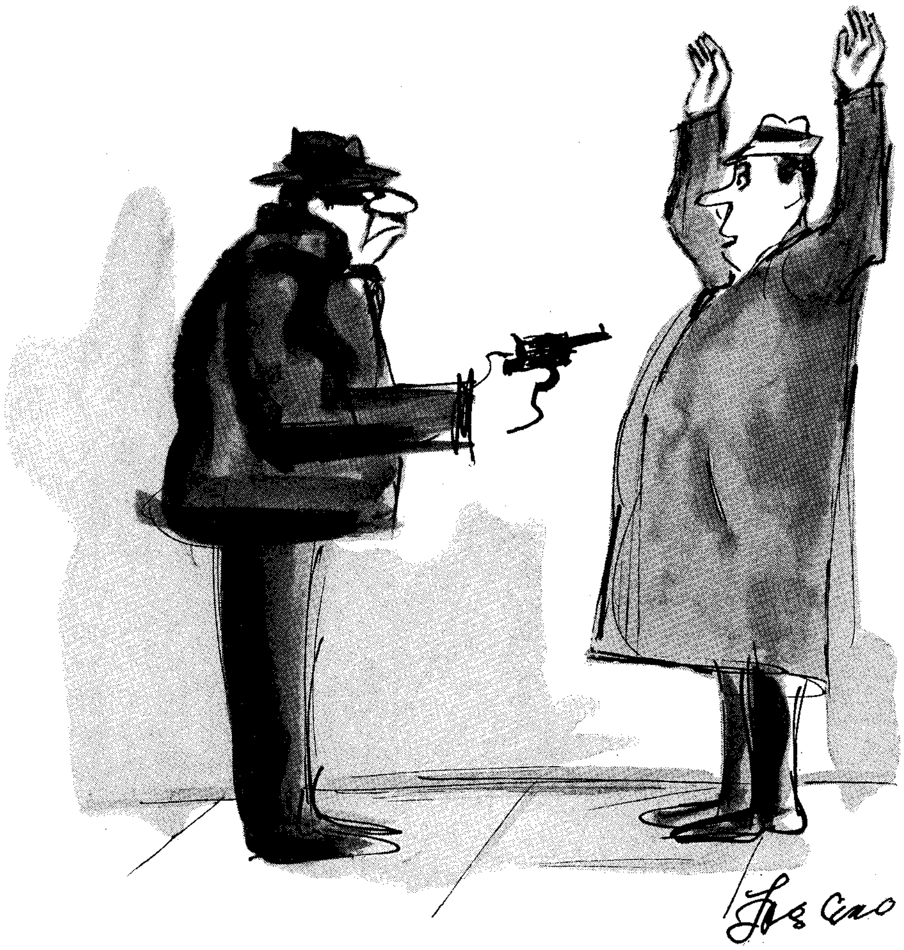
But today no one appears, although I wait for half an hour. I have wasted my time. Except—

Faintly, through many layers of stone, I hear organ music. The music is attenuated but unmistakable. It is his great work, "Don Juan Triumphant." A communication of a kind.

I rejoice in his immense, buried talent.

But I know that he is not happy.

His situation is simple and terrible. He must decide whether to risk life aboveground or to remain forever in hiding, in the cellars of the Opera. His tentative, testing explorations in the city (always at night) have not persuaded him to one course or the other. Too, the city is no longer the city he knew as a young man. Its meaning has changed.



"Tell me. Compared to your other victims, how would you rate me on sang-froid?"

At a café table, in a place where the light from the street lamps is broken by a large tree, we sit silently over our drinks. Everything that can be said has been said many times. I have no new observations to make. The decision he faces has been tormenting him for decades.

"If after all I—"

But he cannot finish the sentence. We both know what is meant.

I am distracted, a bit angry. How many nights have I spent this way, waiting upon his sighs?

In the early years of our friendship I proposed vigorous measures. A new life! Advances in surgery, I told him, had made a normal existence possible for him. New techniques in—

"I'm too old."

One is never too old, I said. There were still many satisfactions open to him, not the least the possibility of service to others. His music! A home, even marriage and children were not out of the question. What was required was boldness, the will to break out of old patterns. . . .

Now, as these thoughts flicker through our brains, he smiles ironically.

SOMETIMES he speaks of Christine:

"That voice!

"But I was perhaps overdazzled by the circumstances . . .

"A range from low C to the F above high C!

"Flawed, of course . . .

"Liszt heard her. '*Que c'est beau!*' he cried out.

"Possibly somewhat deficient in temperament. But I had temperament enough for two.

"Such goodness! Such gentleness!

"I would pull down the very doors of heaven for a—"

Tuesday. A few slashes of lightning in the sky . . .

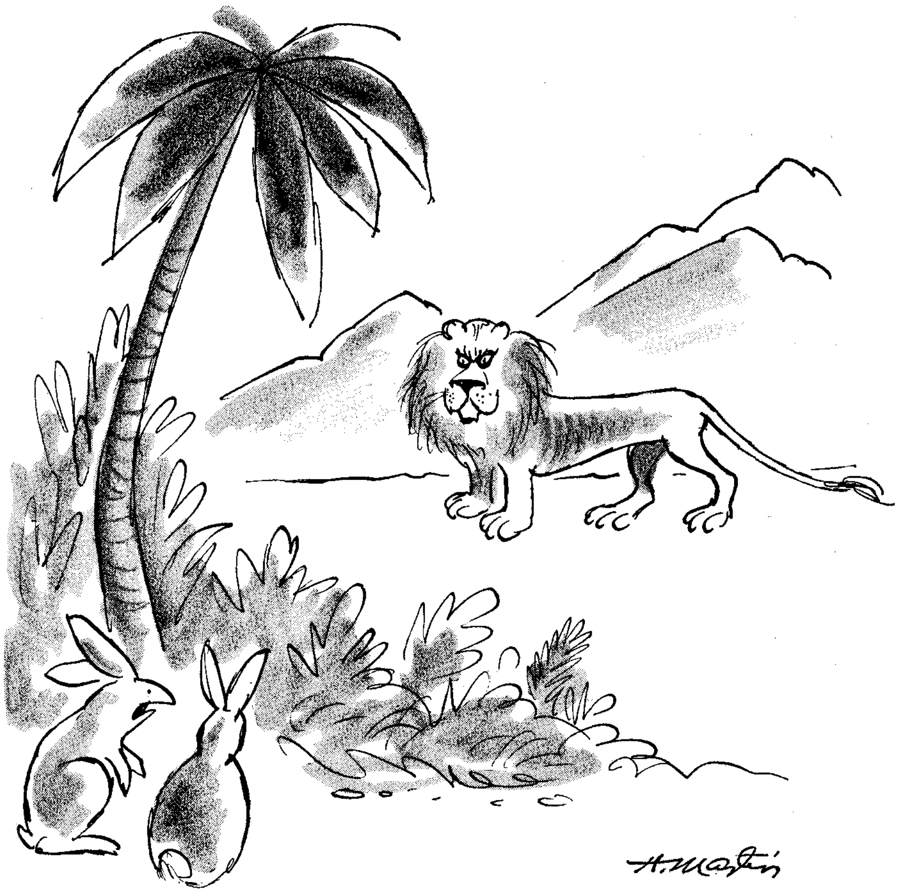
Is one man entitled to fix himself at the center of a cosmos of hatred, and remain there?

The acid . . .

The lost love . . .

Yet all of this is generations cold. There have been wars, inventions, assassinations, discoveries. . . .

Perhaps *practical affairs* have as-



"I don't know about you, but I'd prefer a herbivore for king."

sumed, in his mind, a towering importance. Does he fear the loss of the stipend (twenty thousand francs per month) that he has not ceased to extort from the directors of the Opera?

But I have given him assurances. He shall want for nothing.

Occasionally he is overtaken by what can only be called fits of grandiosity:

"One hundred million cells in the brain! All intent on being the Phantom of the Opera!"

"Between three and four thousand human languages! And I am the Phantom of the Opera in every one of them!"

This is quickly followed by the deepest despair. He sinks into a chair, passes a hand over his mask.

"Forty years of it!"

Why must I have *him* for a friend?

I wanted a friend with whom one could be seen abroad. With whom one could exchange country weekends, on our respective estates!

I put these unworthy reflections behind me. . . .

GASTON LEROUX was tired of writing "The Phantom of the Opera." He replaced his pen in its penholder.

"I can always work on 'The Phantom of the Opera' later—in the fall, perhaps. Right now I feel like writing 'The Secret of the Yellow Room.' "

Gaston Leroux took the manuscript of "The Phantom of the Opera" and put it on a shelf in the closet.

Then, seating himself once more at his desk, he drew toward him a clean sheet of foolscap. At the top he wrote the words "The Secret of the Yellow Room."

Wednesday. I receive a note urgently requesting a meeting.

"All men that are ruined are ruined on the side of their natural propensities," the note concludes.

This is surely true. Yet the vivacity with which he embraces ruin is unexampled, in my experience.

When we meet he is pacing nervously in an ill-lit corridor just off the room where the tympani are stored. I noticed that his dress, always so immaculate, is disordered, slept-in-looking. A button hangs by a thread from his waistcoat.

"I have brought you a newspaper," I say.

"Thank you. I wanted to tell you . . . that I have made up my mind."

His hands are trembling. I hold my breath.

"I have decided to take your advice. Sixty-five is not after all the end of one's life! I place myself in your hands. Make whatever arrangements you wish. Tomorrow night at this time I quit the Opera forever."

Blind with emotion, I can think of nothing to say.

A firm handclasp, and he is gone.

A room is prepared. I tell my servants that I am anticipating a visitor who will be with us for an indefinite period. I choose for him a room with a splendid window, a view of the Seine; but I am careful also to have installed heavy velvet curtains, so that the light, with which the room is plentifully supplied, will not come as an assault.

The degree of light *he* wishes.

And when I am satisfied that the accommodations are all that could be desired, I set off to interview the doctor I have selected.

"You understand that the operation, if he consents to it, will have specific . . . psychological consequences?"

I nod.

And he shows me in a book pictures of faces with terrible burns, before and after having been reconstructed by his science. It is indeed an album of magical transformations.

"I would wish first to have him examined by my colleague Dr. W., a qualified alienist."

"This is possible. But I remind you that he has had no intercourse with his fellow-men, myself excepted, for—"

"But was it not the case that *originally*, the violent emotions of revenge and jealousy—"

"Yes. But replaced now, I believe, by a melancholy so deep, so all-pervading—"

Dr. Mirabeau assumes a mock sternness.

"Melancholy, sir, is an ailment with which I have had some slight acquaintance. We shall see if his distemper can resist a little miracle."

And he extends, into the neutral space between us, a shining scalpel.

But when I call for the Phantom on Thursday, at the appointed hour, he is not there.

What vexation!

Am I not slightly relieved?

Can it be that *he doesn't like me*?

I sit down on the kerb, outside the Opera. People passing look at me. I will wait here for a hundred years. Or until the hot meat of romance is cooled by the dull gravy of common sense once more.

—DONALD BARTHELME

A GARDEN OF FLOWERS

EVERY time I think of this story and commence to write it, something takes place before my eyes, rather like the strong wind that sometimes blows for several days across this California valley, or a mild earthquake that doesn't damage anything at all but its presence gets into the local newspaper as an event of mild importance. One time my son's pet white rat got into a package of ant poison, and it took nine hours for him to die, on the drainboard of the kitchen sink.

For instance now, I looked down the street my sign shop is on and saw a wreck on the corner where there is a signal light. An ambulance on its way to an accident went through it and struck and demolished another car. The siren that had been turned on is still going, and this disturbs me because it is a sound that nobody is doing anything about. It is simply caught in a framework of circumstance, like the wind; like the white rat my son cried over.

Soon the tow trucks will come and take the wrecked car and the wrecked ambulance away, and the street cleaners will wash off the blood and sweep up the broken glass, and my street will look the way it did before the accident, and the lovely spring sun will shine down, but that doesn't mean nothing happened.

A long time ago when I lived with my father and mother on a farm outside Canton, Ohio, that my father could not make a go of and later had to sell for half of what he paid for it, I was given a brown horse for my thirteenth birthday, on September 26, 1924.

The brown horse, prior to my ownership, had won for her master several blue and gold ribbons for fast running under serene odds at the Stark County Fair. The master of my horse, before I became the master, was known more or less as a whipper. He constantly carried with him a long dark-brown and white rawhide whip, which he was forever taking to his horses. Once in a while he whipped a horse to death and then dragged it out into a back field amid the beautiful green hills and left it there. He didn't dig any grave for it. On hot July mornings we would see buzzards flying and swooping over his farm, next to ours, and knew that another animal had died under the whip. Sometimes a cow and a horse, friends in the stables, would be lying dead together in the field, their hoofs touching, and after the buzzards had eaten their fill, and the wolves, and the neighbors' dogs, and the large black rats, then lovely tufts of emerald grass would grow there in the spot, and yellow flowers whose names no one knew shot to their full growth in one day. My mother used to take her bridge-club women all in one flock out to see the flowers, and they stood by the splintered fence row, like mourners at a wake, like hummingbirds hovering over a thing of beauty, and looked at the flowers.

At first I didn't care for the horse my father bought for me, but that was because I had not given a name to her. I have always found that knowing a person's name helps you to like them. I wasn't a farm boy anyway; I yearned for the city. All day long I looked toward the horizon where I knew the city was. Finally, on Sundays, in the clean pine air, I rode my horse, who by this time was called Betha, out into the rolling fields, and in the dewy stillness sometimes, when all the winds were blowing away from the city, I heard the church bells.

"Listen to the churches," I whispered to Betha.

And she would stand very still, moving first one ear and then the other, getting the direction of the sound.

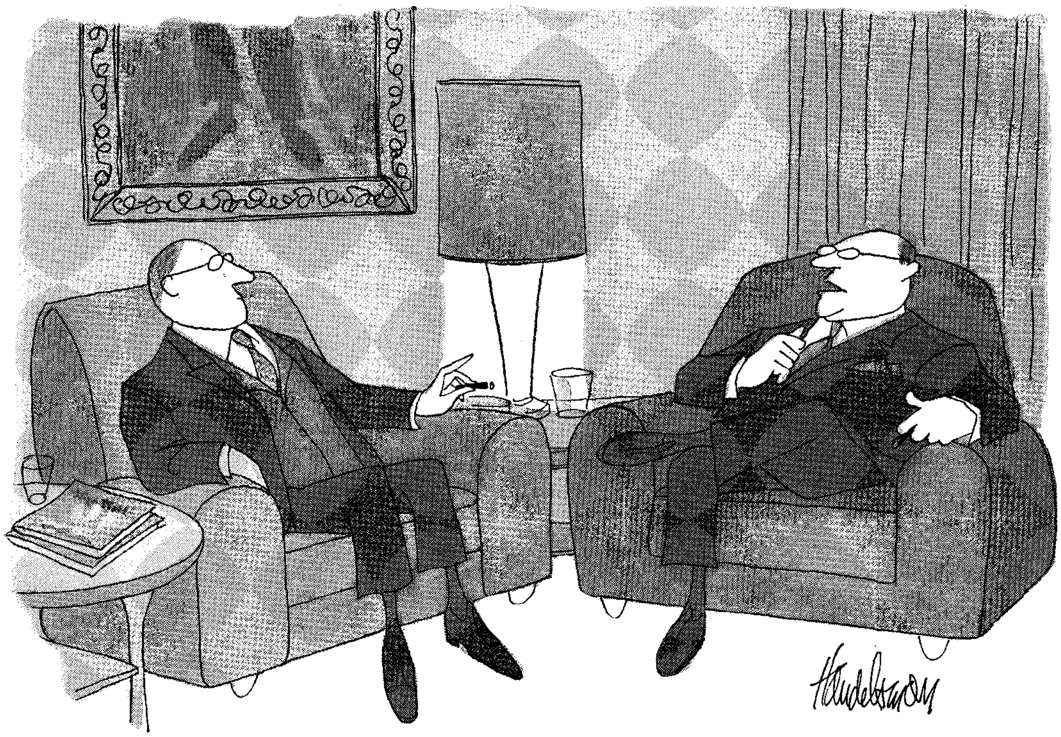
I never looked directly at Betha's scars from the constant whipping: I looked everywhere else. I didn't want to make a spectacle of her past life. Once in a while I told her stories of the beautiful days when I was young. She pointed her ears toward my childhood, trying to fathom such a tranquil and uninterrupted life with my father and mother. Often, I knew, she caught a definite whiff of the fragrances coming from the flowers. I never rode her in the vicinity of them. I used to sometimes walk with her rather than ride her. I felt more like we were brother and sister when I walked alongside of her. Sometimes she would blow in my ear and spray my face. That was her way of saying something to me, but my parents said my face would break out in freckles and sores wherever the slobbering fell. Whenever I was on her back and we started into the barn, she always paused long enough for me to lean forward on her neck. Then she walked into the barn proud and happy.

I never knew an animal that had more untaught sense. Whenever my Aunt Sara wrote to me, she would always end the letter by saying, "Well, Willard, give my love to Betha." As if Betha would understand and be gratified by the message. Sometimes I would take Betha far out in the pasture and dismount and tell her to stand still until I came back, and then I would manufacture an errand just to test her. I could be gone all day. When I decided to come back, Betha would be standing there with manure all around her, but she would not budge until I told her to. I never understood why the man who had owned her whipped her. Some men, of course, want to work off their strength on a dumb animal. The man used to whip his wife, too, and you could hear her screaming on summer days when the wind was right. We got used to the sound, and even came to take it for granted, the way you would accept a squeak in a pair of shoes or the sound of a toilet flushing. But when Betha

heard the screaming, she heard what it was. She pointed her ears and stood on her hind legs and ran the full length of the grazing area, her eyes wild with excitement and fear.

"Look at that crazy horse," my father would say, laughing. "She is sure full of ginger and juice. She wants a colt." But whenever he and I took her to a stud farm seven miles from where we were, Betha invariably broke away from us and ran back to our barn, safe and demurring.

And my father would shake his head and say, "She is a beautiful horse and would make such a beautiful mother. If she gets too frisky, I suppose we'll have to get rid of her."



"All I can say is that if being a leading manufacturer means being a leading polluter, so be it."

• •

I DIDN'T want my father to get rid of Betha because we had become friends. I don't know what drew me to Betha, except that I was in some ways lonely and so was she. I was growing too tall, nearing six feet, and my face was covered with pimples. There were girls near at hand, but they only expected me to tell jokes, of a certain kind, and the jokes I told them were not even on the borderline of daring. I didn't smoke, either. I had given up cigarettes because I felt the nicotine in them would destroy my talent for drawing. I knew a young painter, Clyde Singer, who didn't smoke, and he drew fat women with rosy cheeks and large breasts. In fact, when he became a well-known painter he became famous for those very things in his pictures. He used to put his easel up before a lovely hill with a small house standing beside a rollicking stream and not draw a hill or a house or a stream but breasts on a woman. Later he became one of the ten best painters in America under thirty. In my life I was somehow fashioned to know many artists. I knew and roller-skated with Blanche Thebom on the sidewalks of Canton, Ohio. She never sang any songs for me during those days, but in the sound of her roller skates I heard applause from the audience. "Listen, Blanche," I cried over the sound of the roller skates. "I can hear hands hitting together." We laughed and fell down, and soon Miss Thebom was singing at the Met. Sometimes all I had to do was smile at someone and their talents brought them fame far greater than they could ever have believed.

On my father's farm now I was starting to become a great artist. I was taking a correspondence-school course in cartooning that had been cooked up by Karl Anderson, Sherwood Anderson's brother, and was drawing fat men jumping over barrels, etc. My father gave me the course for my birthday. It cost twelve dollars. At first I seemed to be making remarkable progress, and I fell to being stationary a long time before I went headlong into my own failure. It is a balance that is provided the young prior to failure. My mother's brother had it, my father's brother, and my mother's sister's daughter had it. More often than not, someone who has a yen to mean something to himself and in the eyes of the world heads for a plateau, and on this grave place of green and warmth spills out all his talents, every ounce of them, and afterward there isn't anything left to get further up the hill with.

In the seventh grade at the school where I went, I was thought to be a potential poet, a potential artist, a potential priest, a potential failure. I used to get up and recite my own poetry to the class in my Sears, Roebuck brown suit that was too short for me, and with my pimples and my small, squinting eyes—the squint was from trying to look like William S. Hart—I was arranging a simple document of failure.

One day I was at work in a field of corn that was probably ankle-high, cultivating between the long even rows my father, months before that, had planted. It was in the springtime, and the cultivator was being pulled by two of our horses—Betha on the left side and Tom-Poor on the right. My father was somewhere in town paying off creditors, wearing his dark-gray suit, dirt under his fingernails, etc. I let the horses stand under a shade tree. They were wet with perspiration, and I was feeling an urge to draw coming over me. I always carried around a soft pencil and a sketchbook. I settled myself in the cool corner of the field and began to draw the two horses standing close together, with the strong light from the afternoon sun showing down on the field, and our house with the shades all drawn in the background. Clyde Singer one time drew our house like that, and when he got through it was an umbrella being opened by a beautiful girl.

But when talented men, or women, do things like that it is a sign of genius and must be tolerated. I had to draw the horses. I had to draw the house in the soft background. So I was doing that, when all of a sudden the horses, frightened by something I never saw at all, stood on their hind legs, both horses, and bolted forward, dragging the cultivator after them.

"Betha!" I called. "Tom-Poor! Whoa! Whoa, there!" But they were in the middle of a spree. They had been caught up in a current of violence that sped them on and their eyes took on a kind of joy at being involved in something there was no understanding for. I thought of Betha running away from the whipper's whip. In the rattle and screech of the cultivator being pulled over the hard, dry earth I heard whatever Betha heard before she came to stay with us. I threw away my soft pencil and sketch pad, and ran as hard as I could after the horses, but on their way back to the barn they ran full into a deep ravine where over the years we and other nearby farmers had thrown our rubbish of cans and picture frames and piano stools and broken davenports and chairs and old plowshares and handles from corn shellers and empty bottles of corn whiskey. And the two horses ran headlong into that array.

I was wiping away the blood from the deep gashes in their legs and sides when my father, returning home from the city, walked into the barn, saw me, and saw the horses. He never asked me what had happened. He only brought soothing salve and mixtures, and together we worked the remainder of the day. Tom-Poor died that night, but in the morning Betha lived and breathed. She whimpered some in her sleep. We had stayed all night with the horses. We never spoke to each other. We had three lanterns and worked very hard, but we never spoke to each other.

MY father sold Betha when he sold the farm. He had asked twenty dollars for her, but when the man saw the scars from the whipper and the fresh sewings from the accident in the ravine he shook his head. My father came down first to ten dollars and then to eight-fifty, and said he would not come down to five even though he might be offered five. So Betha went away from that neighborhood in a truck that people put their furniture in, and I walked with my father back to our house on the hill while he counted the money. He gave me the fifty cents as we walked.

"Here," he said. "It was your horse." That was all he said.

A month or so later, when the autumn was moving in with the sure sweep of wind and the nights were crisp and filled with the fragrances of pumpkin and marigold, there came a night when the lodge my father belonged to staged a show on the fifth floor of a five-story building in Canton, Ohio. We left the farm and drove into town, in a 1924 Ford my father was always swearing at and steering into woodsheds or piles of manure. My mother sat with a scream on the edge of her lips.

While we were attending the show, there was a parade of marching men, hooded and bearing torches. Some were on horseback. My father and I looked down from one of the narrow windows onto the street. Clusters of bands were playing marching music, and flags were waving everywhere. Like two children, my father and I ran down the five flights of stairs.

The white hoods had slits in them to see through, and every man sang as he walked or rode, carrying a lighted torch in his right hand. Suddenly in the string of marching horses I saw my horse Betha. I ran beside her and called her name. I left my father and I was very happy to see Betha again. But she had blinders on her face and didn't turn her head.

"Betha!" I cried. "Forgive me, Betha, forgive me!" But she went right on. As far as I could see there was a steady glare of light as bright as evil. I felt that almost forever Betha would be walking with the torches toward something else. She never took her eyes from the stream of light, as violent at the end as it was in the beginning. I ran beside her for several blocks, smelling the perspiration and hearing the clop, clop, clop of her beautiful feet, and I knew that it would be for her an endless thing. We hadn't helped her life much.

YEARS ago I made a trip back to Canton, Ohio, to see my father and mother. All the noise has gone out of their lives now, all the color.

"Do you remember," I asked my father, "when I had the mishap with the cultivator on the old farm and we sold Betha for eight-fifty? Poor Betha. Poor Tom-Poor!" I said, reliving the awful moment through.

My father looked out of a window onto a street that was filled with blowing snow. Tractors were busy in the streets and the sound of automobile chains filled the air, together with the sound of weariness unending. Then turning his face to me, but with his eyes really not looking at me, he said, "That was no cultivator. That was a spring-tooth harrow."

—GEORGE H. FREITAG

LIGHTING THE LAMPS

Exhausted by the afternoon, the age, and love,
I sit down and write a letter to myself:
January 23rd. Rain this morning. The stove
exhales its poison breath, this air is stiff
with cold. Lost, nothing to eat since yesterday,
and the windows dull from coaldust; I imagine
myself in a Leningrad flat enduring the German
siege. To keep alive, we fast and pray.

Everyone seems so far away. Only my own
voices talk among themselves. The century cries
out to be heard, I summon a bone
of lust instead. If my spirit dies . . .

what then? "You won't feel any pain
at all." I look out on a front yard strewn
with stones and mud. Off in the dusk, a siren,
music, cars. Sad . . . to think of foreign
wars, a million Chinese peasants asleep in huts;
rice is waking in the wind, the mountains drift out to sea.
And then, because no one is near, the gray
sky draws close, rain falling in empty lots.

—JAMES ATLAS

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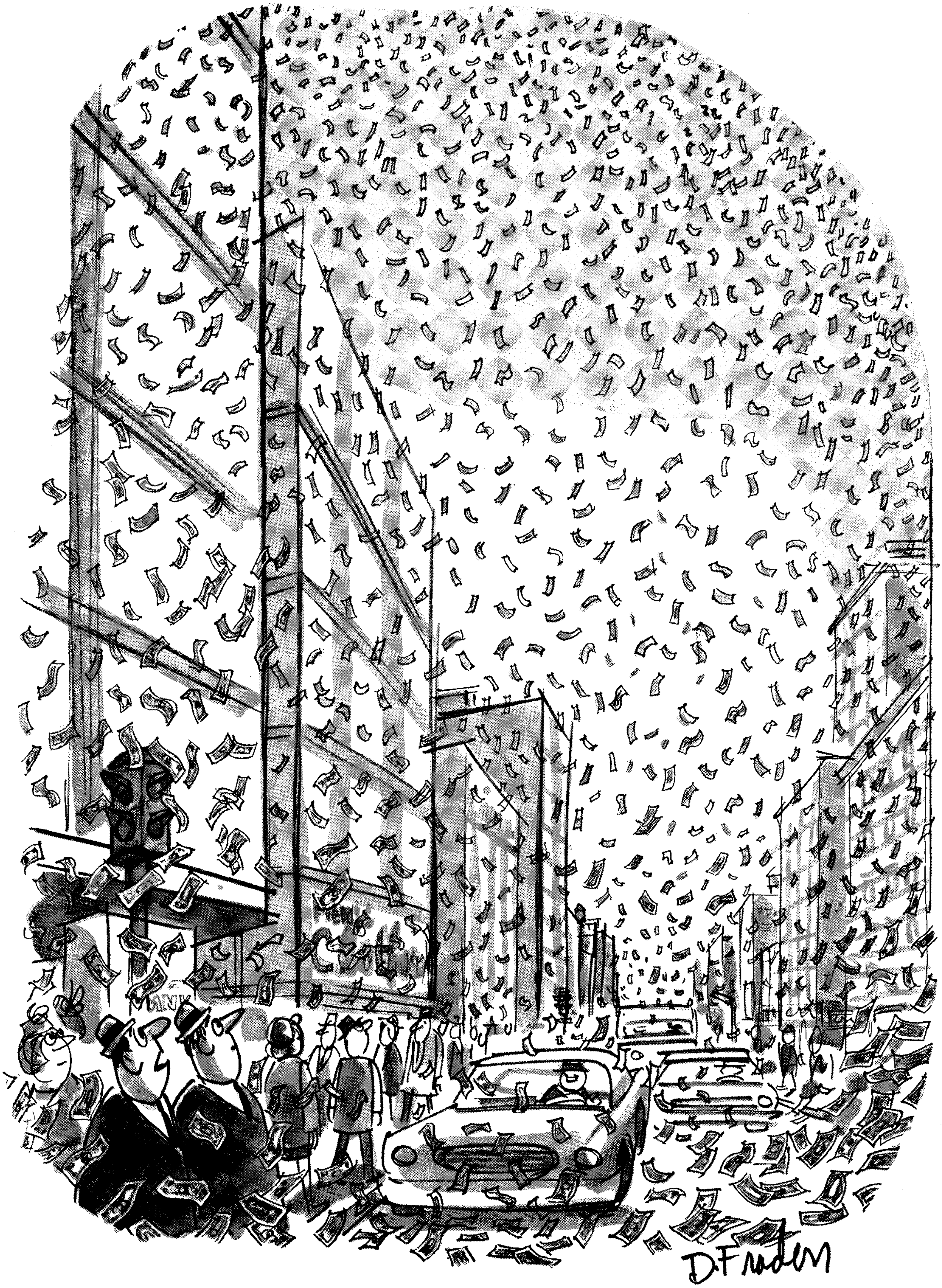


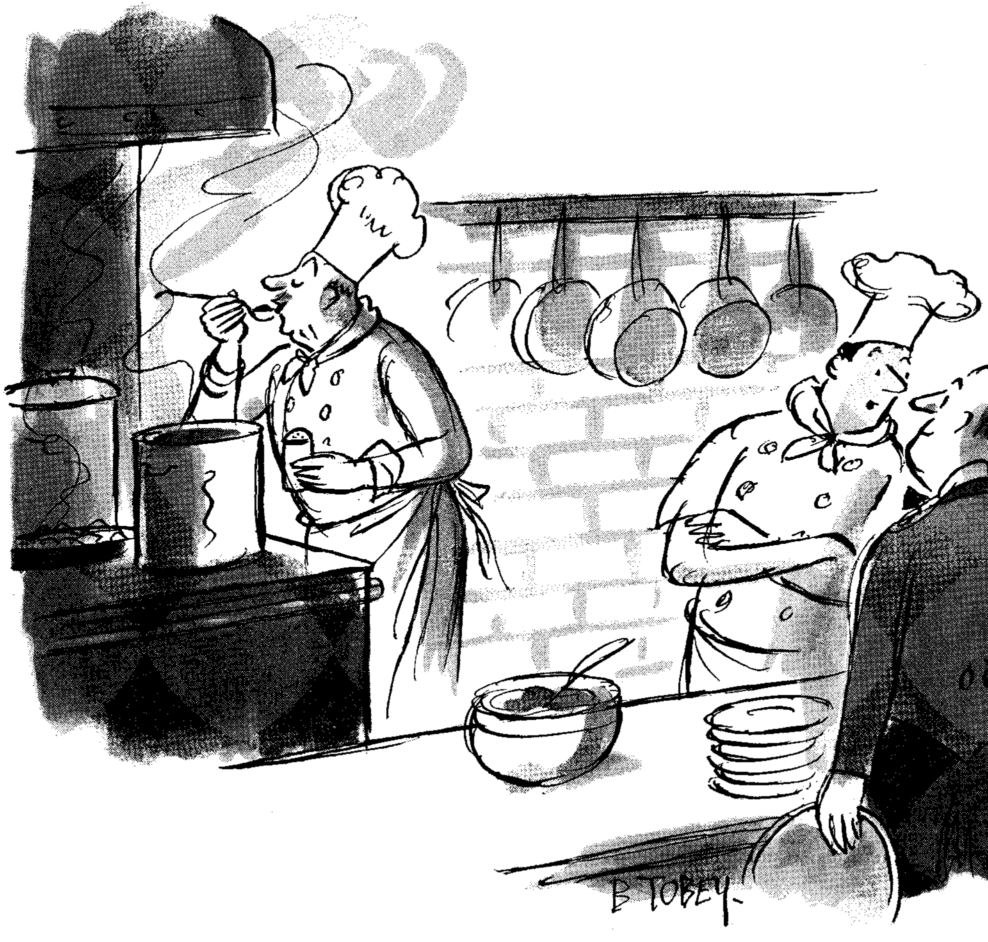
"Ah, money for the cities! This should make Mayor Lindsay very happy."

A REPORTER AT LARGE

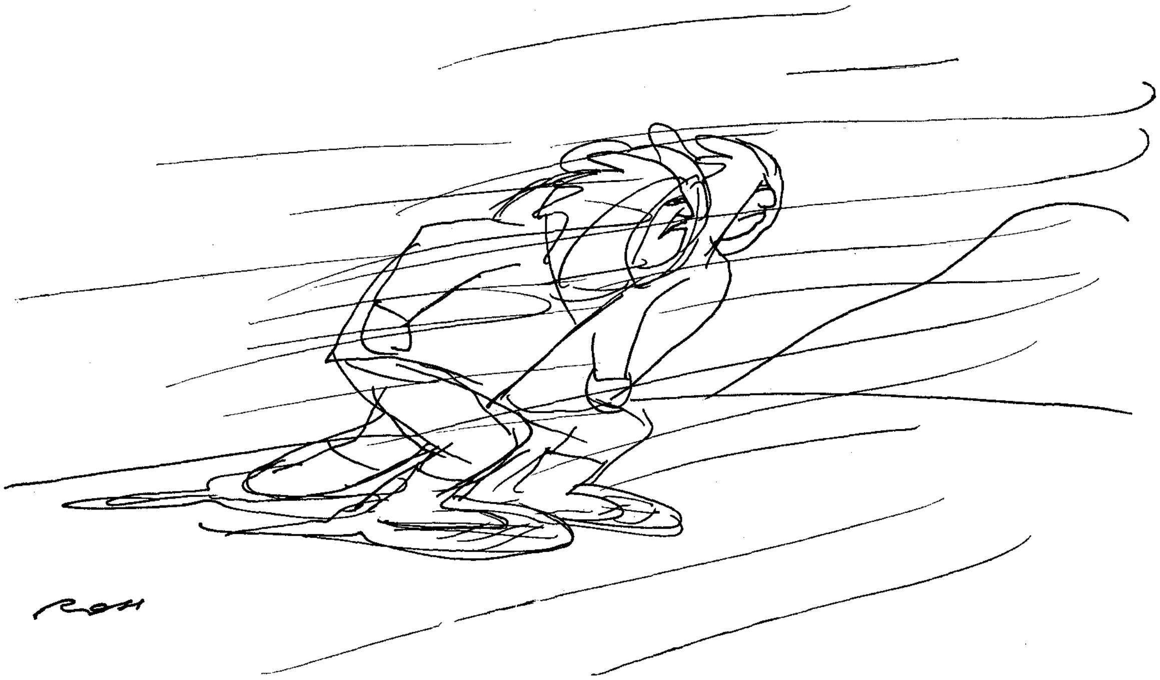
DEFOLIATION

LATE in 1961, the United States Military Advisory Group in Vietnam began, as a minor test operation, the defoliation, by aerial spraying, of trees along the sides of roads and canals east of Saigon. The purpose of the operation was to increase visibility and thus safeguard against ambushes of allied troops and make more vulnerable any Vietcong who might be concealed under cover of the dense foliage. The number of acres sprayed does not appear to have been publicly recorded, but the test was adjudged a success militarily. In January, 1962, following a formal announcement by South Vietnamese and American officials that a program of such spraying was to be put into effect, and that it was intended "to improve the country's economy by permitting freer communication as well as to facilitate the Vietnamese Army's task of keeping these avenues free of Vietcong harassments," military defoliation operations really got under way. According to an article that month in the New York *Times*, "a high South Vietnamese official" announced that a seventy-mile stretch of road between Saigon and the coast was sprayed "to remove foliage hiding Communist guerrillas." The South Vietnamese spokesman also announced that defoliant chemicals would be sprayed on Vietcong plantations of manioc and sweet potatoes in the Highlands. The program was gathering momentum. It was doing so in spite of certain private misgivings among American officials, particularly in the State Department, who feared, first, that the operations might open the United States to charges of engaging in chemical and biological warfare, and, second, that they were not all that militarily effective. Roger Hilsman, now a professor of government at Columbia University, and then Director of Intelligence and Research for the State Department, reported, after a trip to Vietnam, that defoliation operations "had political disadvantages" and, furthermore, that they were of questionable military value, particularly in accomplishing their supposed purpose of reducing cover for ambushes. Hilsman later recalled in his book, "To Move a Nation," his visit to Vietnam, in March, 1962: "I had flown down a stretch of road that had been used for a test and found that the results were not very impressive. . . . Later, the senior Australian military representative in Saigon, Colonel Serong, also pointed out that defoliation actually aided the ambushers—if the vegetation was close to the road those who were ambushed could take cover quickly; when it was removed the guerrillas had a better field of fire." According to Hilsman, "The National Security Council spent tense sessions debating the matter."

Nonetheless, the Joint Chiefs of Staff and their Chairman, General Maxwell Taylor, agreed that chemical defoliation was a useful military weapon. In 1962, the American military "treated" 4,940 acres of the Vietnamese countryside with herbicides. In 1963, the area sprayed increased fivefold, to a total of 24,700 acres. In 1964, the defoliated area was more than tripled. In 1965, the 1964 figure was doubled, increasing to 155,610 acres. In 1966, the sprayed area was again increased fivefold, to 741,247 acres, and in 1967 it was doubled once again over the previous year, to 1,486,446 acres. Thus, the areas defoliated in Vietnam had increased approximately three hundredfold in five years, but now adverse opinion among scientists and other people who were concerned about the effects of defoliation on the Vietnamese ecology at last began to have a braking effect on the program. In 1968, 1,267,110 acres were sprayed, and in 1969 perhaps a million acres. Since 1962, the defoliation operations have covered almost five million acres, an area equivalent to about twelve per cent of the entire territory of South Vietnam, and about the size of the state of Massachusetts. Between 1962 and 1967, the deliberate destruction of plots of rice, manioc, beans, and other foodstuffs through herbicidal spraying—the word "deliberate" is used here to exclude the many reported instances of accidental spraying of Vietnamese plots—increased three hundredfold, from an estimated 741 acres to 221,312 acres, and by the end of 1969 the Vietnamese crop-



"Thirty-two years as a chef, and he can still go 'yum-yum.'"



"The wind-chill factor must be really something!"

growing area that since 1962 had been sprayed with herbicides totalled at least half a million acres. By then, in many areas the original purpose of the defoliation had been all but forgotten. The military had discovered that a more effective way of keeping roadsides clear was to bulldoze them. But by the time of that discovery defoliation had settled in as a general policy and taken on a life of its own—mainly justified on the ground that it made enemy infiltration from the North much more difficult by removing vegetation that concealed jungle roads and trails.

During all the time since the program began in 1961, no American military or civilian official has ever publicly characterized it as an operation of either chemical or biological warfare, although there can be no doubt that it is an operation of chemical warfare in that it involves the aerial spraying of chemical substances with the aim of gaining a military advantage, and that it is an operation of biological warfare in that it is aimed at a deliberate disruption of the biological conditions prevailing in a given area. Such distinctions simply do not appear in official United States statements or documents; they were long ago shrouded under heavy verbal cover. Thus, a State Department report, made public in March, 1966, saying that about twenty thousand acres of crops in South Vietnam had been destroyed by defoliation to deny food to guerrillas, described the areas involved as "remote and thinly populated," and gave a firm assurance that the materials sprayed on the crops were of a mild and transient potency: "The herbicides used are nontoxic and not dangerous to man or animal life. The land is not affected for future use."

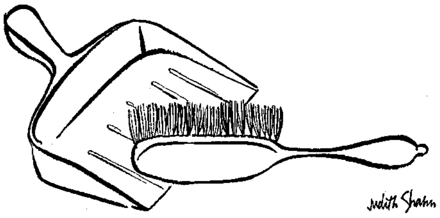
HOWEVER comforting the statements issued by our government during seven years of herbicidal operations in Vietnam, the fact is that the major development of defoliant chemicals (whose existence had been known in the thirties) and other herbicidal agents came about in military programs for biological warfare. The direction of this work was set during the Second World War, when Professor E. J. Kraus, who then headed the Botany Department of the University of Chicago, brought certain scientific possibilities to the attention of a committee that had been set up by Henry L. Stimson, the Secretary of War, under the National Research Council, to provide the military with advice on various aspects of biological warfare. Kraus, referring to the existence of hormonelike substances that experimentation had shown would kill certain plants or disrupt their growth, suggested to the committee in 1941 that it might be interested in "the toxic properties of growth-regulating substances for the destruction of crops or the limitation of crop production." Military research on herbicides thereupon got under way, principally at Camp (later Fort) Detrick, Maryland, the Army center for biological-warfare research. According to George Merck, a chemist, who headed Stimson's biological-warfare advisory committee, "Only the rapid ending of the war prevented field trials in an active theatre of synthetic agents that would, without injury to human or animal life, affect the growing crops and make them useless."

After the war, many of the herbicidal materials that had been developed and tested for biological-warfare use were marketed for civilian purposes and used by farmers and homeowners for killing weeds and controlling brush. The most powerful of the herbicides were the two chemicals 2,4-dichlorophenoxyacetic acid, generally known as 2,4-D, and 2,4,5-trichlorophenoxyacetic acid, known as 2,4,5-T. The direct toxicity levels of these chemicals as they affected experimental animals, and, by scientific estimates, men, appeared then to be low (although these estimates have later been challenged), and the United States Department of Agriculture, the Food and Drug Administration, and the Fish and Wildlife Service all sanctioned the widespread sale and use of both. The chemicals were also reported to be short-lived in soil after their application. 2,4-D was the bigger seller of the two, partly because it was cheaper, and suburbanites commonly used mixtures containing 2,4-D on their lawns to control dandelions and other weeds. Commercially, 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T were used to clear railroad rights-of-way and power-line routes, and, in cattle country, to get rid of woody brush, 2,4,5-T being favored for the last, because it was considered to have a more effective herbicidal action on woody plants. Very often, however, the two chemicals were used in combination. Between 1945 and 1963, the production of herbicides jumped from nine hundred and seventeen thousand pounds to about a hundred and fifty million pounds in this country; since 1963, their use has risen two hundred and seventy-one per cent—more than double the rate of increase in the use of pesticides, though pesticides are still far more extensively used. By 1960, an area equivalent to more than three per cent of the entire

United States was being sprayed each year with herbicides.

Considering the rapidly growing civilian use of these products, it is perhaps not surprising that the defoliation operations in Vietnam escaped any significant comment in the press, and that the American public remained unaware of the extent to which these uses had their origin in planning for chemical and biological warfare. Nevertheless, between 1941 and the present, testing and experimentation in the use of 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T, and other herbicides as military weapons were going forward very actively at Fort Detrick. While homeowners were using herbicidal mixtures to keep their lawns free of weeds, the military were screening some twelve hundred compounds for their usefulness in biological-warfare operations. The most promising of these compounds were test-sprayed on tropical vegetation in Puerto Rico and Thailand, and by the time full-scale defoliation operations got under way in Vietnam the U.S. military had settled on the use of four herbicidal spray materials there. These went under the names Agent Orange, Agent Purple, Agent White, and Agent Blue—designations derived from color-coded stripes girdling the shipping drums of each type of material. Of these materials, Agent Orange, the most widely used as a general defoliant, consists of a fifty-fifty mixture of *n* butyl esters and of 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T. Agent Purple, which is interchangeable with Agent Orange, consists of the same substances with slight molecular variations. Agent White, which is used mostly for forest defoliation, is a combination of 2,4-D and Picloram, produced by the Dow Chemical Company. Unlike 2,4-D or 2,4,5-T, which, after application, is said to be decomposable by micro-organisms in soil over a period of weeks or months (one field test of 2,4,5-T in this country showed that significant quantities persisted in soil for ninety-three days after application), Picloram—whose use the Department of Agriculture has not authorized in the cultivation of any American crop—is one of the most persistent herbicides known. Dr. Arthur W. Galston, professor of biology at Yale, has described Picloram as "a herbicidal analog of DDT," and an article in a Dow Chemical Company publication called "Down to Earth" reported that in field trials of Picloram in various California soils between eighty and ninety-six and a half per cent of the substance remained in the soils four hundred and sixty-seven days after application. (The rate at which Picloram decomposes in tropical soils may, however, be higher.) Agent Blue consists of a solution of cacodylic acid, a substance that contains fifty-four per cent arsenic, and it is used in Vietnam to destroy rice crops. According to the authoritative "Merck Index," a source book on chemicals, this material is "poisonous." It can be used on agricultural crops in this country only under certain restrictions imposed by the Department of Agriculture. It is being used herbicidally on Vietnamese rice fields at seven and a half times the concentration permitted for weed-killing purposes in this country, and so far in Vietnam something like five thousand tons is estimated to have been sprayed on paddies and vegetable fields.

Defoliation operations in Vietnam are carried out by a special flight of the 12th Air Commando Squadron of the United States Air Force, from a base at Bien Hoa, just outside Saigon, with specially equipped C-123 cargo planes. Each of these aircraft has been fitted out with tanks capable of holding a thousand gallons. On defoliation missions, the herbicide carried in these tanks is sprayed from an altitude of around a hundred and fifty feet, under pressure, from thirty-six nozzles on the wings and tail of the plane, and usually several spray planes work in formation, laying down broad blankets of spray. The normal crew of a military herbicidal-spray plane consists of a pilot, a co-pilot, and a technician, who sits in the tail area and operates a console regulating the spray. The equipment is calibrated to spray a thousand gallons of herbicidal mixture at a rate that works out, when all goes well, to about three gallons per acre. Spraying a thousand-gallon tankload takes five minutes. In an emergency, the tank can be emptied in thirty seconds—a fact that has particular significance because of what has recently been learned about the nature of at least one of the herbicidal substances.



The official code name for the program is Operation Hades, but a more friendly code name, Operation Ranch Hand, is commonly used. In similar fashion, military public-relations men refer to the herbicidal spraying of crops supposedly grown for Vietcong use in Vietnam, when they refer to it at all, as a "food-denial program." By contrast, an American biologist who is less than enthusiastic about the effort has called it, in its current phase, "escalation to a program of starvation of the population in the affected area." Dr. Jean Mayer, the Harvard professor who now is

ISRAEL

A man imprisoned and cast into a spell,
a man condemned to be the snake
who keeps watch over infamous gold,
a man condemned to be Shylock,
a man bent over the earth in hard work
knowing that once he stood in Eden,
an old man with his eyes put out who will bring down
the pillars of the house,
a face condemned to wear a mask,
a man who in spite of men
is Spinoza and the Baal Shem and the cabalists,
a man who is the Book,
a tongue that praises from the depths
the justice of the skies,
a salesman or dentist
who spoke with God on the mountaintop,
a man condemned to be the object of ridicule,
the abomination, the Jew,
a man stoned, set afire,
asphyxiated in death chambers,
a man who endures and is deathless
and who now has returned to his battle,
to the violent light of victory,
handsome as a lion in the twelve o'clock sun.

—JORGE LUIS BORGES

(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Norman Thomas di Giovanni.*)

• •

8%
OF DEPOSIT
Whitney Darrow, Jr.

• •

President Nixon's special adviser on nutrition, contended in an article in *Science and Citizen* in 1967 that the ultimate target of herbicidal operations against rice and other crops in Vietnam was "the weakest element of the civilian population"—that is, women, children, and the elderly—because in the sprayed areas "Vietcong soldiers may . . . be expected to get the fighter's share of whatever food there is." He pointed out that malnutrition is endemic in many parts of Southeast Asia but that in wartime South Vietnam, where diseases associated with malnutrition, such as beriberi, anemia, kwashiorkor (the disease that has decimated the Biafran population), and tuberculosis, are particularly widespread, "there can be no doubt that if the [crop-destruction] program is continued, [the] problems will grow."

WHETHER a particular mission involves defoliation or crop destruction, American military spokesmen insist that a mission never takes place without careful consideration of all the factors involved, including the welfare of friendly inhabitants and the safety of American personnel. (There can be little doubt that defoliation missions are extremely hazardous to the members of the planes' crews, for the planes are required to fly very low and only slightly above stalling speed, and they are often targets of automatic-weapons fire from the ground.) The process of setting up targets and approving specific herbicidal operations is theoretically subject to elaborate review through two parallel chains of command: one chain consisting of South Vietnamese district and province chiefs—who can themselves initiate such missions—and South Vietnamese Army commanders at various levels; the other a United States chain, consisting of a district adviser, a sector adviser, a divisional senior adviser, a corps senior adviser, the United States Military Assistance Command in South Vietnam, and the American Embassy in Saigon, ending up with the American ambassador himself. Positive justification of the military advantage likely to be gained from each operation is theoretically required, and applications without such positive justification are theoretically disapproved. However, according to one of a series of articles by Elizabeth Pond that appeared toward the end of 1967 in the *Christian Science Monitor:*

> In practice, [American] corps advisers find it very difficult to turn down defoliation requests from province level because they simply do not have sufficient specific knowledge to call a proposed operation into question. And with the momentum of six years' use of defoliants, the practice, in the words of one source, has long since been "set in cement."
>
> The real burden of proof has long since shifted from the positive one of justifying an operation by its [military] gains to the negative one of denying an operation because of [specific] drawbacks. There is thus a great deal of pressure, especially above province level, to approve recommendations sent up from below as a matter of course.

Miss Pond reported that American military sources in Saigon were "enthusiastic" about the defoliation program, and that American commanders and spotter-plane pilots were "clamoring for more of the same." She was given firm assurances as to the mild nature of the chemicals used in the spray operations:

> The defoliants used, according to the military spokesman contacted, are the same herbicides . . . as those used commer-

"Give me a lever, and a place to stand, and I'll move the world!"

• •

cially over some four million acres in the United States. In the strengths used in Vietnam they are not at all harmful to humans or animals, the spokesman pointed out, and in illustration of this he dabbed onto his tongue a bit of liquid from one of . . . three bottles sitting on his desk.

AS the apparently inexorable advance of defoliation operations in South Vietnam continued, a number of scientists in the United States began to protest the military use of herbicides, contending that Vietnam was being used, in effect, as a proving ground for chemical and biological warfare. Early in 1966, a group of twenty-nine scientists, under the leadership of Dr. John Edsall, a professor of biochemistry at Harvard, appealed to President Johnson to prohibit the use of defoliants and crop-destroying herbicides, and called the use of these substances in Vietnam "barbarous because they are indiscriminate." In the late summer of 1966, this protest was followed by a letter of petition to President Johnson from twenty-two scientists, including seven Nobel laureates. The petition pointed out that the "large-scale use of anticrop and 'nonlethal' antipersonnel chemical weapons in Vietnam" constituted "a dangerous precedent" in chemical and biological warfare, and it asked the President to order it stopped. Before the end of that year, Dr. Edsall and Dr. Matthew S. Meselson, a Harvard professor of biology, obtained the signatures of five thousand scientists to co-sponsor the petition. Despite these protests, the area covered by defoliation operations in Vietnam in 1967 was double that covered in 1966, and the acreage of crops destroyed was nearly doubled.

These figures relate only to areas that were sprayed intentionally. There is no known way of spraying an area with herbicides from the air in a really accurate manner, because the material used is so highly volatile, especially under tropical conditions, that even light wind drift can cause extensive damage to foliage and crops outside the deliberately sprayed area. Crops are so sensitive to the herbicidal spray that it can cause damage to fields and gardens as much as fifteen miles away from the target zone. Particularly severe accidental damage is reported, from time to time, to so-called "friendly" crops in the III Corps area, which all but surrounds Saigon and extends in a rough square from the coastline to the Cambodian border. Most of the spraying in III Corps is now done in War Zones C and D, which are classified as free fire zones, where, as one American official has put it, "everything that moves in Zones C and D is considered Charlie." A press dispatch from Saigon in 1967 quoted another American official as saying that every Vietnamese farmer in that corps area knew of the defoliation program and disapproved of it. Dr. Galston, the Yale biologist, who is one of the most persistent critics of American policy concerning herbicidal operations in Vietnam, recently said in an interview, "We know that most of the truck crops grown along roads, canals, and trails and formerly brought into Saigon have been essentially abandoned because of the deliberate or inadvertent falling of these defoliant sprays; many crops in the Saigon area are simply not being harvested." He also cited reports that in some instances in which the inhabitants of Vietnamese villages have been suspected of being Vietcong sympathizers the destruction of food crops has brought about complete abandonment of the villages. In 1966, herbicidal operations caused extensive inadvertent damage, through wind drift, to a very large rubber plantation northwest of Saigon owned by the Michelin rubber interests. As the result of claims made for this damage, the South Vietnamese authorities paid the corporate owners, through the American military, nearly a million dollars. The extent of the known inadvertent damage to crops in Vietnam can be inferred from the South Vietnamese budget—in reality, the American military budget—for settling such claims. In 1967, the budget for this compensation was three million six hundred thousand dollars. This sum, however, probably reflects only the barest emergency claims of the people affected.

According to Representative Richard D. McCarthy, a Democrat from upstate New York who has been a strong critic of the program, the policy of allowing applications for defoliation operations to flow, usually without question, from the level of the South Vietnamese provincial or district chiefs has meant that these local functionaries would order repeated sprayings of areas that they had not visited in months, or even years. The thought that a Vietnamese district chief can initiate such wholesale spraying, in effect without much likelihood of serious hindrance by American military advisers, is a disquieting one to a number of biologists. Something that disquiets many of them even more is what they believe the long-range effects of nine years of defoliation operations will be on the ecology of South Vietnam. Dr. Galston, testifying recently before a congressional subcommittee on chemical and biological warfare, made these observations:

> It has already been well documented that some kinds of plant associations subject to spray, especially by Agent Orange, containing 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T, have been irreversibly damaged. I refer specifically to the mangrove associations that line the estuaries, especially around the Saigon River. Up to a hundred thousand acres of these mangroves have been sprayed. . . . Some [mangrove areas] had been sprayed as early as 1961 and have shown no substantial signs of recovery. . . . Ecologists have known for a long time that the mangroves lining estuaries furnish one of the most important ecological niches for the completion of the life cycle of certain shellfish and migratory fish. If these plant communities are not in a healthy state, secondary effects on the whole interlocked web of organisms are bound to occur. . . . In the years ahead the Vietnamese, who do not have overabundant sources of proteins anyhow, are probably going to suffer dietarily because of the deprivation of food in the form of fish and shellfish.
>
> Damage to the soil is another possible consequence of extensive defoliation. . . . We know that the soil is not a dead, inert mass but, rather, that it is a vibrant, living community. . . . If you knock the leaves off of trees once, twice, or three times . . . you change the quality of the soil. . . . Certain tropical soils—and it has been estimated that in Vietnam up to fifty per cent of all the soils fall into this category—are laterizable; that is, they may be irreversibly converted to rock as a result of the deprivation of organic matter. . . . If . . . you deprive trees of leaves and photosynthesis stops, organic matter in the soil declines and laterization, the making of brick, may occur on a very extensive scale. I would emphasize that this brick is irreversibly hardened; it can't be made back into soil. . . .
>
> Another ecological consequence is the invasion of an area by undesirable plants. One of the main plants that invade an area that has been defoliated is bamboo. Bamboo is one of the most difficult of all plants to destroy once it becomes established where you don't want it. It is not amenable to killing by herbicides. Frequently it has to be burned over, and this causes tremendous dislocations to agriculture.

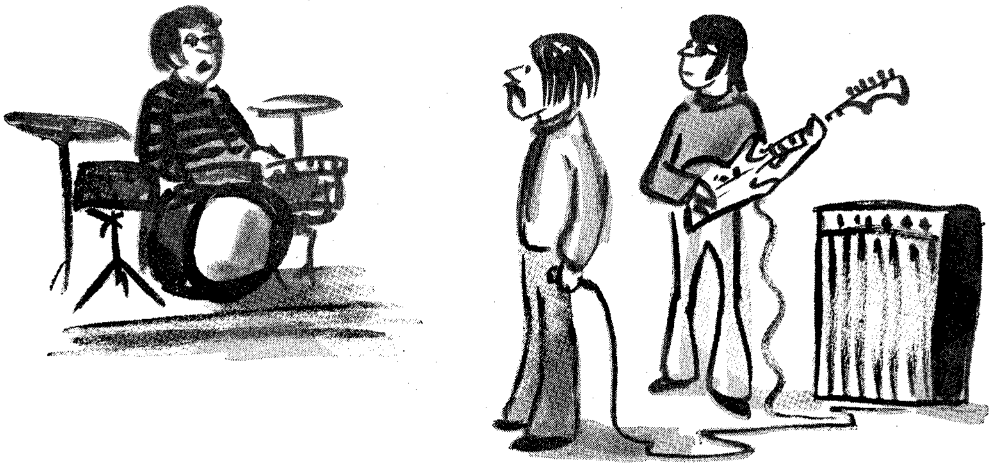
Dr. Fred H. Tschirley, assistant chief of the Crops Protection Research Branch of the Department of Agriculture, who made a month's visit to Vietnam in the spring of 1968 in behalf of the State Department to report on the ecological effects of herbicidal operations there, does not agree with Dr. Galston's view that laterization of the soil is a serious probability. However, he reported to the State Department that in the Rung Sat area, southeast of Saigon, where about a hundred thousand acres of mangrove trees had been sprayed with defoliant, each single application of Agent Orange had killed ninety to a hundred per cent of the mangroves touched by the spray, and he estimated that the regeneration of the mangroves in this area would take another twenty years, at least. Dr. Tschirley agrees with Dr. Galston that a biological danger attending the defoliation of mangroves is an invasion of virtually ineradicable bamboo.

A fairly well-documented example not only of the ecological consequences of defoliation operations but also of their disruptive effects on human life was provided last year by a rubber-plantation area in Kompong Cham Province, Cambodia, which lies just across the border from Vietnam's Tay Ninh Province. On June 2, 1969, the Cambodian government, in an angry diplomatic note to the United States government, charged the United States with major defoliation damage to rubber plantations, and also to farm and garden crops in the province, through herbicidal operations deliberately conducted on Cambodian soil. It demanded compensation of eight and a half million dollars for destruction or serious damage to twenty-four thousand acres of trees and crops. After some delay, the State Department conceded that the alleged damage might be connected with "accidental drift" of spray over the border from herbicidal operations in Tay Ninh Province. The Defense Department flatly denied that the Cambodian areas had been deliberately sprayed. Late in June, the State Department sent a team of four American scientists to Cambodia, and they confirmed the extent of the area of damage that the Cambodians had claimed. They found that although some evidence of spray drift across the Vietnamese border existed, the extent and severity of damage in the area worst affected were such that "it is highly unlikely that this quantity could have drifted over the border from the Tay Ninh defoliation operations." Their report added, "The evidence

we have seen, though circumstantial, suggests strongly that damage was caused by direct overflight." A second report on herbicidal damage to the area was made after an unofficial party of American biologists, including Professor E. W. Pfeiffer, of the University of Montana, and Professor Arthur H. Westing, of Windham College, Vermont, visited Cambodia last December at the invitation of the Cambodian government. They found that about a third of all the rubber trees currently in production in Cambodia had been damaged, and this had happened in an area that normally had the highest latex yield per acre of any in the world. A high proportion of two varieties of rubber trees in the area had died as a result of the damage, and Dr. Westing estimated that the damage to the latex-producing capacity of some varieties might persist for twenty years. Between May and November of last year, latex production in the affected plantations fell off by an average of between thirty-five and forty per cent. According to a report by the two scientists, "A large variety of garden crops were devastated in the seemingly endless number of small villages scattered throughout the affected area. Virtually all of the . . . local inhabitants . . . depend for their well-being upon their own local produce. These people saw their crops . . . literally wither before their eyes." The Cambodian claim is still pending.

UNTIL the end of last year, the criticism by biologists of the dangers involved in the use of herbicides centered on their use in what were increasingly construed as biological-warfare operations, and on the disruptive effects of these chemicals upon civilian populations and upon the ecology of the regions in which they were used. Last year, however, certain biologists began to raise serious questions on another score—possible direct hazards to life from 2,4,5-T. On October 29th, as a result of these questions, a statement was publicly issued by Dr. Lee DuBridge, President Nixon's science adviser. In summary, the statement said that because a laboratory study of mice and rats that had been given relatively high oral doses of 2,4,5-T in early stages of pregnancy "showed a higher than expected number of deformities" in the offspring, the government would, as a precautionary measure, undertake a series of coördinated actions to restrict the use of 2,4,5-T in both domestic civilian applications and military herbicidal operations. The DuBridge statement identified the laboratory study as having been made by an organization called the Bionetics Research Laboratories, in Bethesda, Maryland, but gave no details of either the findings or the data on which they were based. This absence of specific information turned out to be characteristic of what has been made available to the public concerning this particular research project. From the beginning, it seems, there was an extraordinary reluctance to discuss details of the purported ill effects of 2,4,5-T on animals. Six weeks after the publication of the DuBridge statement, a journalist who was attempting to obtain a copy of the full report made by Bionetics and to discuss its details with some of the government officials concerned encountered hard going. At the Bionetics Laboratories, an official said that he couldn't talk about the study, because "we're under wraps to the National Institutes of Health"—the government agency that commissioned the study. Then, having been asked what the specific doses of 2,4,5-T were that were said to have increased birth defects in the fetuses of experimental animals, the Bionetics official cut off discussion by saying, "You're asking sophisticated questions that as a layman you don't have the equipment to understand the answers to." At the National Institutes of Health, an official who was asked for details of or a copy of the study on 2,4,5-T replied, "The position I'm in is that I have been requested not to distribute this information." He did say, however, that a continuing evaluation of the study was under way at the National Institute of Environmental Health Sciences, at Research Triangle Park, North Carolina. A telephone call to an officer of this organization brought a response whose tone varied from wariness to downright hostility and made it clear that the official had no intention of discussing details or results of the study with the press.

The Bionetics study on 2,4,5-T was



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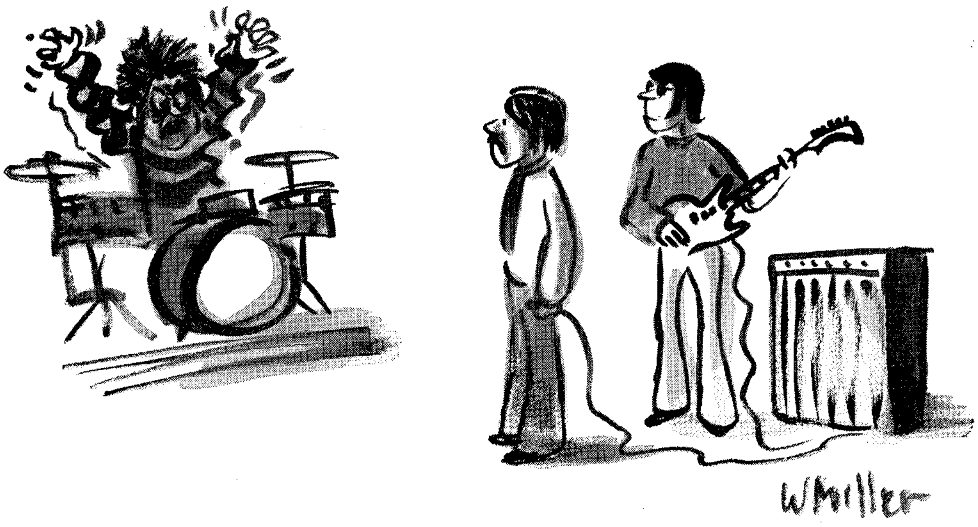

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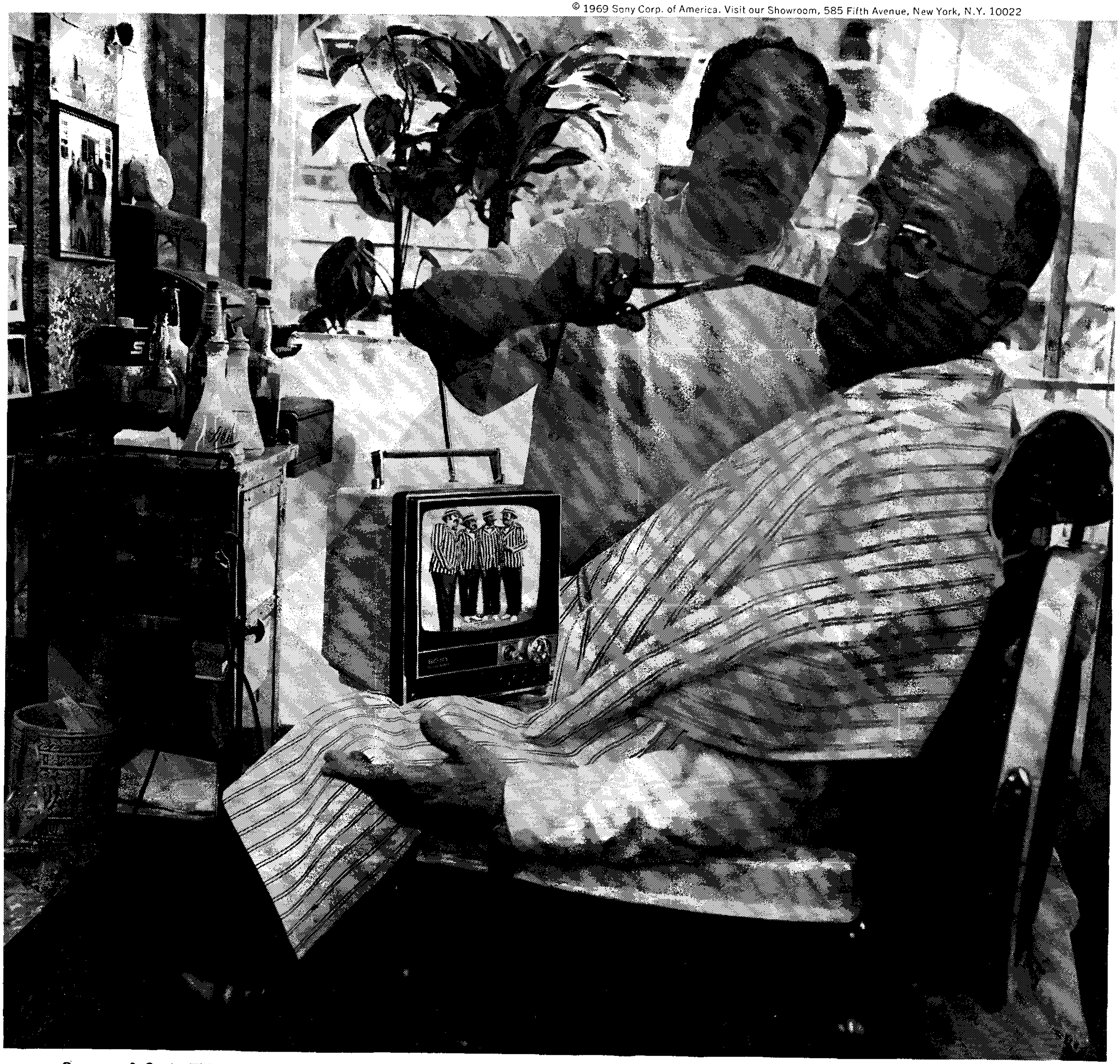

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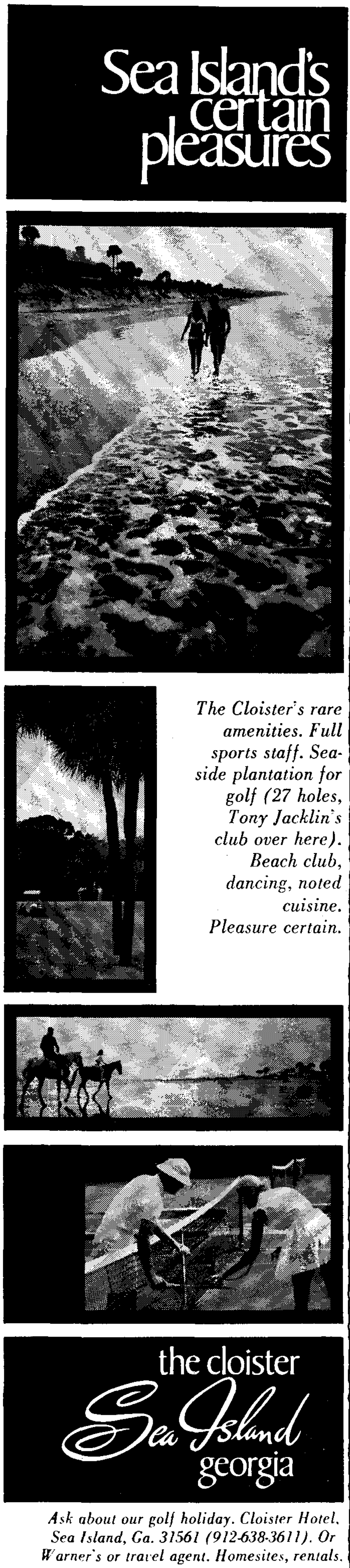

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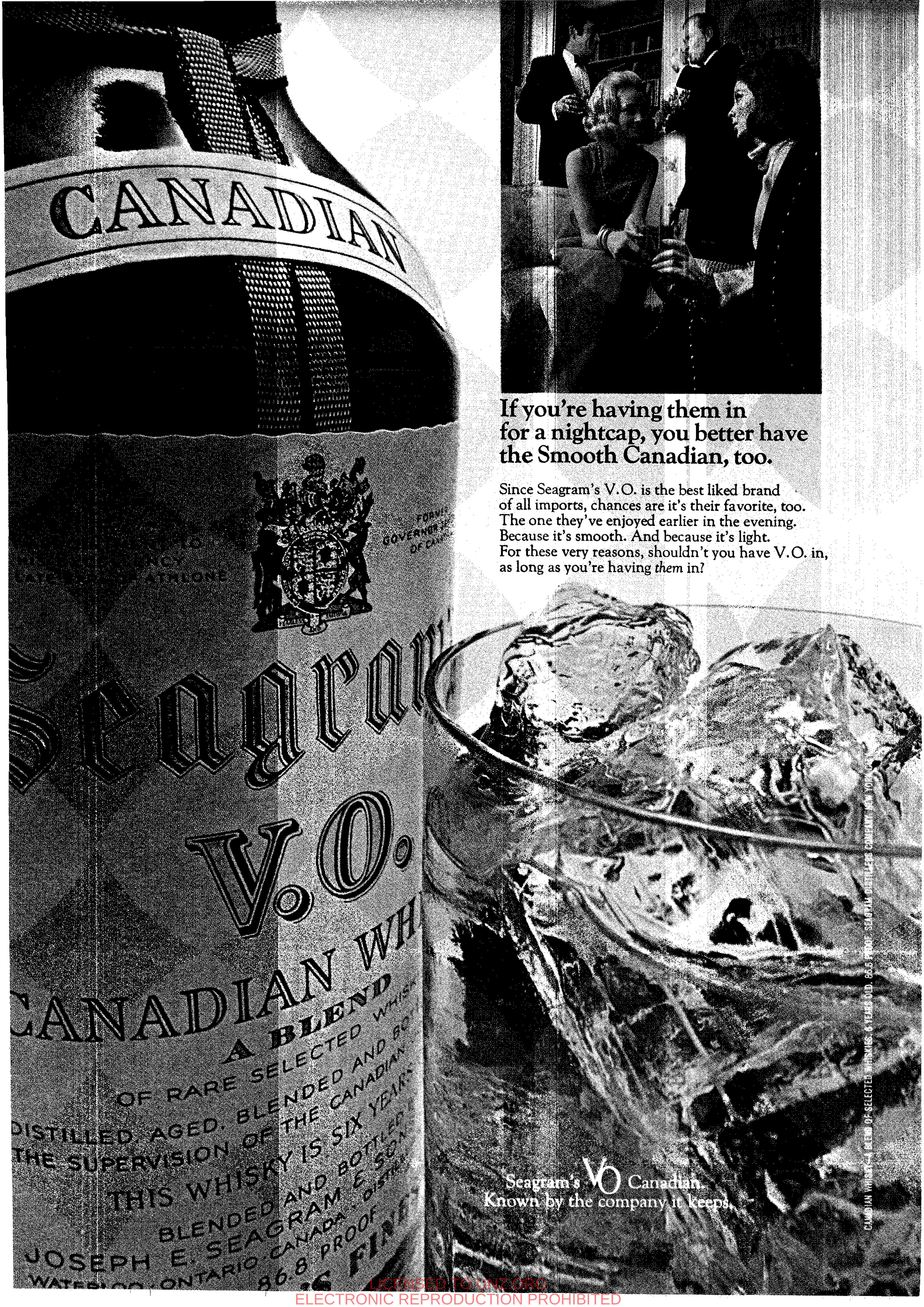
part of a series carried out under contract to the National Cancer Institute, which is an arm of the National Institutes of Health, to investigate more than two hundred compounds, most of them pesticides, in order to determine whether they induced cancer-causing changes, fetus-deforming changes, or mutation-causing changes in experimental animals. The contract was a large one, involving more than two and a half million dollars' worth of research, and its primary purpose was to screen out suspicious-looking substances for further study. The first visible fruits of the Bionetics research were presented in March of last year before a convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in the form of a study of possible carcinogenic properties of the fifty-three compounds; the findings on 2,4,5-T were that it did not appear to cause carcinogenic changes in the animals studied.

By the time the report on the carcinogenic properties of the substances was presented, the results of another part of the Bionetics studies, concerning the teratogenic, or fetus-deforming, properties of the substances, were being compiled, but these results were not immediately made available to biologists outside the government. The data remained—somewhat frustratingly, in the view of some scientists who had been most curious about the effects of herbicides—out of sight, and a number of attempts by biologists who had heard about the teratological study of 2,4,5-T to get at its findings appear to have been thwarted by the authorities involved. Upon being asked to account for the apparent delay in making this information available to biologists, an official of the National Institute of Environmental Health Sciences (another branch of the National Institutes of Health) has declared, with some heat, that the results of the study itself and of a statistical summary of the findings prepared by the Institute were in fact passed on as they were completed to the Commission on Pesticides and Their Relationship to Environmental Health, a scientific group appointed by Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare Robert Finch and known—after its chairman, Dr. E. M. Mrak, of the University of California—as the Mrak Commission. Dr. Samuel S. Epstein, chief of the Laboratories of Environmental Toxicology and Carcinogenesis at the Children's Cancer Research Foundation in Boston, who was co-chairman of the Mrak Commission panel considering the teratogenic potential of pesticides, tells a different story on the availability of the Bionetics study. He says that he first heard about it in February. At a meeting of his panel in August, he asked for a copy of the report. Ten days later, the panel was told that the National Institute of Environmental Health Sciences would be willing to provide a statistical summary but that the group could not have access to the full report on which the summary was based. Dr. Epstein says that the panel eventually got the full report on September 24th "by pulling teeth."

Actually, as far back as February, officials at the National Cancer Institute had known, on the basis of a preliminary written outline from Bionetics, the findings of the Bionetics scientists on the fetus-deforming role of 2,4,5-T. Dr. Richard Bates, the officer of the National Institutes of Health who was in charge of coördinating the Bionetics project, has said that during the same month this information was put into the hands of officials of the Food and Drug Administration, the Department of Agriculture, and the Department of Defense. "We had a meeting with a couple of scientists from Fort Detrick, and we informed them of what we had learned," Dr. Bates said recently. "I don't know whether they were the right people for us to see. We didn't hear from them again until after the DuBridge announcement at the White House. Then they called up and asked for a copy of the Bionetics report."

At the Department of Agriculture, which Dr. Bates said had been informed in February of the preliminary Bionetics findings, Dr. Tschirley, one of the officials most intimately concerned with the permissible uses of herbicidal compounds, says that he first heard about the report on 2,4,5-T through the DuBridge announcement. At the Food and Drug Administration, where appropriate officials had been informed in February of the teratogenic potential of 2,4,5-T, no new action was taken to safeguard the public against 2,4,5-T in foodstuffs. In fact, it appears that no action at all was taken by the Food and Drug Administration on the matter during the whole of last year. The explanation that F.D.A. officials have offered for this inaction is that they were under instructions to leave the whole question alone at least until December, because the matter was under definitive study by the Mrak Commission—the very group whose members, as it turns out, had such extraordinary difficulty in ob-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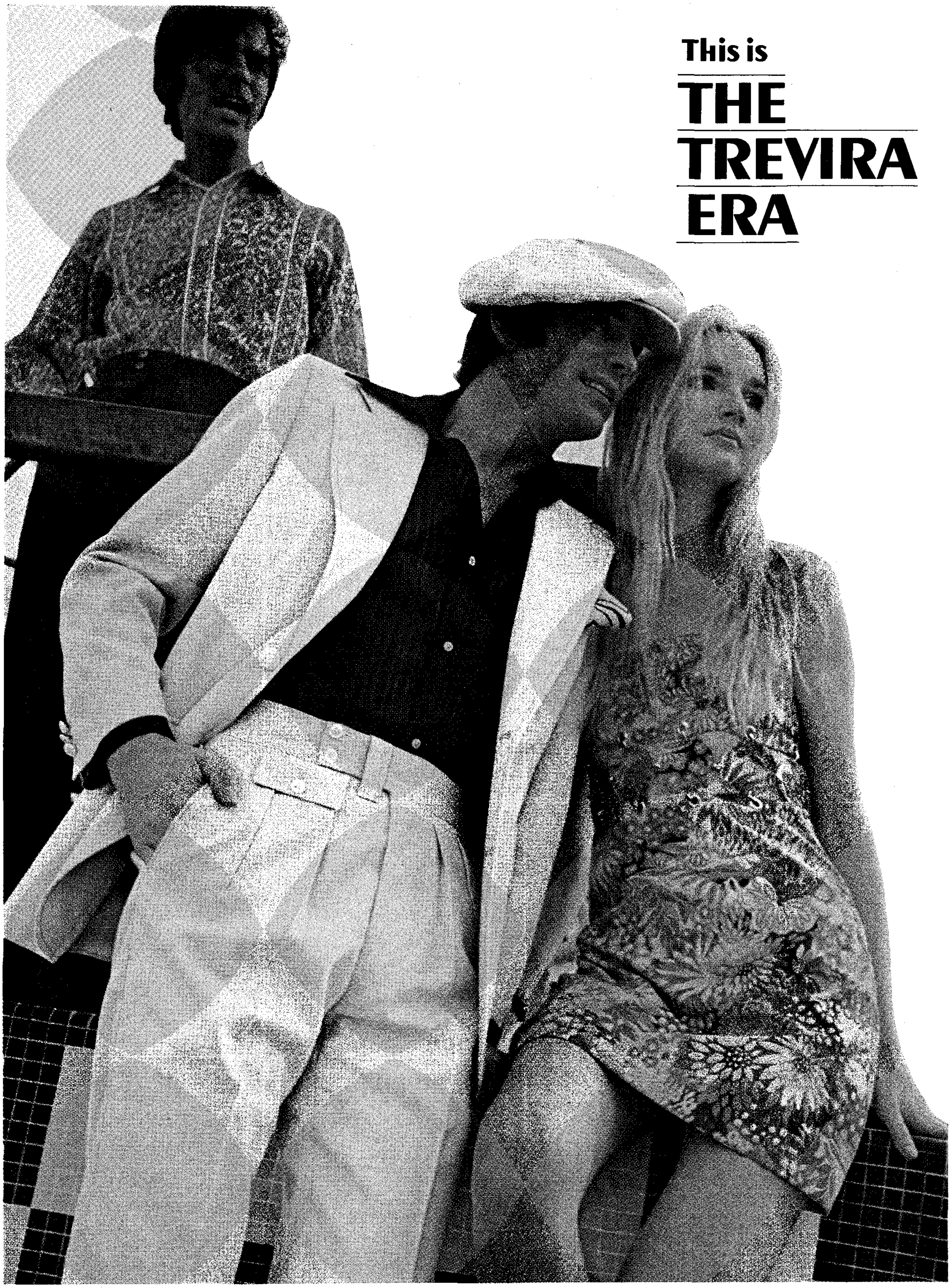

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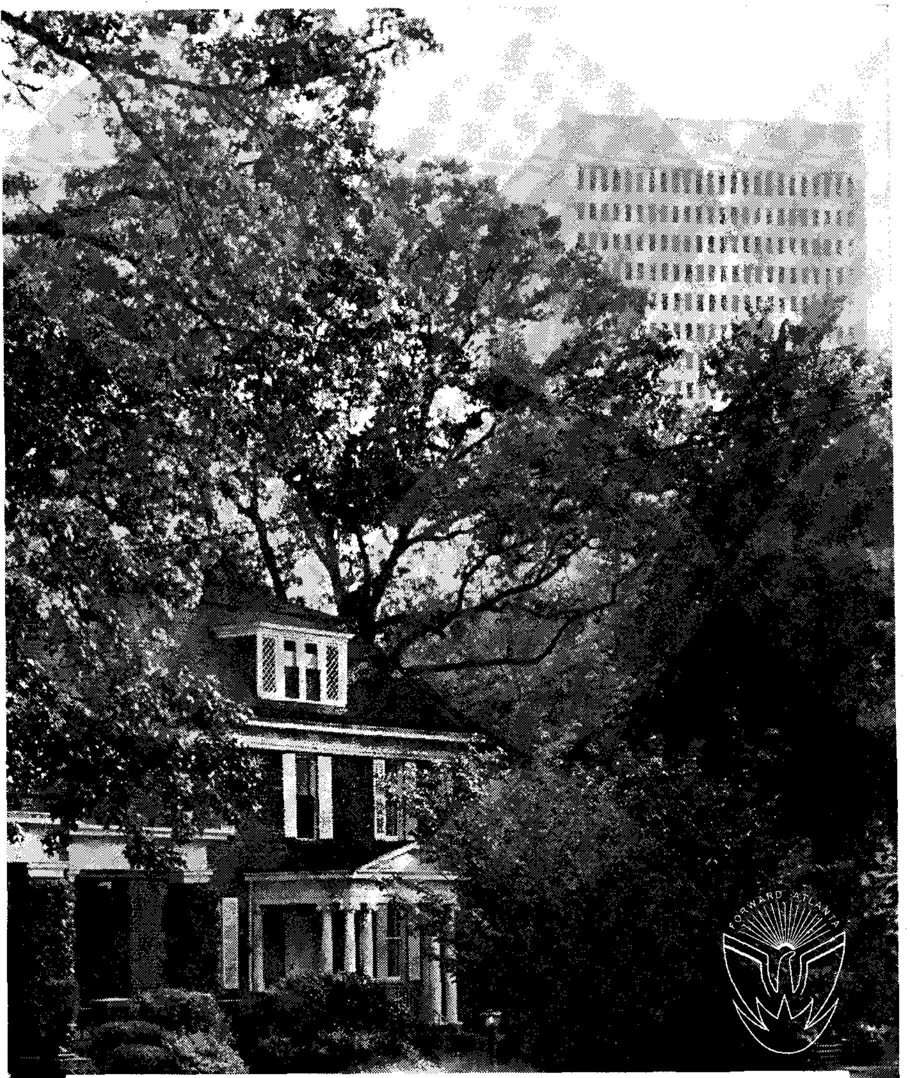
taining the Bionetics data. The Food Toxicology Branch of the F.D.A. did not have access to the full Bionetics report on 2,4,5-T until after Dr. DuBridge issued his statement, at the end of October.

Thus, after the first word went to various agencies about the fetus-deforming potential of 2,4,5-T, and warning lights could have flashed on in every branch of the government and in the headquarters of every company manufacturing or handling it, literally almost nothing was done by the officials charged with protecting the public from exposure to dangerous or potentially dangerous materials—by the officials in the F.D.A., in the Department of Agriculture, and in the Department of Defense. It is conceivable that the Bionetics findings might still be hidden from the public if they had not been pried loose in midsummer through the activities of a group of young law students. The students were members of a team put together by the consumer-protection activist Ralph Nader—and often referred to as Nader's Raiders—to explore the labyrinthine workings of the Food and Drug Administration. In the course of their investigations, one of the law students, a young woman named Anita Johnson, happened to see a copy of the preliminary report on the Bionetics findings that had been passed on to the F.D.A. in February, and its observations seemed quite disturbing to her. Miss Johnson wrote a report to Nader, and in September she showed a copy of the report to a friend who was a biology student at Harvard. In early October, Miss Johnson's friend, in a conversation with Professor Matthew Meselson, mentioned Miss Johnson's report on the preliminary Bionetics findings. This was the first that Dr. Meselson had heard of the existence of the Bionetics study. A few days previously, he had received a call from a scientist friend of his asking whether Dr. Meselson had heard of certain stories, originating with South Vietnamese journalists and other South Vietnamese, of an unusual incidence of birth defects in South Vietnam, which were alleged to be connected with defoliation operations there.

A few days later, after his friend sent him further information, Dr. Meselson decided to obtain a copy of the Bionetics report, and he called up an acquaintance in a government agency and asked for it. He was told that the report was "confidential and classified," and inaccessible to outsiders. Actually,



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in addition to the preliminary report there were now in existence the full Bionetics report and a statistical summary prepared by the National Institute of Environmental Health Sciences, and, by nagging various Washington friends, Dr. Meselson obtained bootlegged copies of the two latest reports. What he read seemed to him to have such serious implications that he got in touch with acquaintances in the White House and also with someone in the Army to alert them to the problems of 2,4,5-T, in the hope that some new restrictions would be placed on its use. According to Dr. Meselson, the White House people apparently didn't know until that moment that the reports on the adverse effects of 2,4,5-T even existed. (Around that time, according to a member of Nader's Raiders, "a tremendous lid was put on this thing" within government agencies, and on the subject of the Bionetics work and 2,4,5-T "people in government whom we'd been talking to freely for years just shut up and wouldn't say a word.") While Dr. Meselson awaited word on the matter, a colleague of his informed the press about the findings of the Bionetics report. Very shortly thereafter, Dr. DuBridge made his public announcement of the proposed restrictions on the use of 2,4,5-T.

IN certain respects, the DuBridge announcement is a curious document. In its approach to the facts about 2,4,5-T that were set forth in the Bionetics report, it reflects considerable sensitivity to the political and international issues that lie behind the widespread use of this powerful herbicide for civilian and military purposes, and the words in which it describes the reasons for restricting its use appear to have been very carefully chosen:

> The actions to control the use of the chemical were taken as a result of findings from a laboratory study conducted by Bionetics Research Laboratories which indicated that offspring of mice and rats given relatively large oral doses of the herbicide during early stages of pregnancy showed a higher than expected number of deformities.
>
> Although it seems improbable that any person could receive harmful amounts of this chemical from any of the existing uses of 2,4,5-T, and while the relationships of these effects in laboratory animals to effects in man are not entirely clear at this time, the actions taken will assure safety of the public while further evidence is being sought.

These actions, according to the statement, included decisions that the Department of Agriculture would cancel manufacturers' registrations of

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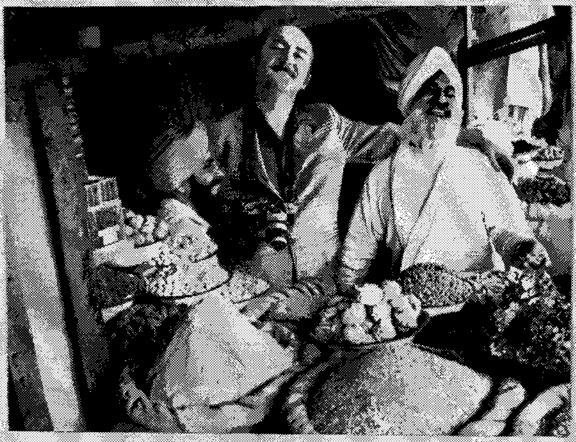

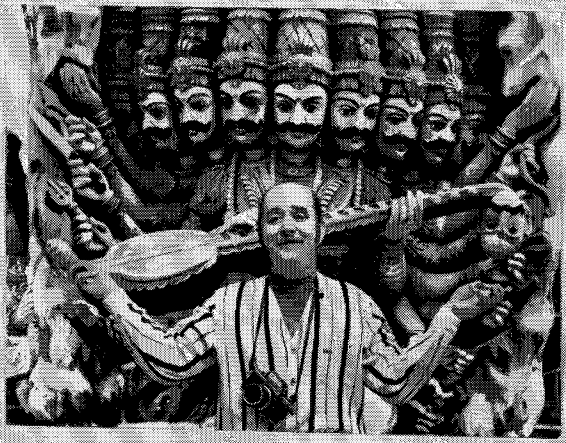

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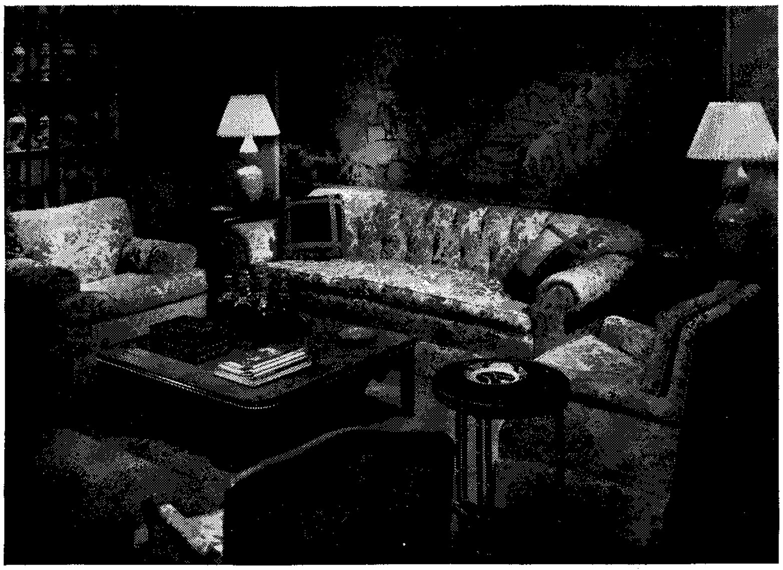

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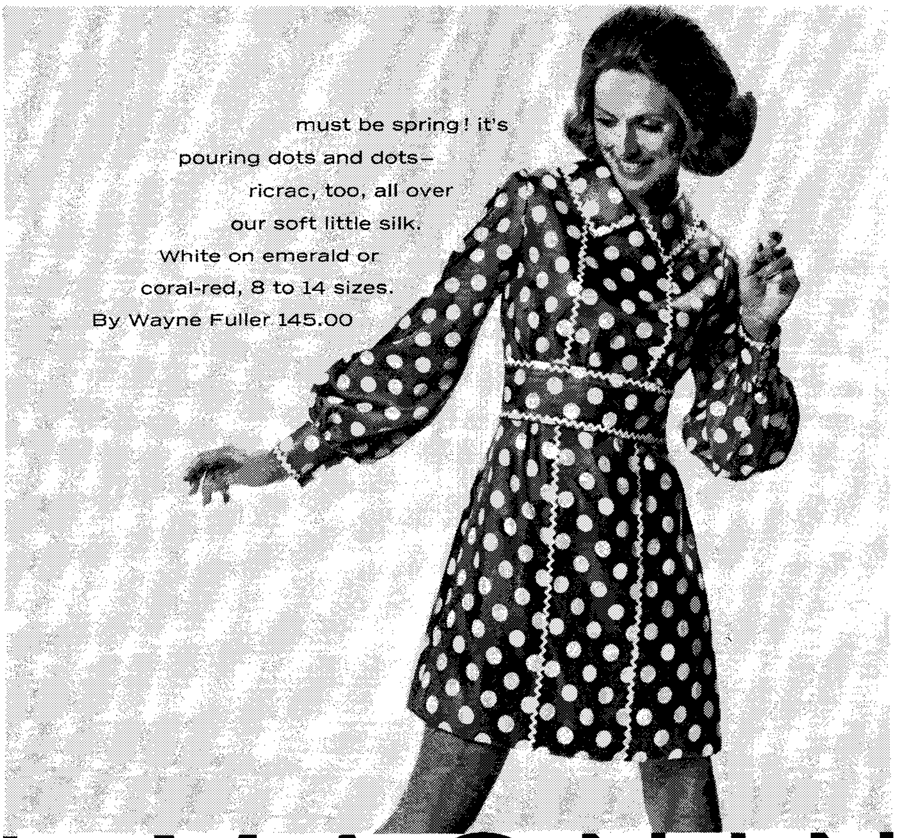

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2,4,5-T for use on food crops, effective at the beginning of 1970, "unless by that time the Food and Drug Administration has found a basis for establishing a safe legal tolerance in and on foods," and that the Departments of Agriculture and the Interior, in their own programs, would stop the use of 2,4,5-T in populated areas and in all other areas where residues of the substance could reach man. As for military uses of 2,4,5-T, the statement said, "The chemical is effective in defoliating trees and shrubs and its use in South Vietnam has resulted in reducing greatly the number of ambushes, thus saving lives." However, the statement continued, "the Department of Defense will [henceforth] restrict the use of 2,4,5-T to areas remote from the population."

All this sounds eminently fair and sensible, but whether it represents a candid exposition of the facts about 2,4,5-T and the Bionetics report is debatable. The White House statement that the Bionetics findings "indicated that offspring of mice and rats given relatively large oral doses of the herbicide during early stages of pregnancy showed a higher than expected number of deformities" is, in the words of one eminent biologist who has studied the Bionetics data, "an understatement." He went on to say that "if the effects on experimental animals are applicable to people it's a very sad and serious situation." The actual Bionetics report described 2,4,5-T as producing "sufficiently prominent effects of seriously hazardous nature" in controlled experiments with pregnant mice to lead the authors "to categorize [it] as *probably dangerous*." The report also found 2,4-D "potentially dangerous but needing further study." As for 2,4,5-T, the report noted that, with the exception of very small subcutaneous dosages, "all dosages, routes, and strains resulted in increased incidence of abnormal fetuses" after its administration. The abnormalities in the fetuses included lack of eyes, faulty eyes, cystic kidneys, cleft palates, and enlarged livers. The Bionetics report went on to report on further experimental applications of 2,4,5-T to another species:

> Because of the potential importance of the findings in mice, an additional study was carried out in rats of the Sprague-Dawley strain. Using dosages of 21.5 and 46.4 mg/kg [that is, dosages scaled to represent 21.5 and 46.4 milligrams of 2,4,5-T per kilogram of the experimental animal's body weight] suspended in 50 per cent honey and given by the oral route on the 6th through 15th days of gestation, we observed excessive fetal mortality (almost 80 per cent) and a

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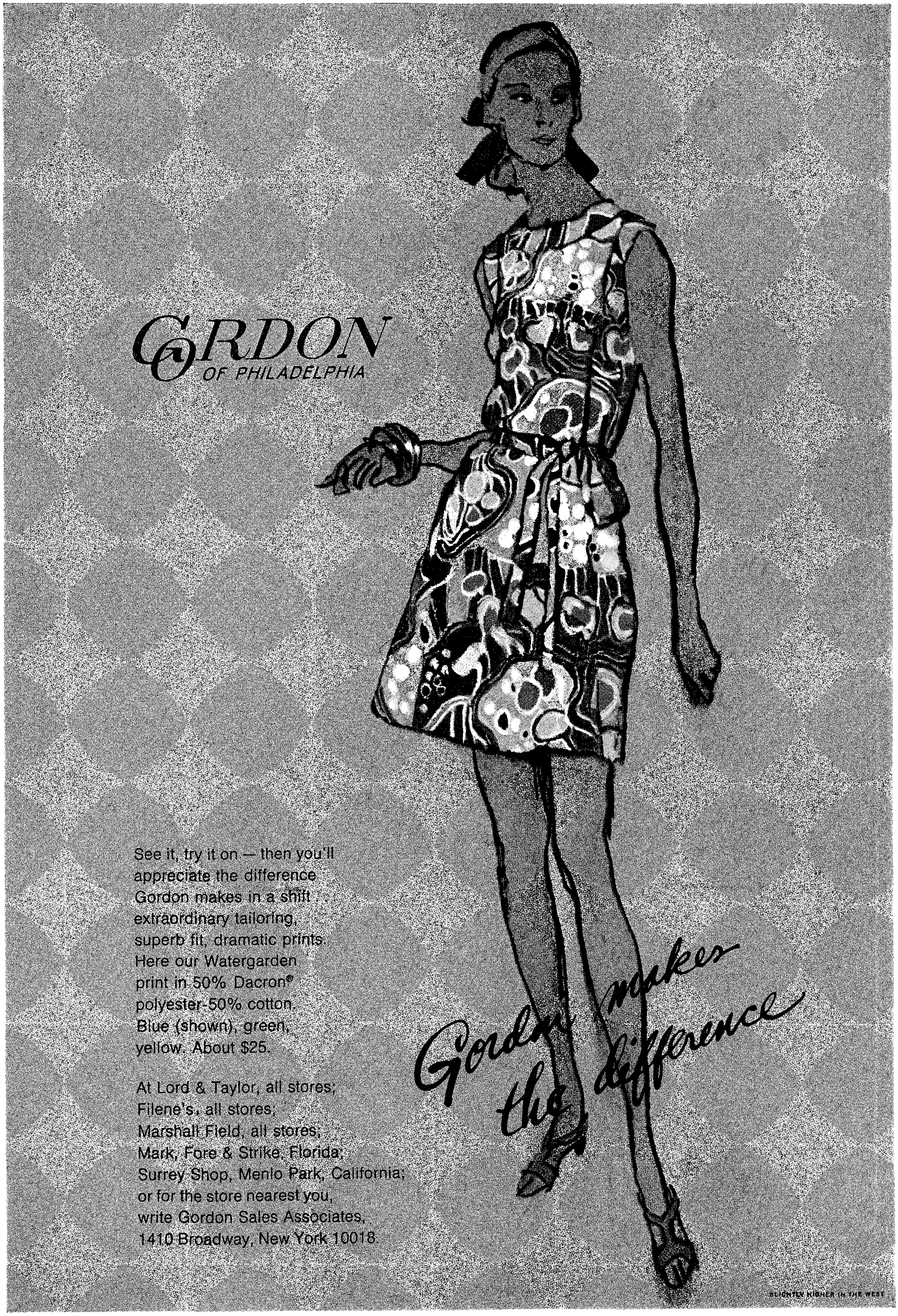

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> high incidence of abnormalities in the survivors. When the beginning of administration was delayed until the 10th day, fetal mortality was somewhat less but still quite high even when dosage was reduced to 4.6 mg/kg. The incidence of abnormal fetuses was threefold that in controls even with the smallest dosage and shortest period used. . . .
>
> It seems inescapable that 2,4,5-T is teratogenic in this strain of rats when given orally at the dosage schedules used here.

Considering the fetus-deforming effects of the *lowest* oral dosage of 2,4,5-T used in the Bionetics work on rats—to say nothing of the excessive fetal mortality—the White House statement that "relatively large oral doses of the herbicide . . . showed a higher than expected number of deformities" is hardly an accurate description of the results of the study. In fact, the statistical tables presented as part of the Bionetics report showed that at the lowest oral dosage of 2,4,5-T given to pregnant rats between the tenth and fifteenth days of gestation thirty-nine per cent of the fetuses produced were abnormal, or three times the figure for control animals. At what could without much question be described as "relatively large oral doses" of the herbicide—dosages of 21.5 and 46.4 milligrams per kilogram of body weight of rats, for example—the percentage of abnormal fetuses was ninety and a hundred per cent, respectively, or a good bit higher than one would be likely to deduce from the phrase "a higher than expected number of deformities." The assertion that "it seems improbable that any person could receive harmful amounts of this chemical from any of the existing uses of 2,4,5-T" also appears to be worth examining, for this is precisely what many biologists are most worried about in relation to 2,4,5-T and allied substances.

It seems fair, before going further, to quote a cautionary note in the DuBridge statement: "The study involved relatively small numbers of laboratory rats and mice. More extensive studies are needed and will be undertaken. At best it is difficult to extrapolate results obtained with laboratory animals to man—sensitivity to a given compound may be different in man than in animal species. . . ." It would be difficult to get a biologist to disagree with these seemingly sound generalities. However, the first part of the statement does imply, at least to a layman, that the number of experimental animals used in the Bionetics study had been considerably smaller than the numbers used to test commercial compounds other than 2,4,5-T before they are approved by

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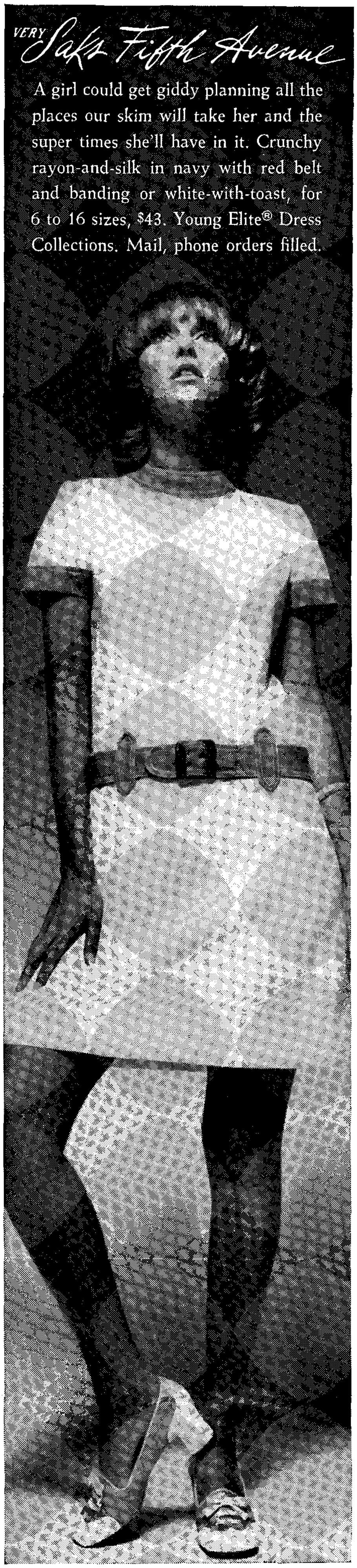

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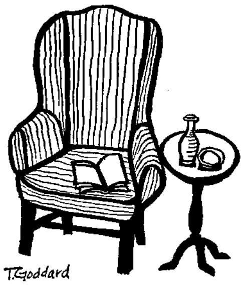
agencies such as the Food and Drug Administration and the Department of Agriculture. In this connection, the curious layman could reasonably begin with the recommendations, in 1963, of the President's Science Advisory Committee on the use of pesticides, which proposed that companies putting out pesticides should be required from then on to demonstrate the safety of their products by means of toxicity studies on two generations of at least two warm-blooded mammalian species. Subsequently, the F.D.A. set up new testing requirements, based on these recommendations, for companies producing pesticides. However, according to Dr. Joseph McLaughlin, of the Food Toxicology Branch of the F.D.A., the organization actually requires applicants for permission to sell pesticides to present the results of tests on only *one* species (usually, in practice, the rat). According to Dr. McLaughlin, the average number of experimental animals used in studies of pesticides is between eighty and a hundred and sixty, including animals used as controls but excluding litters produced. The Bionetics studies of 2,4,5-T used both mice and rats, and their total number was, in fact, greater, not less, than this average. Including controls but excluding litters, the total number of animals used in the 2,4,5-T studies was two hundred and twenty-five. Analysis of the results by the National Institute of Environmental Health Sciences found them statistically "significant," and this is the real purpose of such a study: it is meant to act as a coarse screen to shake out of the data the larger lumps of bad news. Such a study is usually incapable of shaking out anything smaller; another kind of study is needed to do that.

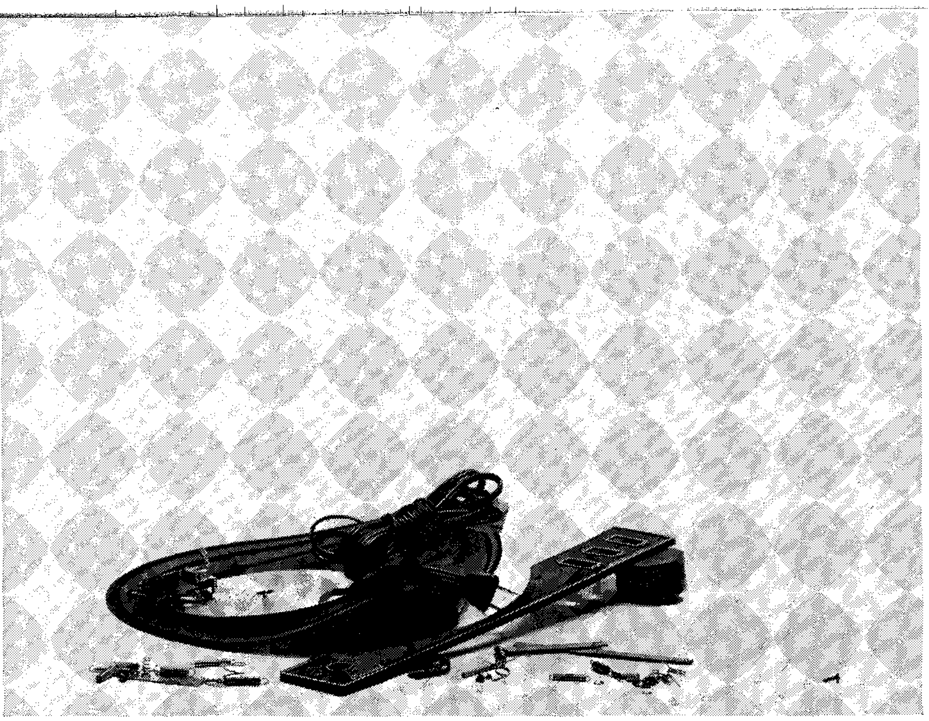


Thus, the DuBridge statement seems to give rise to this question: If the Bionetics study, based on the effects of 2,4,5-T on two hundred and twenty-five experimental animals of two species, appears to be less than conclusive, on the ground that "the study involved relatively small numbers of laboratory rats and mice," what is one to think of the adequacy of the tests that the manufacturers of pesticides make? If, as the DuBridge statement says, "at best it is difficult to extrapolate results obtained with laboratory animals to man," what is one to say of the protection that the government affords the consumer when the results of tests of pesticidal substances on perhaps a hundred and twenty rats are officially extrapolated to justify the use of the substances by a population of two hundred million people—not to mention one to two million unborn babies being carried in their mothers' wombs?

The very coarseness of the screen used in all these tests—that is, the relatively small number of animals involved—means that the bad news that shows up in the data has to be taken with particular seriousness, because lesser effects tend not to be demonstrable at all. The inadequacy of the scale on which animal tests with, for instance, pesticides are currently being made in this country to gain F.D.A. approval is further indicated by the fact that a fetus-deforming effect that might show up if a thousand test animals were used is almost *never* picked up, since the studies are not conducted on that scale; yet if the material being tested turned out to have the same effect, quantitatively, on human beings, this would mean that it would cause between three and four thousand malformed babies to be produced each year. The teratogenic effects of 2,4,5-T on experimental animals used by the Bionetics people, however, were not on the order of one in a thousand. Even in the case of the lowest oral dose given rats, they were on the order of one in three.

Again, it is fair to say that what is applicable to rats in such tests may not be applicable to human beings. But it is also fair to say that studies involving rats are conducted not for the welfare of the rat kingdom but for the ultimate protection of human beings. In the opinion of Dr. Epstein, the fact that the 2,4,5-T used in the Bionetics study produced teratogenic effects in *both* mice and rats underlines the seriousness of the study's implications.

In the opinion of Dr. McLaughlin, this is even further underlined by another circumstance—that the rat, as a test animal, tends to be relatively resistant to teratogenic effects of chemicals. For example, in the late nineteen-fifties, when thalidomide, that disastrously teratogenic compound, was being tested on rats in oral dosages ranging from low to very high, no discernible fetus-deforming effects were produced. And Dr. McLaughlin says that as far as thalidomide tests on rabbits were concerned, "You could give thalidomide to rabbits in oral doses at between fifty and two hundred times the comparable human level to show any comparable tera-



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Oh mon, you will have a bang-up time at this hotel. **THE CHATHAM**

This hotel is the place, mon.

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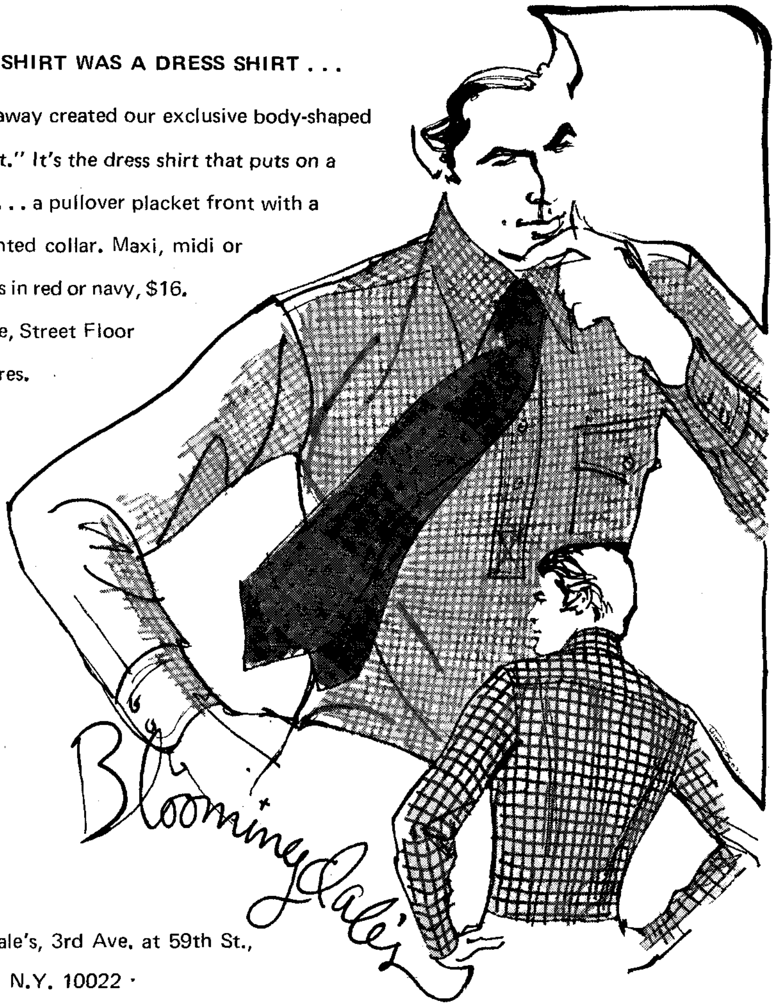
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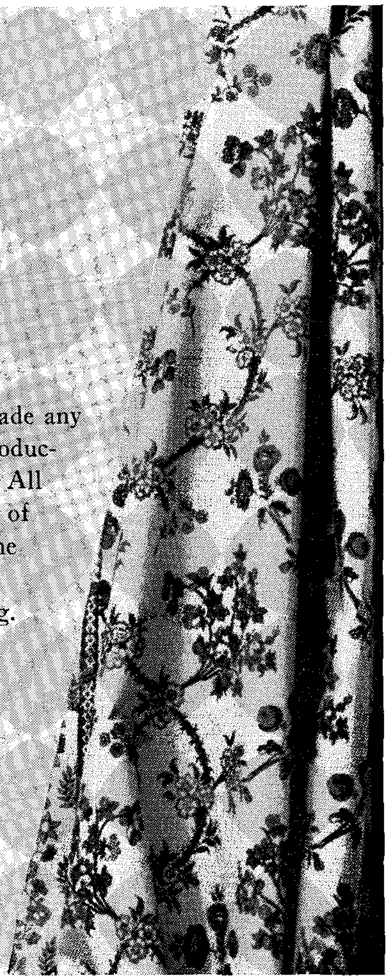
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togenic effects." In babies born to women who took thalidomide, whether in small or large dosages and whether in single or multiple dosages, between the sixth and seventh weeks of pregnancy, the rate of deformation was estimated to be one in ten.

Because of the relatively coarse testing screen through which compounds like pesticides—and food additives as well—are sifted before they are approved for general or specialized use in this country, the Food and Drug Administration theoretically maintains a policy of stipulating, as a safety factor, that the maximum amount of such a substance allowable in the human diet range from one two-thousandth to one one-hundredth of the highest dosage level of the substance that produces no harmful effects in experimental animals. (In the case of pesticides, the World Health Organization takes a more conservative view, considering one two-thousandth of the "no-effect" level in animal studies to be a reasonable safety level for human exposure.) According to the standards of safety established by F.D.A. policy, then, no human being anywhere should ever have been exposed to 2,4,5-T, because in the Bionetics study of rats *every* dosage level produced deformed fetuses. A "no-effect" level was never achieved.

To make a reasonable guess about the general safety of 2,4,5-T for human beings, as the material has been used up to now, the most appropriate population area to observe is probably not the relatively healthy and well-fed United States, where human beings are perhaps better equipped to withstand the assault of toxic substances, but South Vietnam, where great numbers of civilians are half-starved, ravaged by disease, and racked by the innumerable horrors of war. In considering any potentially harmful effects of 2,4,5-T on human beings in Vietnam, some attempt has to be made to estimate the amount of 2,4,5-T to which people, and particularly pregnant women, may have been exposed as a result of the repeated defoliation operations. To do so, a comparison of known rates of application of 2,4,5-T in the United States and in Vietnam is in order. In this country, according to Dr. Tschirley, the average recommended application of 2,4,5-T in aerial spraying for woody-plant control is between three-quarters of a pound and a pound per acre. There are about five manufacturers of 2,4,5-T in this country, of which the Dow Chemical Company is one of the biggest. One of Dow Chemical's best-sellers in the 2,4,5-T line is Esteron 245 Concentrate, and the cautionary notes that a drum of Esteron bears on its label are hardly reassuring to anyone lulled by prior allegations that 2,4,5-T is a substance of low toxicity:

> CAUTION—
> MAY CAUSE SKIN IRRITATION
> Avoid Contact with Eyes, Skin,
> and Clothing
> Keep out of the reach of children

Under the word "WARNING" are a number of instructions concerning safe use of the material, and these include, presumably for good reason, the following admonition:

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Then comes a "NOTICE":

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The concentration of Esteron recommended—subject to all these warnings, cautions, and disclaimers—for aerial spraying in the United States varies with the type of vegetation to be sprayed, but probably a fair average would be three-quarters to one pound acid equivalent of the raw 2,4,5-T per acre. In Vietnam, however, the concentration of 2,4,5-T for each acre sprayed has been far higher. In Agent Orange, the concentrations of 2,4,5-T have averaged *thirteen times* the recommended concentrations used in the United States. The principal route through which quantities of 2,4,5-T might be expected to enter the human system in Vietnam is through drinking water, and in the areas sprayed most drinking water comes either from rainwater cisterns fed from house roofs or from very shallow wells. It has been calculated that, taking into account the average amount of 2,4,5-T in Agent Orange sprayed per acre in Vietnam by the military, and assuming a one-inch rainfall (which is quite common in South Vietnam) after a spraying, a forty-kilo (about eighty-eight-pound) Vietnamese woman drinking two litres (about 1.8 quarts) of contaminated water a day could very well be absorbing into her system a hundred and twenty milligrams, or about one two-hundred-and-fiftieth of an ounce, of 2,4,5-T a day; that is, a daily oral dosage of three milligrams of 2,4,5-T per kilo of body weight. Thus, if a

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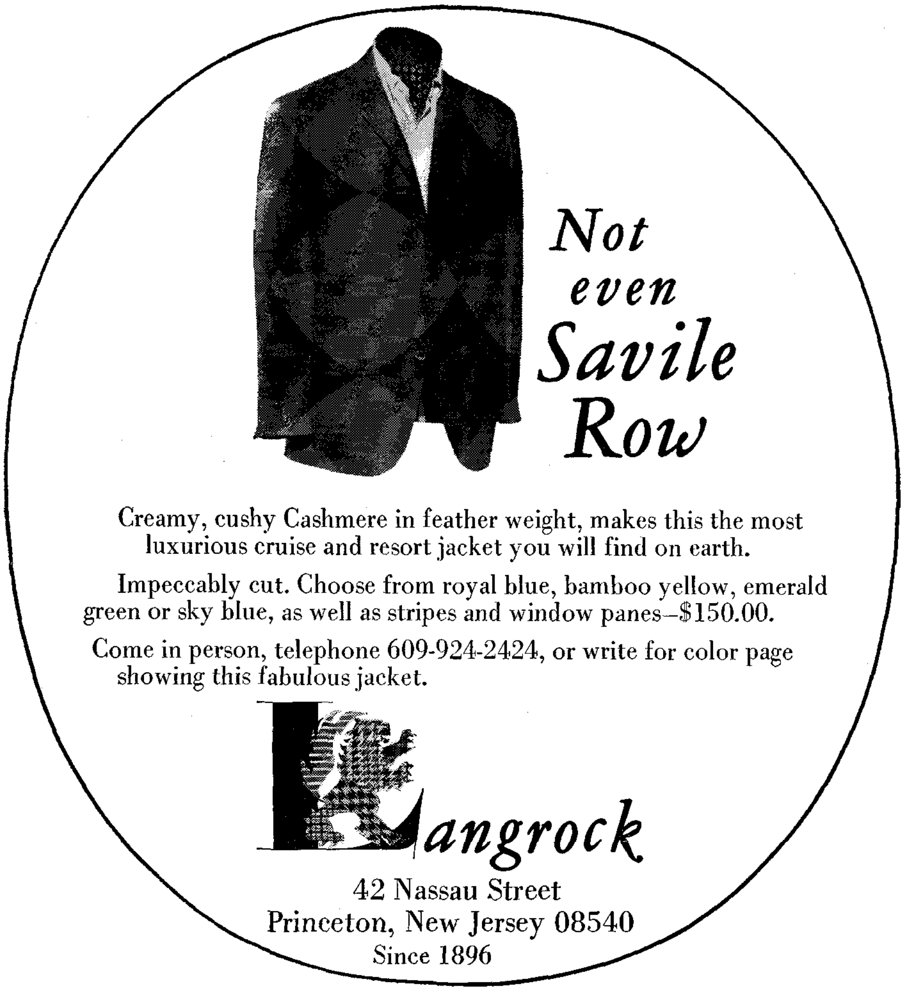
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Vietnamese woman who was exposed to Agent Orange was pregnant, she might very well be absorbing into her system a percentage of 2,4,5-T only slightly less than the percentage that deformed one out of every three fetuses of the pregnant experimental rats. To pursue further the question of exposure of Vietnamese to 2,4,5-T concentrations in relation to concentrations officially considered safe for Americans, an advisory subcommittee to the Secretary of the Interior, in setting up guidelines for maximum safe contamination of surface water by pesticides and allied substances some time ago, recommended a concentration of one-tenth of a milligram of 2,4,5-T in one litre of drinking water as the maximum safe concentration. Thus, a pregnant Vietnamese woman who ingested a hundred and twenty milligrams of 2,4,5-T in two litres of water a day would be exposed to 2,4,5-T at six hundred times the concentration officially considered safe for Americans.

Moreover, the level of exposure of Vietnamese people in sprayed areas is not necessarily limited to the concentrations shown in Dr. Meselson's calculations. Sometimes the level may be far higher. Dr. Pfeiffer, the University of Montana biologist, says that when difficulties arise with the spray planes or the spray apparatus, or when other accidents occur, an entire thousand-gallon load of herbicidal agent containing 2,4,5-T may be dumped in one area by means of the thirty-second emergency-dumping procedure. Dr. Pfeiffer has recalled going along as an observer on a United States defoliation mission last March, over the Plain of Reeds area of Vietnam, near the Cambodian border, during which the technician at the spray controls was unable to get the apparatus to work, and thereupon dumped his whole load. "This rained down a dose of 2,4,5-T that must have been fantastically concentrated," Dr. Pfeiffer has said. "It was released on a very watery spot that looked like headwaters draining into the Mekong River, which hundreds of thousands of people use." In another instance, he has recalled, a pilot going over the area of the supposedly "friendly" Catholic refugee village of Ho Nai, near Bien Hoa, had serious engine trouble and dumped his whole spray load of herbicide on or near the village. In such instances, the concentration of 2,4,5-T dumped upon an inhabited area in Vietnam probably averaged about a hundred and thirty times the concentration recommended by 2,4,5-T manufacturers as both ef-

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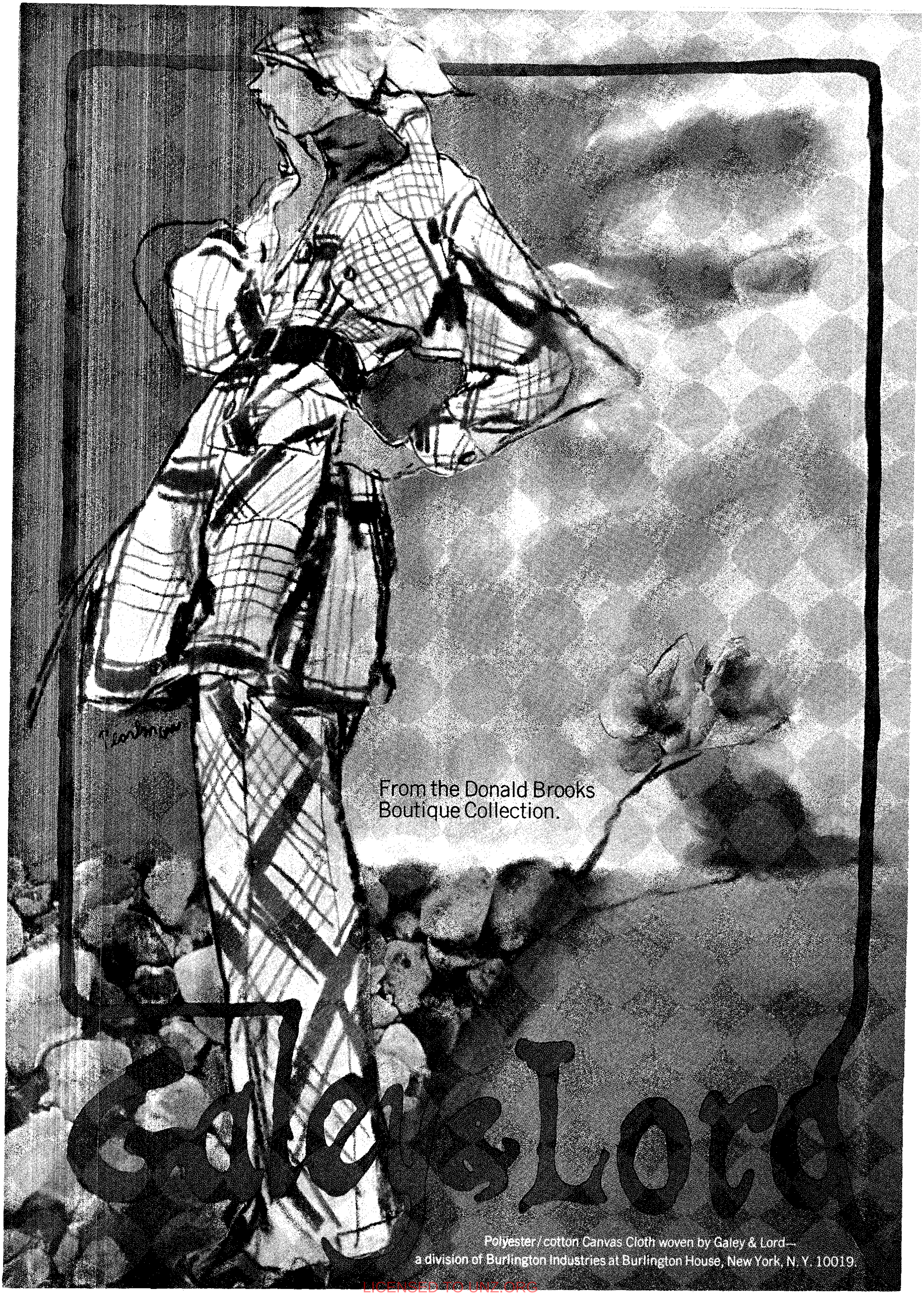
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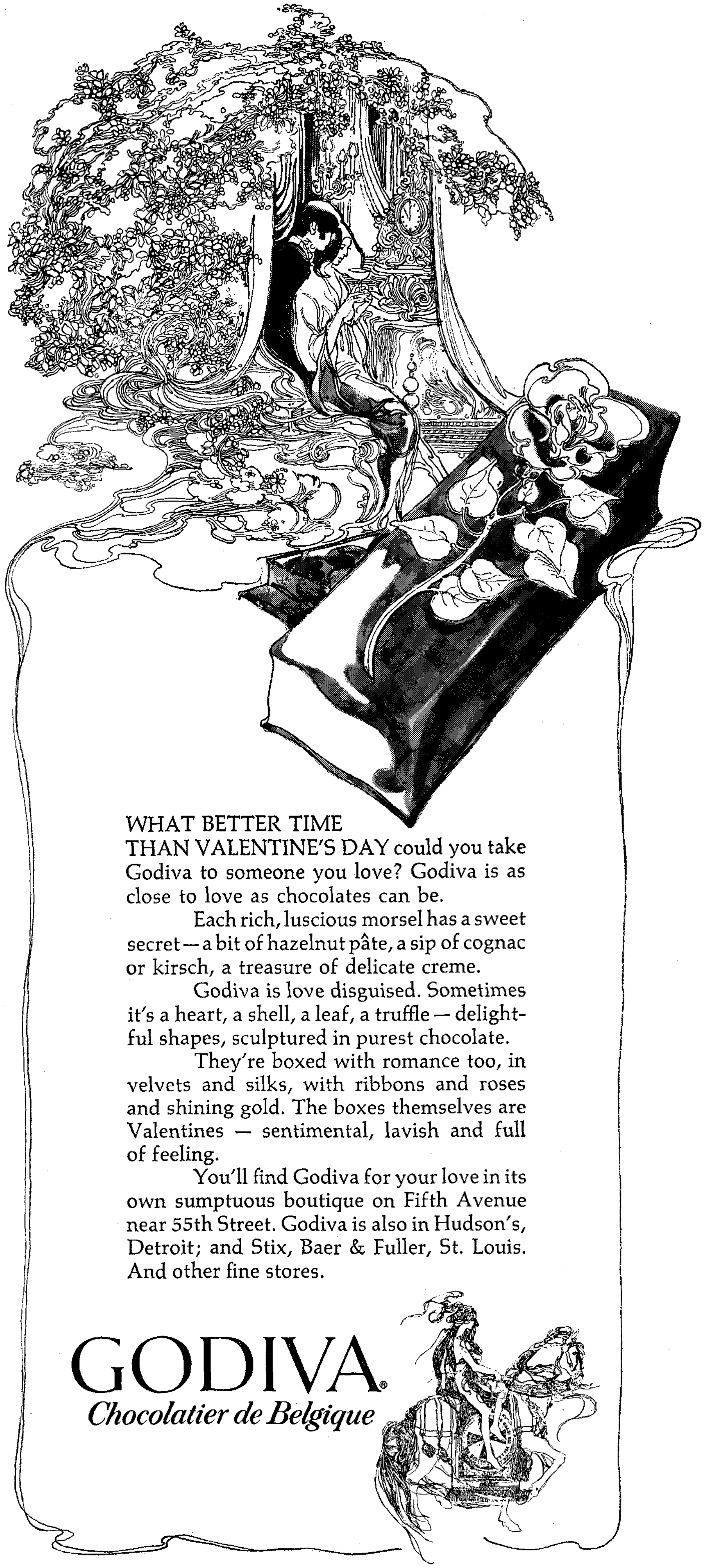
THEORETICALLY, the dangers inherent in the use of 2,4,5-T should have been removed by means of the steps promised in the White House announcement last October. A quick reading of the statement by Dr. DuBridge (who is also the executive secretary of the President's Environmental Quality Council) certainly seemed to convey the impression that from that day onward there would be a change in Department of Defense policy on the use of 2,4,5-T in Vietnam, just as there would be a change in the policies of the Departments of Agriculture and the Interior on the domestic use of 2,4,5-T. But did the White House mean what it certainly seemed to be saying about the future military use of 2,4,5-T in Vietnam? The White House statement was issued on October 29th. On October 30th, the Pentagon announced that no change would be made in the policy governing the military use of 2,4,5-T in South Vietnam, because—so the Washington *Post* reported on October 31st—"the Defense Department feels its present policy conforms to the new Presidential directive." The *Post* article went on:

> A Pentagon spokesman's explanation of the policy, read at a morning press briefing, differed markedly from the written version given reporters later.
>
> When the written statement was distributed, reporters were told not to use the spokesman's [previous] comment that the defoliant . . . is used against enemy "training and regroupment centers."
>
> The statement was expunged after a reporter asked how use against such centers conformed to the Defense Department's stated policy of prohibiting its use in "populated areas."

But the statement wasn't so easily expunged. A short time later, it was made again, in essence, by Rear Admiral William E. Lemos, of the Policy Plans and National Security Council Affairs Office of the Department of Defense, in testimony before a subcommittee of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, the only difference being that the phrase "training and regroupment centers" became "enemy base camps." And in testifying that the military was mounting herbicidal operations on alleged enemy base camps Rear Admiral Lemos said:

> We know . . . that the enemy will move from areas that have been sprayed. Therefore, enemy base camps or unit headquarters are sprayed in order to make him move to avoid exposing himself to aerial observation.

If one adds to the words "enemy



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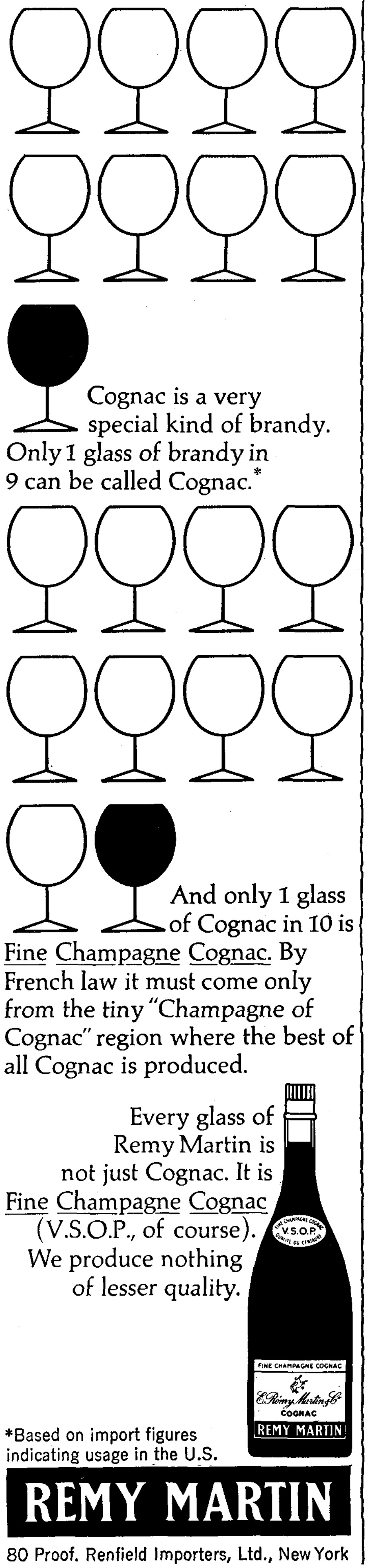

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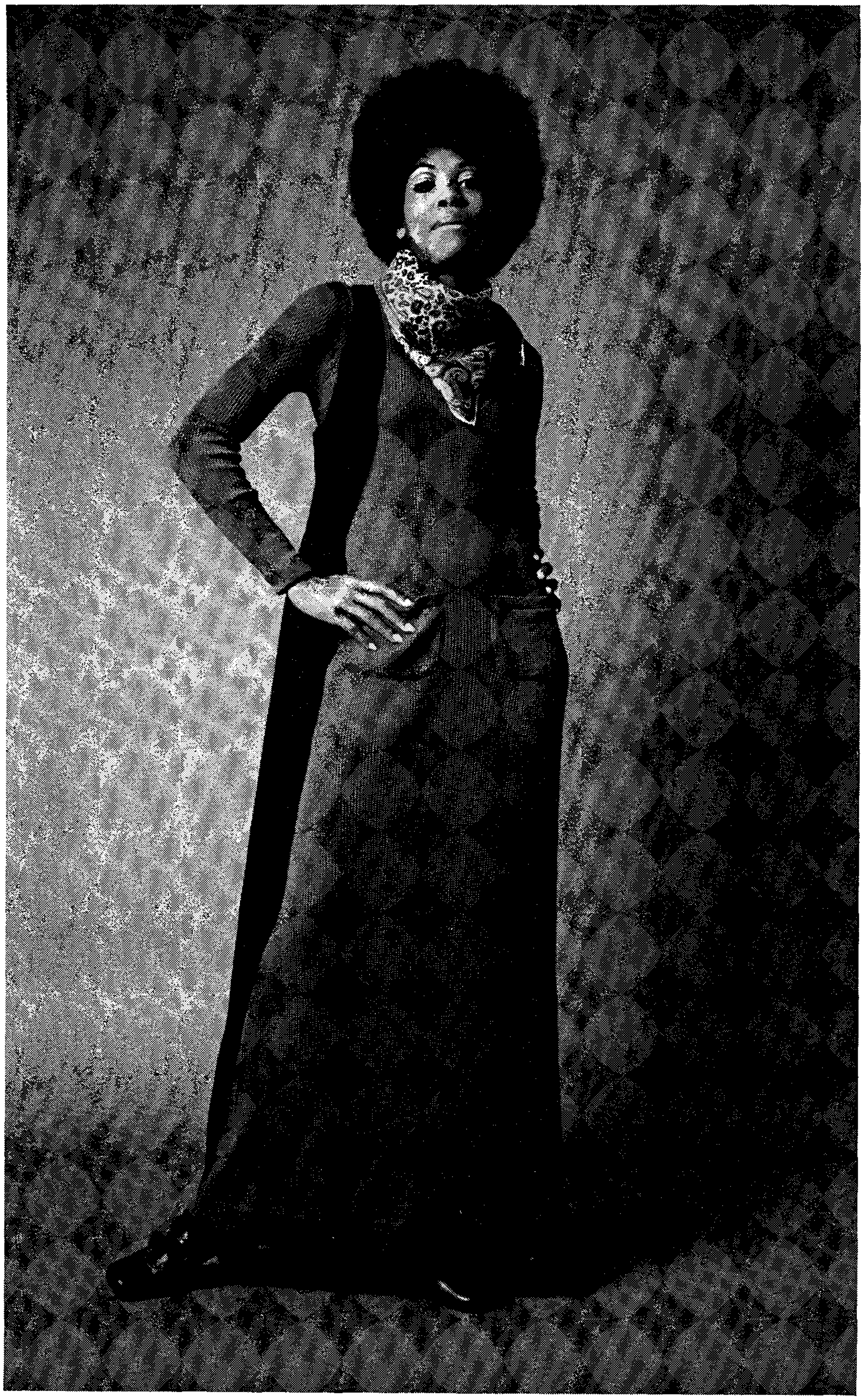
base camps" the expunged words "training and regroupment centers"—centers that are unlikely to operate without an accompanying civilian population—what the Defense Department seems actually to be indicating is that the "areas remote from the population" against which the United States is conducting military herbicidal operations are "remote from the population" at least in part *because* of these operations.

As for the Bionetics findings on the teratogenic effects of 2,4,5-T on experimental animals, the Department of Defense indicated that it put little stock in the dangers suggested by the report. A reporter for the *Yale Daily News* who telephoned the Pentagon during the first week in December to inquire about the Defense Department's attitude toward its use of 2,4,5-T in the light of the Bionetics report was assured that "there is no cause for alarm about defoliants." A week or so later, he received a letter from the Directorate for Defense Information at the Pentagon which described the Bionetics results as based on "evidence that 2,4,5-T, when fed in large amounts to highly inbred and susceptible mice and rats, gave a higher incidence of birth defects than was normal for these animals." After reading this letter, the *Yale Daily News* reporter again telephoned the Pentagon, and asked, "Does [the Department of Defense] think defoliants could be affecting embryo growth in any way in Vietnam?" The Pentagon spokesman said, "No." And that was that. The experimental animals were highly susceptible; the civilian Vietnamese population, which even under "normal" circumstances is the victim of a statistically incalculable but clearly very high abortion and infant-mortality rate, was not.

NEARLY a month after Dr. DuBridge's statement, another was issued, this one by the President himself, on United States policy on chemical and biological warfare. The President, noting that "biological weapons have massive, unpredictable, and potentially uncontrollable consequences" that might "impair the health of future generations," announced it as his decision that thenceforward "the United States shall renounce the use of lethal biological agents and weapons, and all other methods of biological warfare." Later, a White House spokesman, in answer to questions by reporters whether this included the use of herbicidal, defoliant, or crop-killing chemicals in Vietnam, made it clear that the new policy did not encompass herbicides.

Since the President's statement did specifically renounce "all other methods of biological warfare," the reasonable assumption is that the United States government does not consider herbicidal, defoliant, and crop-killing operations against military and civilian populations to be part of biological warfare. The question therefore remains: What does the United States government consider biological warfare to consist of? The best place to look for an authoritative definition is a work known as the Joint Chiefs of Staff Dictionary, an official publication that governs proper word usage within the military establishment. In the current edition of the Joint Chiefs of Staff Dictionary, "biological warfare" is defined as the "employment of living organisms, toxic biological products, and plant-growth regulators to produce death or casualties in man, animals, or plants or defense against such action." But the term "plant-growth regulators" is nowhere defined in the Joint Chiefs of Staff Dictionary, and since a certain technical distinction might be made (by weed-control scientists, for example) between plant-growth regulators and defoliants, the question of whether the Joint Chiefs consider military defoliation operations part of biological warfare is left unclear. As for "defoliant agents," the Dictionary defines such an agent only as "a chemical which causes trees, shrubs, and other plants to shed their leaves prematurely." All this is hardly a surprise to anyone familiar with the fast semantic legerdemain involved in all official statements on biological warfare, in which defoliation has the bafflingly evanescent half-existence of a pea under a shell.

To find that pea in the official literature is not easy. But it is reasonable to assume that if the Department of Defense were to concede officially that "defoliant agents" were in the same category as "plant-growth regulators" that "produce death . . . in plants," it would thereby also be conceding that it is in fact engaging in the biological warfare that President Nixon has renounced. And such a concession seems to have been run to earth in the current edition of a Department of the Army publication entitled "Manual on



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Use of Herbicides for Military Purposes," in which "antiplant agents" are defined as "chemical agents which possess a high offensive potential for destroying or seriously limiting the production of food and defoliating vegetation," and goes on, "These compounds include herbicides that kill or inhibit the growth of plants; plant-growth regulators that either regulate or inhibit plant growth, sometimes causing plant death. . . ." The admission that the Department of Defense is indeed engaging, through its defoliation and herbicidal operations in Vietnam, in biological warfare, as this is defined by the Joint Chiefs and as it has been formally renounced by the President, seems inescapable.

SINCE the DuBridge statement, allegations, apparently originating in part with the Dow Chemical Company, have been made to the effect that the 2,4,5-T used in the Bionetics study was unrepresentative of the 2,4,5-T generally produced in this country, in that it contained comparatively large amounts of a certain contaminant, which, according to the Dow people, is ordinarily present in 2,4,5-T *only* in trace quantities. Accordingly, it has been suggested that the real cause of the teratogenic effects of the 2,4,5-T used in the Bionetics study may not have been the 2,4,5-T itself but, rather, the contaminant in the sample used. The chemical name of the contaminant thus suspected by the Dow people is 2,3,6,7-tetrachlorodibenzo-*p*-dioxin, often referred to simply as dioxin. The 2,4,5-T used by Bionetics was obtained in 1965 from the Diamond Alkali Company, now known as the Diamond-Shamrock Company and no longer in the business of manufacturing 2,4,5-T. It appears that the presence of a dioxin contaminant in the process of manufacturing 2,4,5-T is a constant problem among all manufacturers. Three years ago, Dow was obliged to close down its 2,4,5-T plant in Midland, Michigan, for several months and partly rebuild it because of what Dow people variously described as "a problem" and "an accident." The problem—or accident—was that workers exposed to the dioxin contaminant during the process of manufacture came down with an acute skin irritation known as chlor-acne. The Dow people, who speak with considerable pride of their toxicological work ("We established our toxicology lab the year Ralph Nader was born," a Dow public-relations man said recently, showing, at any rate, that Dow is keenly aware of

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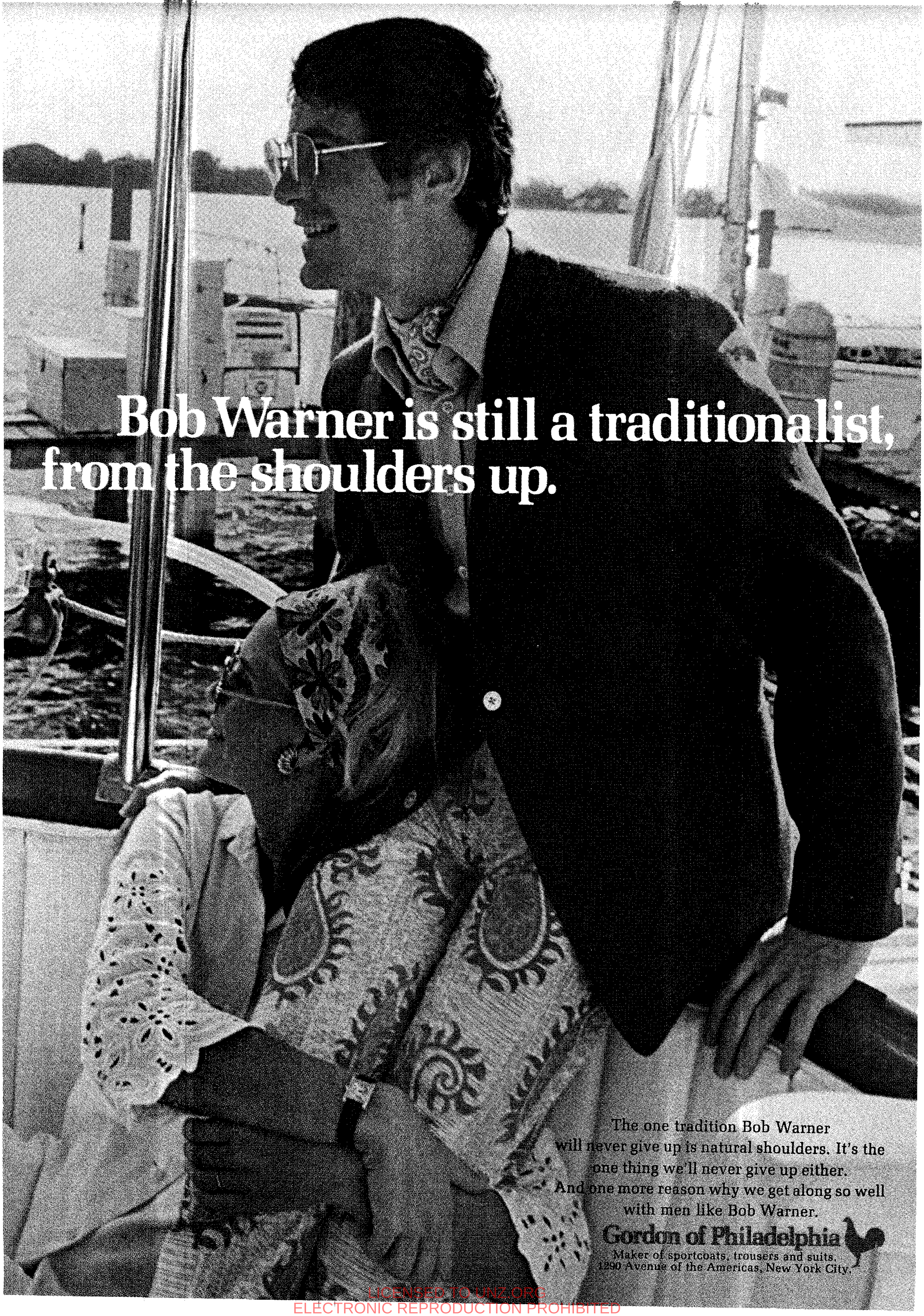

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Nader and his career), say that the chlor-acne problem has long since been cleared up, and that the current level of the dioxin contaminant in Dow's 2,4,5-T is less than one part per million, as opposed to the dioxin level in the 2,4,5-T used in the Bionetics study, which is alleged to have been between fifteen and thirty parts per million. A scientist at the DuBridge office, which has become a coördinating agency for information having to do with the 2,4,5-T question, says that the 2,4,5-T used by Bionetics was "probably representative" of 2,4,5-T being used in this country—and presumably in Vietnam—at the time it was obtained but that considerably less of the contaminant is present in the 2,4,5-T now being produced. Evidently, the degree of dioxin contamination present in 2,4,5-T varies from manufacturer to manufacturer. What degree of contamination, high or low, was present in the quantities of 2,4,5-T shipped to South Vietnam at various times this spokesman didn't seem to know.

The point about the dioxin contamination of 2,4,5-T is an extremely important one, because if the suspicions of the Dow people are correct and the cause of the fetus deformities cited in the Bionetics study is not the 2,4,5-T but the dioxin contaminant, then this contaminant may be among the most teratogenically powerful agents ever known. Dr. McLaughlin has calculated that if the dioxin present in the Bionetics 2,4,5-T was indeed responsible for the teratogenic effects on the experimental animals, it looks as though the contaminant would have to be at least ten thousand times more teratogenically active in rats than thalidomide was found to be in rabbits. Furthermore, it raises alarming questions about the prevalence of the dioxin material in our environment. It appears that under high heat the dioxin material can be produced in a whole class of chemical substances known as trichlorophenols and pentachlorophenols. These substances include components of certain fatty acids used in detergents and in animal feed.

As a consequence of studies that have been made of the deaths of millions of young chicks in this country after the chicks had eaten certain kinds of chicken feed, government scientists are now seriously speculating on the possibility that the deaths were at the end of a chain that began with the spraying of corn crops with 2,4,5-T. The hypothesis is that residues of dioxin present in the 2,4,5-T remained in the harvested corn and

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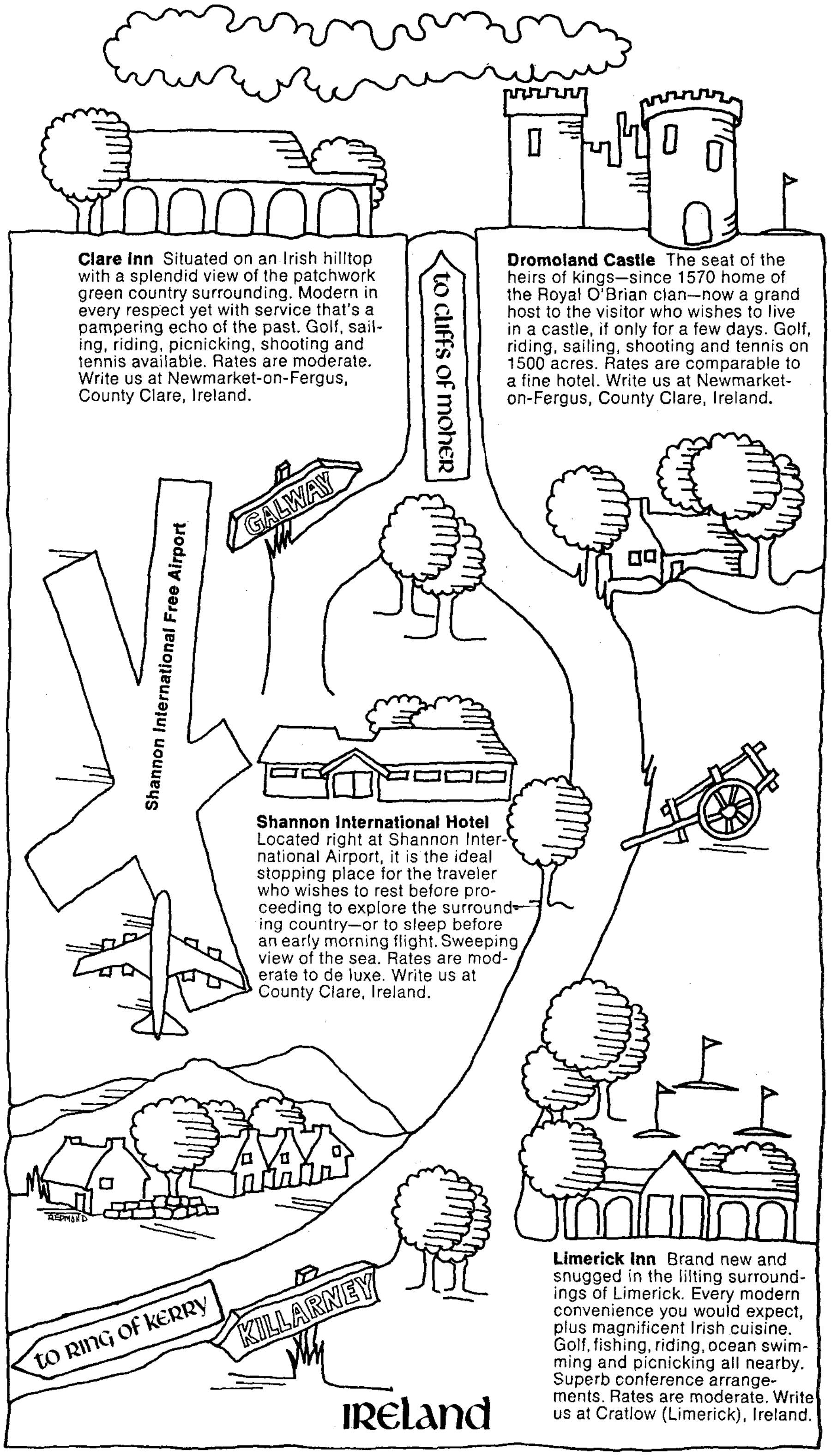

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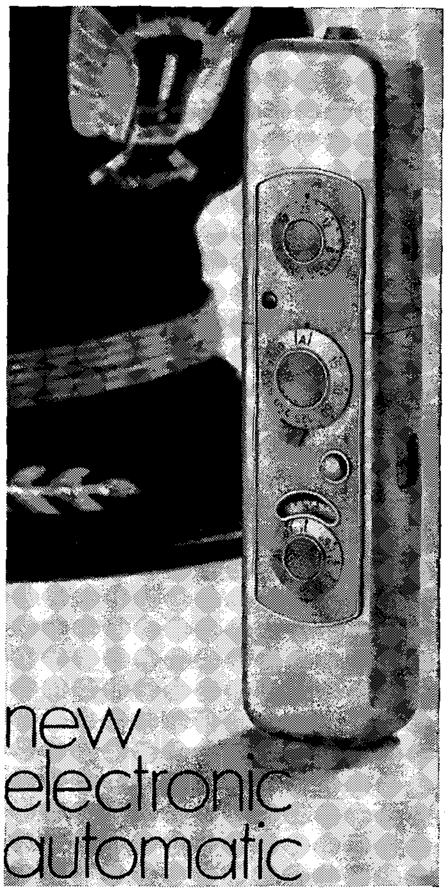

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were concentrated into certain by-products that were then sold to manufacturers of chicken feed, and that the dioxin became absorbed into the systems of the young chicks. One particularly disquieting sign of the potential of the dioxin material is the fact that bio-assays made on chick embryos in another study revealed that all the embryos were killed by one twenty-millionth of a gram of dioxin per egg.

Perhaps an even more disquieting speculation about the dioxin is that 2,4,5-T may not be the only material in which it appears. Among the compounds that several experienced biologists and toxicologists suspect might contain or produce dioxin are the trichlorophenols and pentachlorophenols, which are rather widely present in the environment in various forms. For example, a number of the trichlorophenols and pentachlorophenols are used as slime-killing agents in paper-pulp manufacture, and are present in a wide range of consumer products, including adhesives, water-based and oil-based paints, varnishes and lacquers, and paper and paper coatings. They are used to prevent slime in pasteurizers and fungus on vats in breweries and are also used in hair shampoo. Along with the 2,4,5-T used in the Bionetics study, one trichlorophenol and one pentachlorophenol were tested without teratogenic results. But Dr. McLaughlin points out that since there are many such compounds put out by various companies, these particular samples might turn out to be—by the reasoning of the allegation that the 2,4,5-T used by Bionetics was unusually dirty—unusually clean.

Dr. McLaughlin tends to consider significant, in view of the now known extreme toxicity and possible extreme teratogenicity of dioxin, the existence of even very small amounts of the trichlorophenols and pentachlorophenols in food wrappings and other consumer products. Since the production of dioxin appears to be associated with high-temperature conditions, a question arises whether these thermal conditions are met at *any* stage of production or subsequent use or disposal of such materials, even in minute amounts. One of the problems here seems to be, as Dr. Epstein has put it, "The moment you introduce something into the environment it's likely to be burned sooner or later—that's the way we get rid of nearly everything." And most of these consumer products may wind up in municipal incinerators, and when they are burned, the thermal and oth-

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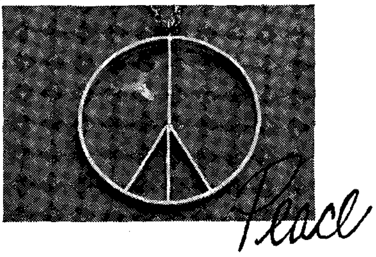

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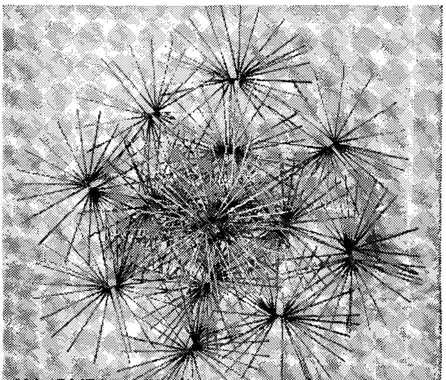

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er conditions for creating dioxin materials may quite possibly be met. If so, this could mean a release of dioxin material into the entire environment through the atmosphere.

Yet so far the dioxin material now suspected of causing the fetus-deforming effects in experimental animals has never been put through any formal teratological tests by any company or any government agency. If the speculation over the connection between dioxin in 2,4,5-T and the deaths of millions of baby chicks is borne out, it might mean that, quite contrary to the assumptions made up to now that 2,4,5-T is rapidly decomposable in soil, the dioxin material may be extremely persistent as well as extremely deadly.

So far, nobody knows—and it is probable that nobody will know for some time—whether the fetus deformities in the Bionetics study were caused by the 2,4,5-T itself, by the dioxin contaminant, or by some other substance or substances present in the 2,4,5-T, or whether human fetuses react to 2,4,5-T in the same way as the fetuses of the experimental animals in the Bionetics study. However, the experience so far with the employment of 2,4,5-T and substances chemically allied to it ought to be instructive. The history of 2,4,5-T is related to preparations for biological warfare, although nobody in the United States government seems to want to admit this, and it has wound up being used for purposes of biological warfare, although nobody in the United States government seems to want to admit *this*, either. Since 2,4,5-T was developed, the United States government has allowed it to be used on a very large scale on our own fields and countryside without adequate tests of its effects. In South Vietnam—a nation we are attempting to save—for seven full years the American military has sprayed or dumped this biological-warfare material on the countryside, on villages, and on South Vietnamese men and women in staggering amounts. In that time, the military has sprayed or dumped on Vietnam *fifty thousand tons* of herbicide, of which twenty thousand tons have apparently been straight 2,4,5-T. In addition, the American military has apparently made incursions into a neutral country, Cambodia, and rained down on an area inhabited by thirty thousand civilians a vast quantity of 2,4,5-T. Yet in the quarter of a century since the Department of Defense first developed the biological-warfare

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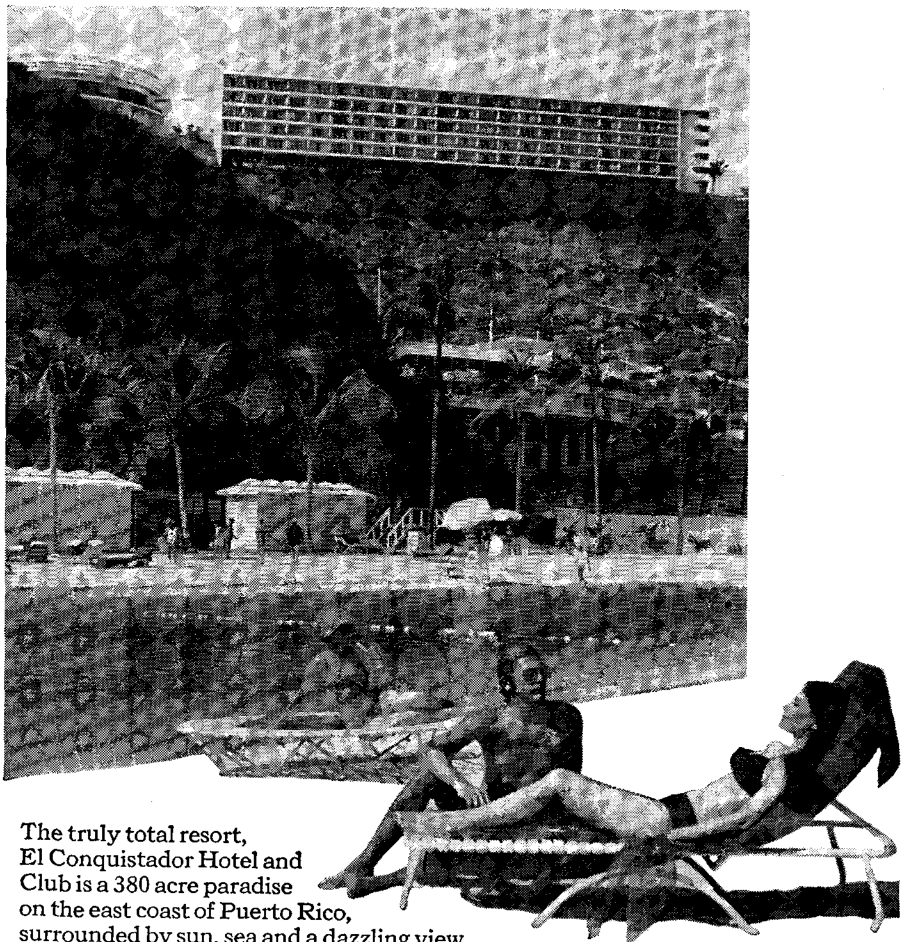

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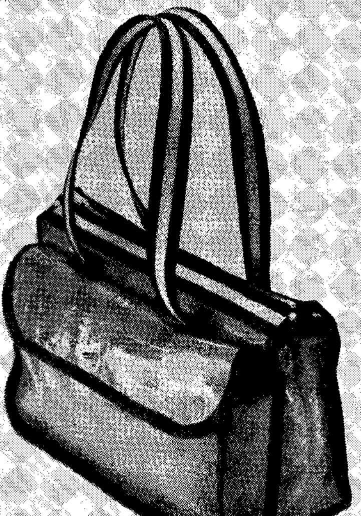

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uses of this material it has not completed a single series of formal teratological tests on pregnant animals to determine whether it has an effect on their unborn offspring.

Similarly, officials of the Dow Chemical Company, one of the largest producers of 2,4,5-T, although they refuse to divulge how much 2,4,5-T they are and have been producing, admit that in all the years that they had produced the chemical before the DuBridge statement they had never made formal teratological tests on their 2,4,5-T, which they are now doing. The Monsanto Chemical Company, another big producer, had, as far as is known, never made such tests, either, nor, according to an official in the White House, had any other manufacturer. The Department of Agriculture has never required any such tests from manufacturers. The Food and Drug Administration has never required any such tests from manufacturers. The first tests to determine the teratogenic effects of 2,4,5-T were not made until the National Institutes of Health contracted for them with Bionetics Laboratories. And even then, when the adverse results of the tests became apparent, it was, as Dr. Epstein said, like "pulling teeth" to get the data out of the institutions involved. And when the data were obtained and the White House was obliged, partly by outside pressure and publicity, to act, the President's science adviser publicly presented the facts in a less than candid manner, while the Department of Defense, for all practical purposes, ignored the whole business and announced its intention of going on doing what it had been doing all along.

There have been a number of reports from Vietnam both of animal abortions and of malformed human babies that are thought to have resulted from spraying operations in which 2,4,5-T was used. But such scattered reports, however well founded, cannot really shed much more light on the situation. The fact is that even in this country, the best-fed, richest, and certainly most statistics-minded of all countries on earth, the standards for testing materials that are put into the environment, into drugs, and into the human diet are grossly inadequate. The screening system is so coarse that, as a teratology panel of the Mrak Commission warned recently, in connection with thalidomide, "the teratogenicity of thalidomide might have been missed had it not produced malformations rarely encountered." In other words, had it not been for the fact that very

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unusual and particularly terrible malformations appeared in an obvious pattern—for example, similarly malformed babies in the same hospital at about the same time—pregnant women might still be using thalidomide, and lesser deformations would, so to speak, disappear into the general statistical background. As for more subtle effects, such as brain damage and damage to the central-nervous system, they would probably never show up as such at all. If such risks existed under orderly, normal medical conditions in a highly developed country, how is one ever to measure the harm that might be done to unborn children in rural Vietnam, in the midst of the malnutrition, the disease, the trauma, the poverty, and the general shambles of war?

—THOMAS WHITESIDE

•

MATSUMORI'S NOTEBOOK

The days become longer day by day. The soft wind is waiting the tang of salt sea air. You have a dainty tooth and clam chowder is your favorite dish. It was April weather outside and free from wind. It was no longer a caterpillar; it was a pretty butterfly. Every movements added to her charms. You walked the naked floor and put your best foot forward her. She dropped from a window into the garden. The window opened to the west. What was her intention with regard to you? That's because you didn't know woman's way. Under shower, she said faintly Happy as a clam at high tide.

James Monroe was born on April 28, 1758. What was his favorite chow? He knew chalk from cheese and made a clever move on Louisiana Purchase. He walked in his own way. It was the days of good feeling.

Your sweetheart airs that Free and Open is her doctrine in everything. That left you cold. East is East and West is West! She has put on all her pretties and moves daintily about. You are under the weather. The Monroe walk leads you up the garden. "Can I play the Robinson Crusoe?" Has she found the length of your foot?—*The Shimbun, newspaper of the Kanto Civilian Club at Tachikawa Air Base, Japan.*

He grows on you, this Matsumori.

•

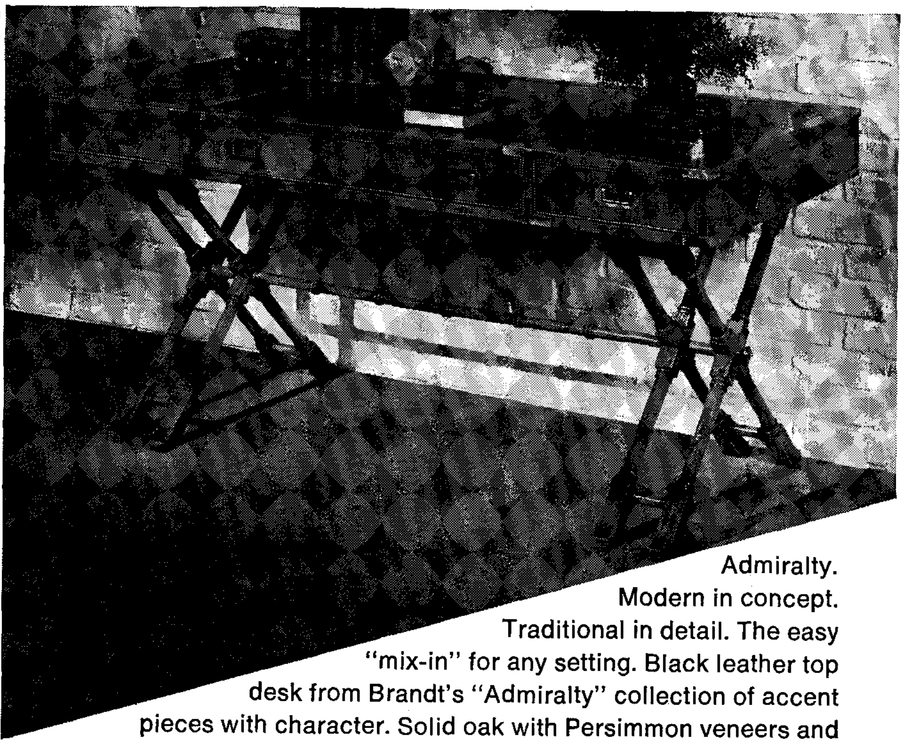
The punch was served by Miss Martha Brooker and Miss Barbara Ann Bailey, from a silver punch bowl encircled with fern and pink mums.

Silver trays laden with party cakes and sandwiches graced both tables.

Approximately 125 guests called during the afternoon.

At the current rate, six percent of all social drinkers are destined for alcoholism, says the Florida Alcoholic Rehabilitation Program.—*Avon Park (Fla.) Sun.*

Well, at least they can stop encircling a bowl with mums.



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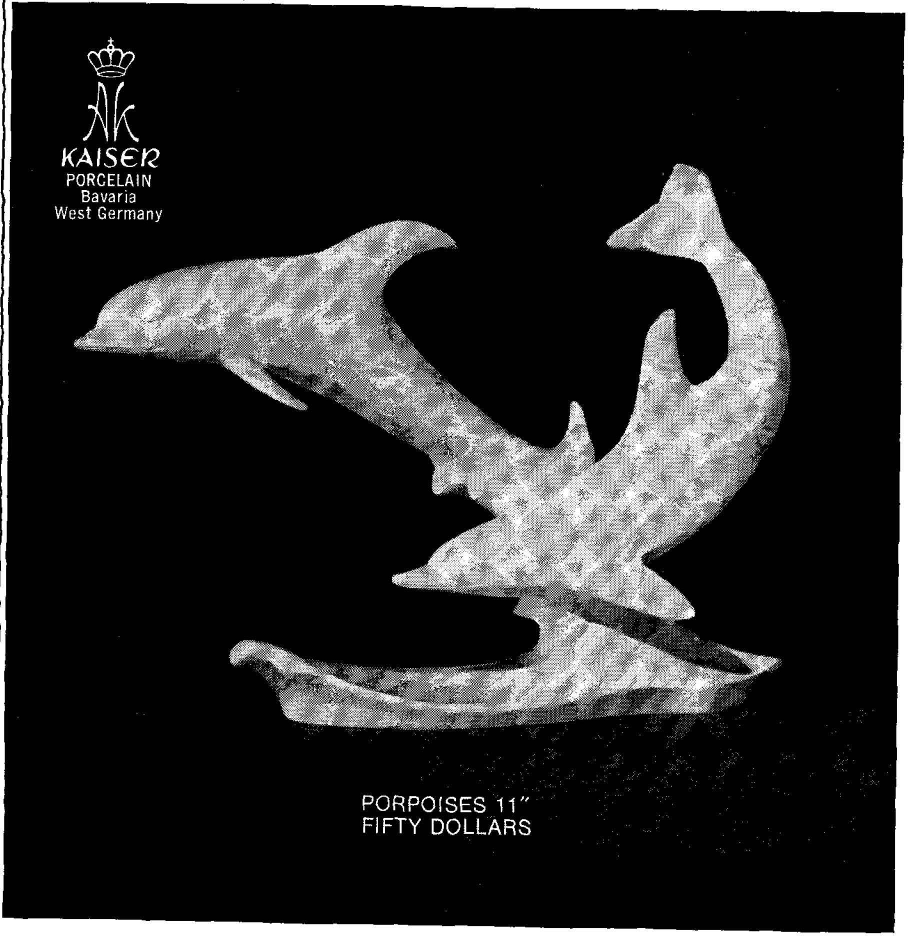

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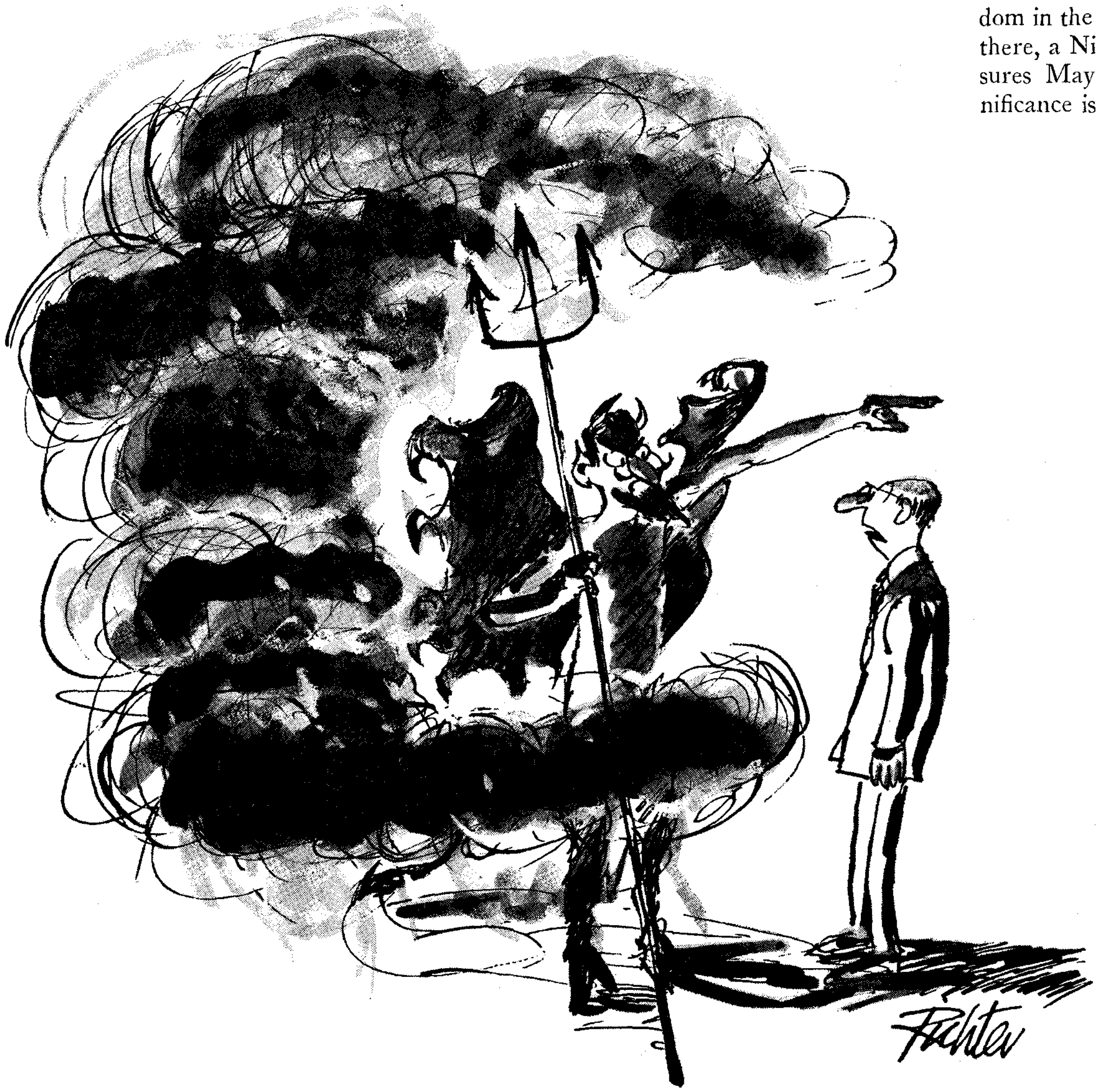
IT has long been an open secret in Washington (where the last closed secret died horribly in the arms of Calvin Coolidge, in a ridotto on P Street) that the celebrated political columnist Art Buchwald does not exist. His name is, as they say in Washington, a "cover" for the celebrated political columnist Walter Lippmann, whose reputation as a pundit would not permit him to kick up his heels when the mood moved him, and who therefore devised, shortly after the Second World War, a clever pen name for use on frivolous occasions—"Art" standing for one of Mr. Lippmann's lifelong interests and "Buchwald" for a beech tree in the Harvard Yard under which he rejoiced to loll in undergraduate days. When "Sheep on the Runway," a comedy purportedly by Art Buchwald, opened at the Helen Hayes Theatre last week, Mr. Lippmann could not resist putting in an appearance, wearing, as a clue to his high spirits, a battered brown journalistic fedora with his elegant black evening jacket. Not that Mr. Lippmann didn't insist on maintaining the fiction that a corporeal Buchwald can be found behind the pseudonym; an actor was hired for the evening, who, to heighten the pleasure of those in on the prank, resembled Mr. Lippmann as little as possible. To Mr. Lippmann's evident delight, a stocky, grinning, bespectacled "Buchwald" stood under the marquee of the theatre, signing autographs and greeting such old "friends" as Mayor and Mrs. Lindsay, Averell Harriman, Artur Rubinstein, Jimmy Breslin, Isaac Stern, Drue Heinz, and Vince Lombardi. (To give some idea of the air of Mardi Gras that prevailed, it might be noted that Jean Kerr, questioned by a passerby, identified Mr. Lombardi as the coach of the Green Bay Packers. It has long been an open secret in Washington that Mr. Lombardi is the coach of the Redskins.)

If there was merriment outside the theatre, there was also merriment within. Mr. Buchwald is not much of a playwright, but he is very good indeed at gags, and I found it easy to forgive the cobbling up of a plot that only the Marx Brothers could have felt comfortably at home in for the sake of hearing a nearly continuous fusillade of wisecracks about our political asininities at home and abroad. A hawkish Washington columnist named Joseph Mayflower—a figure reputed to be based on Joseph Alsop, who is reputed to be not amused—comes to visit a remote kingdom in the Himalayas. Our ambassador there, a Nixon-appointed nonentity, assures Mayflower that nothing of significance is taking place in Nonomura; Mayflower deduces from this that an extremely well-concealed Communist conspiracy is afoot, and by the time he has finished his investigation the lazy and benign local monarch has been deposed, his military successor has also been deposed, and a Communist general has taken over—a Communist whose deputy, it turns out, is an operative for the C.I.A. Among Mr. Buchwald's targets are the Pentagon, the State Department, the White House, Radcliffe radicals, hawks, doves, Oriental potentates, and (I think) vodka Martinis. The play ends in total disarray, by the not very resourceful device of bringing down the curtain; still, I suppose Fortinbras would have been out of place in the Himalayas.

The cast of "Sheep on the Runway," directed at a pell-mell pace by Gene Saks, appear to enjoy their hamming as much as the audience does. David



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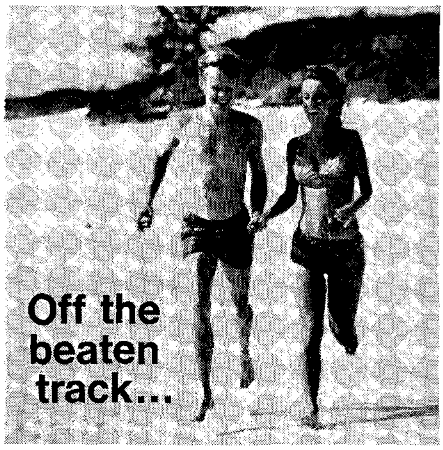
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Burns rants his way jubilantly through the role of the bumbling ambassador, and Martin Gabel is suavely overbearing as the columnist. Margaret Ladd, who plays the ambassador's daughter, is a pretty girl, but she must work hard to improve her peculiar voice. I *have* no such teacherly admonitions to offer Elizabeth Wilson, Richard Castellano, and Barnard Hughes, who play, respectively, the ambassador's wife, the prince, and the Army general who peddles his murderous "hardware" precisely as if it were hardware. The splendid set—Himalayan Art Nouveau—is by Peter Larkin, the costumes are by Jane Greenwood, and the lighting is by Jules Fisher. There are a number of explosions during the play, and I recommend that they be *much* louder.

"PARIS IS OUT!," at the Brooks Atkinson, is a traditional Jewish domestic comedy by Richard Seff. At first, the incessant bickering of which it is composed was rendered almost bearable for me by the agreeable cast, which includes Molly Picon, Sam Levene, Terry Kiser, Zina Jasper, and Gary Tigerman, but after a while I became convinced that only the most hardened of masochists could enjoy spending an entire evening immersed in the now notorious horrors of middle-class Jewish family life, with the usual smothering mama, whining poppa, and anguished offspring. The director of "Paris Is Out!" is Paul Aaron, and the designer of the scenery is Douglas W. Schmidt.

THE first performance of Dore Schary's "Brightower," at the John Golden Theatre, turned out to be the last, and if this was a harsh fate, it was also a just one. Mr. Schary is earnest, dogged, and laborious—attributes indispensable to an artisan but of no use whatever to a playwright. *Hammer, hammer, hammer* he goes, and it is not surprising that what was intended to be a neatly dovetailed little bandbox of a play became, instead, an all too commodious coffin. Mr. Schary is plainly an intelligent man, and one wonders why, having taken up what he believed to be an idea for a play, he failed to notice in the course of writing it that the more he remained true to his idea the less he would be able to find a means of dramatizing it. "Brightower" is about a famous writer who, in the middle years, discovers that his mind is beginning to disintegrate; he stumbles continuously, miserably downhill, and chooses at last to

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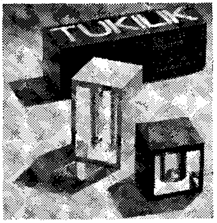

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commit suicide rather than to endure permanent confinement in an institution. Now, this is a sad story, and we are sure to feel sympathy for its hero, but it isn't—and couldn't possibly be—a successful play. Nothing that the writer does, or that his wife and friends do, has the least effect upon the irreversible progress of his illness. At one point, a friend who is a psychiatrist informs the writer's wife that he can't be sure whether the illness is organic or functional. We might welcome such an opinion in a medical journal, but it arrives on a stage with the awkward force of a thrown boulder: how is it to be surmounted? As if sensing the question, Mr. Schary has put a conspicuous frame around his sad story by telling it through a series of glimpses into the past; the present concerns a young writer's visit to the widow's house in order to secure her coöperation in preparing a biography of her distinguished husband. This framing device also fails, in part because the widow decides not to coöperate and the young man is sent packing. Once upon a time, a great editor said that writers should be forbidden to write about writers; I hesitate to imagine the scatological imprecations he would have uttered at the thought of a writer writing about a writer who wishes to write about a writer.

Robert Lansing did his best with the nearly hopeless task of depicting a gifted man who mouths with unbecoming relish the intellectual discoveries of schoolboys. Nobody else mattered very much, and I pray silence for them. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Isaac, Goliath, and James

"THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC," at the Eastside, is a delightful, refreshing rock musical by Gretchen Cryer and Nancy Ford, who were also responsible, a couple of years ago, for a show called "Now Is the Time for All Good Men," which almost worked. This time they have a winner. Miss Ford's music, as arranged by Clay Fullum, is melodic and full of life; Mrs. Cryer's book is original and imaginative (for part of the evening, anyway), and her lyrics are ingenious; Ed Wittstein's setting—a metal construction that outlines three open cubes and, above it, a platform for the musicians—is extremely stylish; and, best of all, the performance, under Word Baker's direction, is just about perfect. The performers are Austin Pendleton, who seems to have mastered eternal

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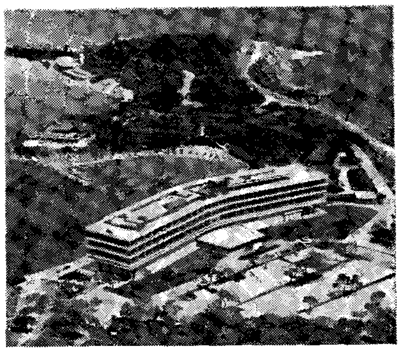

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youth (he doesn't look one minute older than he did as the boy in "Oh Dad, Poor Dad . . .") and mastered a number of more important things besides; Fredricka Weber, a charming actress and singer, and a new face to me; and a splendid group of three vocalists and five instrumentalists who call themselves the Zeitgeist.

The show takes an affectionate, teasing look at an intense young man who has come to terms with this age of technology by turning himself into a technological virtuoso, and who is also, he tells us, a "life poet." In the first act, Isaac, strung with camera, tape recorder, hand microphone, and electric guitar, is trapped in a stalled elevator with a girl named Ingrid. They agree, in words and music, that the best moments in life get away, and they prepare, slowly undressing, to take advantage of at least this particular stalled moment in time and space. But the current comes back on, and that's the end of it. Their free-form conversation is delivered with that open solemnity of the young, which so often leaves their more devious elders gasping. There is a lot of talk, and it leads effortlessly into the songs, which Mr. Pendleton and Miss Weber sing well (with considerable assistance from that wonderful Zeitgeist). Their acting is absolutely legitimate and very funny and beguiling. My own best moment came when Miss Weber picked up a trumpet (I cannot tell you how it happened to be in the elevator) and triumphantly tooted along with the band during one of her numbers—a feat that brought back happy memories of Kay Kendall in "Genevieve."

The second act, which is really a second play, is a comedown. The script is not clear, so we have to coast along on the songs, which, fortunately, are as good as those in the first act. Here the Zeitgeist more or less takes over, opening and closing the proceedings with a fine number, "I Want to Walk to San Francisco." Isaac has been arrested during a peace demonstration and is in a jail cell. A girl protester named Alice (Miss Weber) is carried limp into another cell by a policeman. Isaac and Alice connect with each other only briefly, and they never connect, even briefly, with us. Mrs. Cryer's inventiveness has become sidetracked into whimsey. (It should be noted, however, that three numbers listed in the program—"Somebody Died Today," "Herein Lie the Seeds of Revolution," and "I Can't Live in Solitary"—were cut before the opening.) The songs

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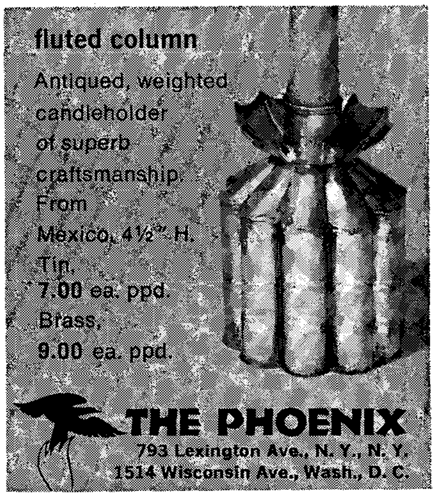

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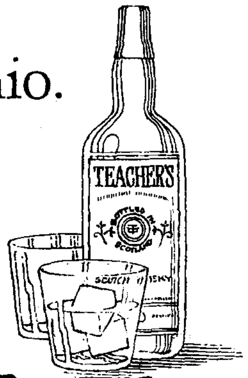

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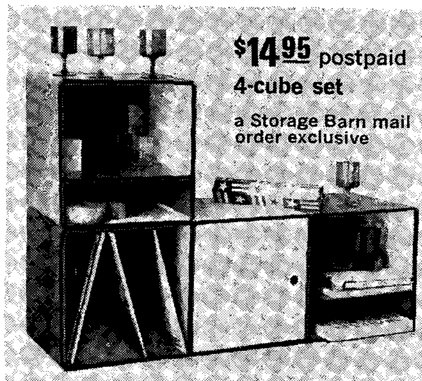

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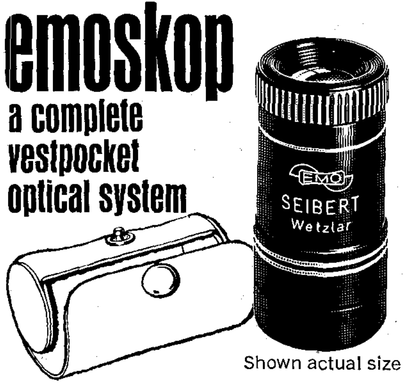

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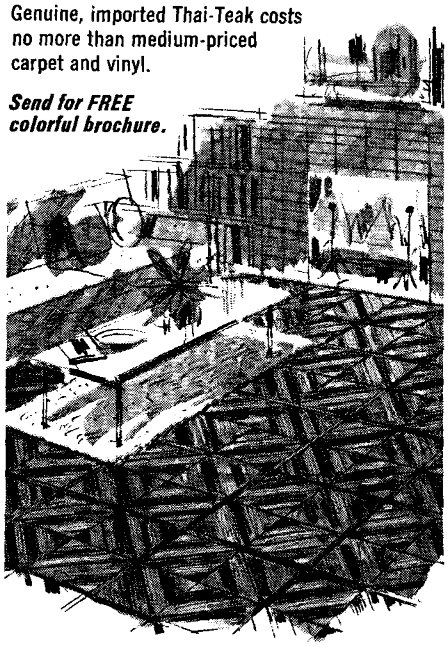
that remain certainly hold up, though, and the Zeitgeist saves the day. One of them, Louise Heath, is a beautiful black singer with a beautiful voice. Another, C. David Colson, is a handsome white singer who creditably acts the small part of the policeman. "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" describes itself as "A 1970 Musical," which indeed it is, and I trust it will become a 1971-72-73 musical, too.

THE busy theatrical deathwatch, which has declared the revue a dead form, might go down to the Cherry Lane to see "Unfair to Goliath," an entertaining little revue based on material from the books of an Israeli humorist named Ephraim Kishon. With the help of Herbert Appleman, the adapter and co-director, and of Menachem Zur, who wrote the pleasant music, and of an attractive American company, Mr. Kishon has transported a country across the sea, but it is no surprise to learn that although the jokes are Israeli, he himself is a transplant from Hungary, for his ironic style is Middle European and has much in common with that of Ludwig Bemelmans and George Mikes. "Unfair to Goliath" is called a satirical revue, and perhaps "satirical" is too strong a word for anything this lighthearted and sunny, but there is bite in it all the same. Most of the skits deal with the present—with life in the new promised land among the new pioneers.

The small theatre is just right for the show, and the actors—Hugh Alexander, Jim Brochu, Jay Devlin, Corinne Kason, and Laura May Lewis—are right, too. Of all of them, I most enjoyed Mr. Brochu, a chubby fellow with natural stage presence and with the ability to make his eyes go as blank and stubborn as a child's. He is at his funniest as an implacable bus driver, refusing to move, in spite of indignant protests, until an unwanted passenger gets off, and as a Yemenite immigrant who, in halting, heavily accented speech, turns the tables on a too well-briefed social worker. I expect that we'll be seeing more of Mr. Brochu.

"THE DISINTEGRATION OF JAMES CHERRY," at the Forum, was written by a twenty-one-year-old dramatist named Jeff Wanshel. Although much of it gets out of hand, I think that he is a writer, and a lucky one to have as his leading man, and presumably his spokesman, an actor as droll as Stephen Strimpell. At the opening, Mr. Strimpell announces to



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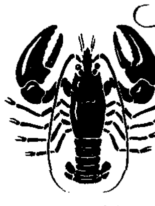

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the audience, "My name is James Cherry, and this is my nightmare." What follows can be most quickly described as an animated horror-comic of brief scenes and blackouts. James is eight years old at the start and in his early twenties when he is shot to death—or dreams that he is shot to death—at the end. Innocent and earnest, he moves in a Katzenjammer world, unwittingly and with impeccable intentions causing any number of disasters; the double-decker gallery above the stage fills with the dead bodies of almost all the people he has brushed up against. These include his father, ever aggrieved and reproachful, whom James persuades to look at some crocodiles at the zoo, and who falls into the tank and is eaten; the other members of the Cherry family; and a theatrical agent, whom James shoots to death during an audition for a cowboy role. This phantasmagoria, much of it mysterious to me, is performed in the broadest vaudeville style, but James does keep talking about the handwriting on his knee, which is finally deciphered as "Do you do well to be angry?"—a quotation from the Book of Jonah that serves as the epigraph for the play.

I first saw "The Disintegration of James Cherry" at a reading in Waterford, Connecticut, last summer, and enjoyed it very much. Now there seem to be far too many antics and monkeyshines. It is too capricious and, even more important, far too insistent about its author's serious purpose and vision; in Waterford, it barely entered my mind that he was trying to tell me anything. Although its springs are not broken now, the play is no longer free and larky. Even so, I laughed at some funny lines and ideas (especially in the first act), and when a playwright is only twenty-one his accomplishments are what count. Mr. Strimpell, as I said, is expert at this kind of comedy. I also admired James Ray, as the father; Cathy Burns, as James Cherry's younger sister; James Cahill, as his roommate; and Jay Garner, as the agent and six other characters.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

Ross, who more or less got into the campaign specialties business in '64 when Barry Goldwater tinkered with the idea of flooding the country with heart-shaped balloons as a tie-in with his campaign slogan ("In your balloon you know he's right"), feels people go on living with their bumper stickers long after elections. —*Anchorage* (*Alaska*) *Daily Times.*

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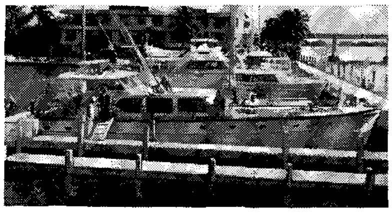

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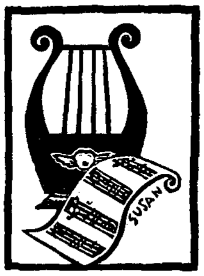
MUSICAL EVENTS

Puritan Opera



IN a recent article in *Opera News*, Siegmund Levarie expressed the idea that opera is basically a Roman Catholic art and that it is never quite at home in Protestant society. Geniuses like George Frederick Handel and Richard Wagner to the contrary notwithstanding, there is a good deal of truth to this observation. Yet composers in Protestant societies go on composing operas, mainly, I think, because of the cultural prestige of the art. Last Tuesday night, in Philharmonic Hall, Thomas Scherman and the Little Orchestra Society put on two short English operas that are Protestant to the core, and neither of them turned out to be particularly effective, despite much honorable and skillful craftsmanship. They were Ralph Vaughan Williams' "Riders to the Sea" and Gustav Holst's "At the Boar's Head." The first is based on the play by J. M. Synge. The thing that stamps both these operas as Protestant is their attitude toward sex, which consists in ignoring it. Now, opera without sex is, as I have pointed out before, almost a contradiction in terms. Sex is what makes people burst into song, and most operas concern youthful characters whose sexual instincts are obsessive. Sex is what drives them to dramatic actions, and often to death. "Riders to the Sea" is about the troubles of a mother who lives in the Aran Islands and whose sons are being killed, one after another, in their dangerous occupation as fishermen. The audience sees the corpse of the last son, and there is a considerable amount of keening over this unfortunate event. I felt sorry for the lady who is losing all her sons, but the opera did not grip me in any way. Partly, I feel, this was because "Riders to the Sea" has the atmosphere of a documentary, and partly because the music Vaughan Williams wrote for it is, as might be expected, altogether lacking in passion. The idiom is a personal sort of impressionism, flawed by its period, when composers were beginning to lose the lyricism of previous generations and to experiment with what is commonly referred to as dissonance. The score of "Riders to the Sea" is appropriate to its subject. It expresses hopelessness and grief, not in any dynamic way, and there is nowhere any contrast such as a Pietro Mascagni would have introduced in order to underline the joy of life, which makes tragedy tragic. The opera merely points out that life for Aran Islanders is harsh. So is life for North Vietnamese and Biafrans. The mere statement of the fact is not particularly dramatic.

"At the Boar's Head" is, I am afraid, inferior even to "Riders to the Sea." It is one of those perennial celebrations of that much-loved semi-mythical figure Sir John Falstaff, and its lines are taken from episodes in Parts I and II of Shakespeare's "Henry IV." The episodes have no particular coherence. Sir John is shown in this situation and that, and one is called upon to savor what a cute fellow he is. This collection of vignettes ultimately becomes incredibly tedious. The music—said to be based on traditional Morris and country dances—is harmless but not sufficiently eloquent to hold your interest. Long before the thing really got under way, the audience was walking out by the dozen. I could not help reflecting that Gilbert and Sullivan are still by far Britain's greatest opera composers, except for Henry Purcell, who wrote his one opera almost by accident.

On the other hand, I was grateful to Thomas Scherman for affording the only opportunity any of us shall ever have of hearing these two works, both of which have the sort of celebrity that comes from being listed in dictionaries of music. And the productions of both, worked out by Edwin Levy, were ingenious. The movable orchestra pit of Philharmonic Hall was lowered, for the first time in my experience, and the stage was actually used as a stage. Everybody was costumed, there were screens at the sides delimiting the area of action, and though there were no backdrops or other conventional scenic apparatus, there were plenty of props—tables, chairs, a fireplace, and the like. "Riders to the Sea" was presented realistically, but "At the Boar's Head" was done in a sort of commedia-dell'arte manner, with exaggerated costumes that did not necessarily belong to Shakespeare's period. Guus Hoekman, an admirable comic bass who has sung here before but not nearly often enough, was the Falstaff, and he had a pile of pillows quite visibly tied to his belly by way of corpulence. William Lewis, as Prince Hal, looked like Flash

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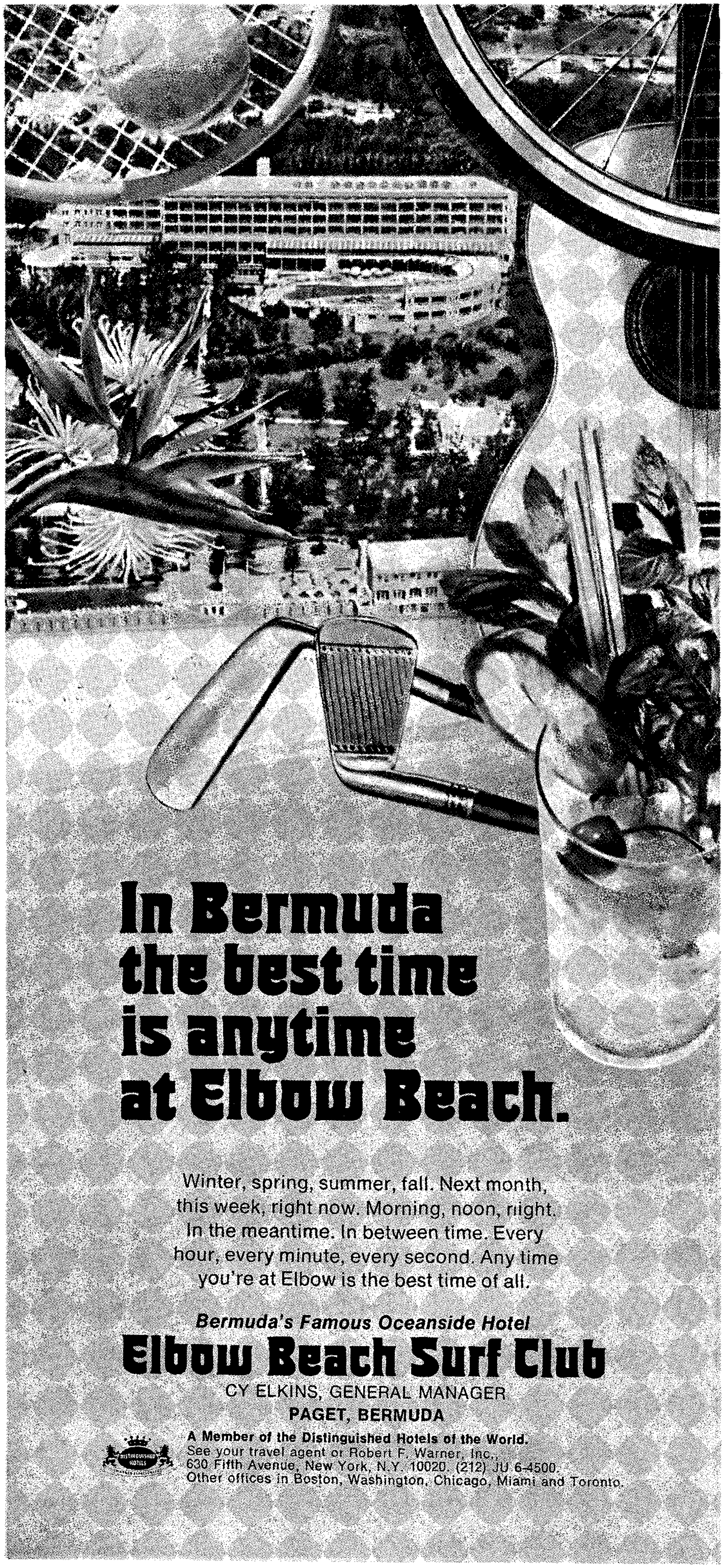
Gordon, and he sang the way one imagines Flash Gordon would sing. Jean Sanders appeared as both the mother (Maurya) of "Riders to the Sea" and Doll Tearsheet of "At the Boar's Head," singing very well indeed. Among the numerous other participants, Émile Renan, as Pistol, stood out for the intelligence of his portrayal.

WEDNESDAY and Thursday evenings I spent at the Metropolitan Opera House, where things seem to be getting back to normal again. Wednesday night's opera was "Der Rosenkavalier," with a cast that was familiar—Leonie Rysanek as the Marschallin, Walter Berry as Ochs, Christa Ludwig as Oktavian, Rudolf Knoll as von Faninal, Lucia Popp as Sophie, Nicolai Gedda as the Italian Singer, and so on. The big surprise of the evening was the singing of that extraordinarily variable artist Miss Rysanek, who, after a pretty poor Senta the week before, turned in a beautifully sung Princess von Werdenberg, full-bodied from start to finish, and everywhere in tune and pleasing. As for the others, their virtues and faults are well known. Miss Ludwig is the best of all contemporary Oktavians, Walter Berry a rather small-scale and not very aggressive Baron Ochs, Miss Popp a rather sophisticated and uninnocent Sophie. Karl Böhm was in the orchestra pit, and his authoritative hand was evident throughout the opera.

I went to Thursday night's "Die Zauberflöte" mainly to hear Edda Moser, who has been singing the role of the Queen of the Night for several weeks and whom I had not yet heard. She is one of those slightly cold, poised, and technically immaculate Central European coloratura sopranos who seem built for this role. Her voice, though not overwhelmingly large, is penetrating, and she tossed off her high Fs as if she were at home in much higher altitudes—that is to say, with no apparent effort at all. I noticed that the lower part of her voice tends to fade in power. Evidently her range centers on the notes above the staff, and, like certain fancy sports cars, she is most comfortable when the speed of vibration is high. Anyhow, it was a pleasure to hear the two big solos of the Queen set forth without the slightest hint of strain. The whole opera was excellently done, with Jerome Hines as Sarastro, George Shirley as Tamino, Walter Berry as the High Priest, Judith Raskin as Pamina, Theodor Uppman as Papageno, and Paul Franke as Monostatos. The conducting was in the hands of Stanislaw Skrowaczewski,



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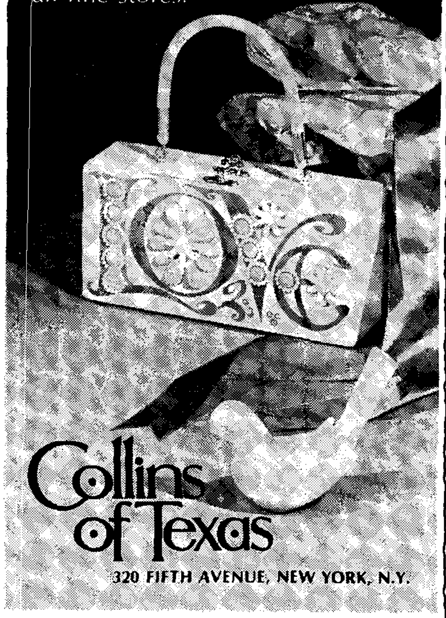

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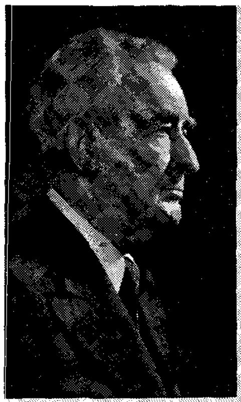

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who led a trim performance, and the Chagall settings, which I have always liked, still shone with their pristine colors.

HAS electronic music changed much since Leon Theremin and Lucie Bigelow Rosen used to wave their hands up and down beside a sort of bean pole, producing curious sounds that were sometimes in tune and always hollow and impersonal? Well, yes and no. Last Friday night, I went to Carnegie Hall to hear something called Gershon Kingsley's First Moog Quartet—"quartet" being rather an understatement, since there were at least a dozen performers on the stage besides Mr. Kingsley himself, who conducted. There were indeed four Moog players present, and they played a lot of fairly conventional entertainment music, assisted by four singers, an electric guitar, a lot of loud drumming, and a rather pale effort in the direction of a light show, provided by slides and movie film focussed on a screen above the orchestra, if that is what it should be called. As a demonstration of the possibilities of electronic sound, the evening was totally lacking in interest. The Moogs, like the original Theremin, are apt to get out of tune, and they are apparently stuck with the basic impurity of intonation characteristic of all keyboard instruments tuned in equal temperament. There was some rather arty rock, some Rossini, some Gabrieli, some Bach. Meanwhile, Mr. Kingsley, a short, tousle-haired figure, agonized in a manner that would have embarrassed Leonard Bernstein, and did this facing the audience, so that no grimace or soul-shattering look of orgiastic horror could be missed. Altogether, Mr. Kingsley's show is an elongated nightclub act, which may appeal to some, but it did not to me, and its connection with electronic music is purely incidental. The thing about it I most enjoyed—or, let me say, almost the only thing I enjoyed—was the playing of a remarkably gifted conga drummer named Danny Barrajanos.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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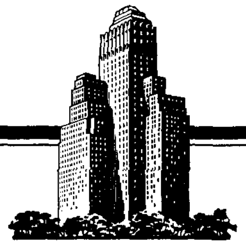

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Partch was born in Oakland, California, in 1901. Before his birth, his parents were Presbyterian missionaries in China; after his birth they became homesteaders in the Southwest, so Partch grew up in Arizona and New Mexico. His father and his older brother collected musical instruments. His father later became an agnostic, and his brother later became the father of Virgil Partch, the cartoonist. His mother played the harmonium—a talent she had presumably acquired at the mission. She taught Harry Partch to read music, but he was otherwise self-taught. When he grew up, he decided to become a composer, and in order to support himself he took on a series of jobs: schoolteacher, fruit picker, apprentice seaman, proofreader for the New Orleans *Picayune*. At times, he hoboed and went without support. He once hopped a freight from California to Chicago. In 1944, he took a small apartment in New York and gave a concert of his music in the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall. Shortly after that, he was written up, a bit facetiously, in these pages. A reporter from The Talk of the Town went to see him, and Partch told our man about his ride on the rods. "The indigent transient life has always appealed to me," the reporter quoted him as saying. "Besides, I wanted to get to Chicago, and I was economically unstable at the time."

Occasionally, Partch was the recipient of grants from foundations and universities, and during those times he worked on his music and on his book. The book finally came out in 1949. It was called "Genesis of a Music," and it was published by the University of Wisconsin Press. The University of Wisconsin was one of the universities that had helped him out. The book is well written, as are the books of many former proofreaders. Its prose is perhaps self-conscious and overelaborate, but that is a shortcoming often encountered in the prose of former proofreaders. Before Partch was twenty-five years old, he had composed a symphonic poem, a string quartet, and a piano concerto, but at about that age he grew dissatisfied with the music he was writing, and with the music that everyone else was writing, too. He tore up his symphonic poem and his string quartet and his piano concerto, and started to consider, in a practical,

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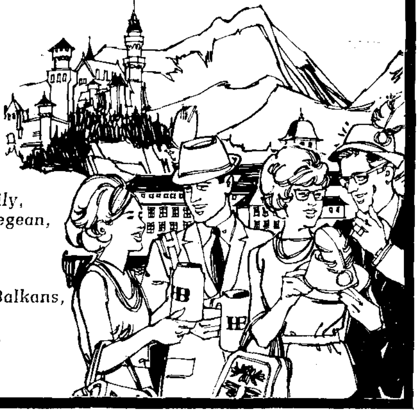

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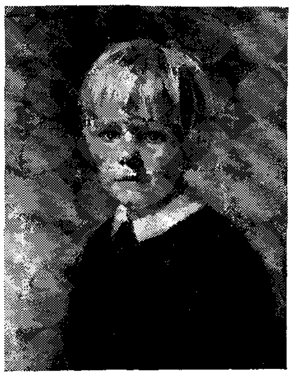

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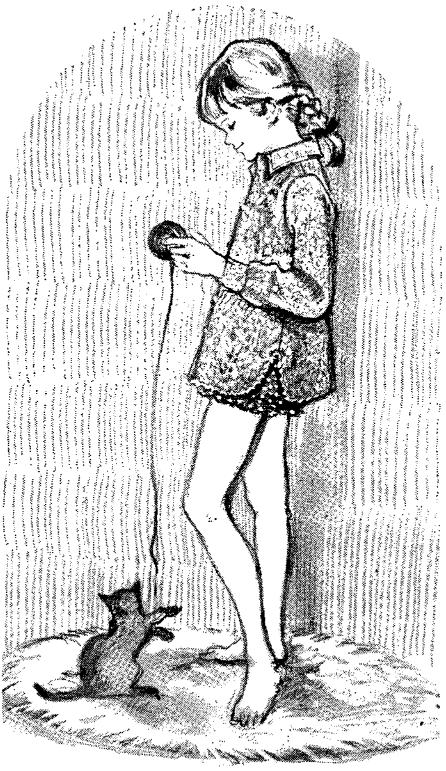
homesteader's way, how he could set about writing a different kind of music. He also started to read. He read books on the history of intonation, and he read books on Greek drama. "Genesis of a Music" is about the kind of music he decided to write, but it tells the story backward, as if the reading had stimulated the thinking, instead of the other way around. Partch's reading told him that Pythagoras had discovered a scale based on an octave divided into twelve tones. His reading also told him that other Greeks had invented a kind of drama that combined poetry, music, acting, singing, and dancing. He decided that the first was bad, and called it Abstract Art. The second he decided was good. He called it Corporeal Art. His reading should have told him that the Corporeal Art of Greek drama was based on the Abstract Art of the Pythagorean twelve-tone scale, but he did not let his reading tell him that, because that was not the way his practical, homesteader's thinking was going. When he started thinking, the first thing he noticed was that very few people were interested in the kind of music he had been writing as a young man, or in the kind of music that other serious composers of the time were writing. Why was that? He decided that it was because this music had nothing to do with life as he had lived it in the Southwest of America or with the kind of music that people who lived there liked to listen to. The people and their music were American; he knew that. Then his music must be European. *That* was what was wrong with it. In "Genesis of a Music," "Abstract" and "European" really mean the same thing. So do "Corporeal" and "American." "American" also means active and individual, free and creative. "European" also means passive and collective, shackled and paralyzed. Sometimes "American" is just an abbreviation for "Southwestern American." Here is a paragraph from "Genesis of a Music" in which there is more thinking than reading:

> The devitalized tricks of "serious" singing, if they belong anywhere, certainly do not belong here. Examples are: (1) the ubiquitous rolled *r*'s, an articulation common in European tongues but alien to America; (2) precise attacks and precise release (like the tones of an organ), as opposed to the gliding tones so characteristic of American speech, the portamento of "faulty attack" and "faulty release"; and (3) the affected stylization of "refined" English. Many of our folk and popular singers unconsciously tend to preserve word form and drama. Frequently their manner is simple. Frequently they "explode" consonants, and sustain such consonants as *l*, *m*, *n*, and *z*



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rather than the vowels preceding them. Frequently they personify a directness of word appeal, characteristic of this age and this land, and characterized by suggestions of actual times, actual localities, actual identities, and actual human situations—all of which is the very antithesis of the Abstract concept.

The Abstract concept: the twelve-tone octave. If it belonged anywhere, it did not belong here. Americans spoke with drama. They spoke Corporeally. That meant they spoke with music as well as with drama. But they did not speak in semitones. They spoke in fractions of semitones. The Pythagorean scale was not capable of reproducing Southwestern American speech with any degree of accuracy. It was necessary to invent a new scale. Partch invented a scale that consisted of forty-three tones, all within the standard octave. He called it Monophony. He says in "Genesis of a Music" that he was only doing what Pythagoras would have done if he had had the courage, but Partch is not really interested in Greeks. He is interested in Americans. It is not surprising that Partch did not do away with the octave. He was a practical homesteader, so he subdivided it just enough to reproduce American speech. Reading might have told him that a scale with forty-three tones is just as arbitrary and abstract as one with twelve tones, so Partch stopped reading. It was time to start writing music.

Before Partch could write any music, it was necessary to do some more inventing. He had to invent and build musical instruments that could play music written in Monophony. He built or adapted more than twenty different string and percussion instruments. "I am not an instrument builder," he said, "but a philosophic music man seduced into carpentry." His only wind instruments are the Blo-Boy, which reproduces the four tones of a 1912 automobile horn, and two harmoniums tuned to play forty-three-note scales. He named the harmoniums Chromelodeons I & II. He was asked once why he had never built any other wind instruments. "I do not have time," he answered. "I would need another lifetime." All his instruments are very beautiful to look at. (There is a handsome series of color pictures of thirteen of the instruments on the back cover of "The World of Harry Partch.") All his instruments are very practical. One of his percussion instruments is called Cloud-Chamber Bowls. It is made from a dozen tops and bottoms of twelve-gallon Pyrex carboys. The tops and bottoms are suspended on a rack and played with soft mallets. Another percussion instrument is the

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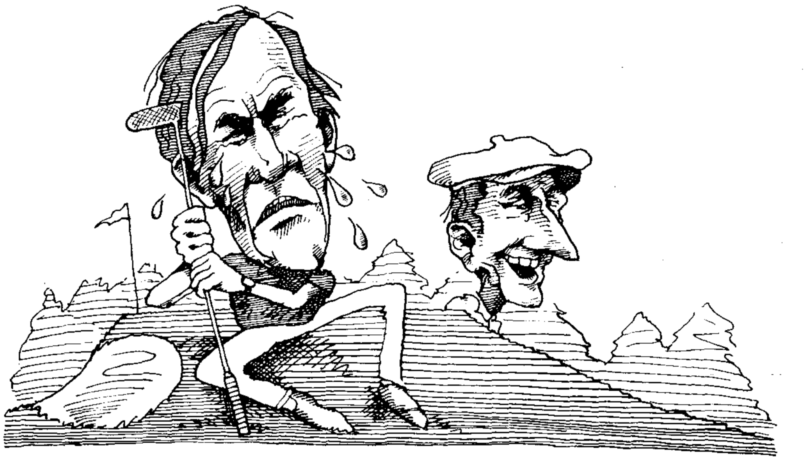
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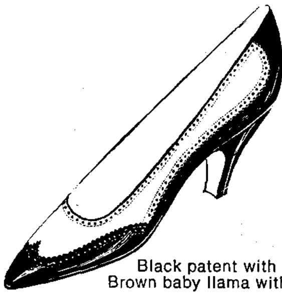

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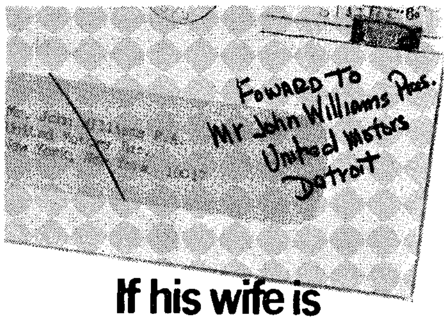
Spoils of War, which Partch once described as "an assemblage of percussive elements; seven brass artillery casings, two cloud-chamber bowls, one deep marimba tone, one wood block, and a whang gun (spring steel controlled by a pedal); played with mallets." He has also built an Adapted Viola, Kitharas I & II (lyrelike instruments, each one eight feet high, each one with seventy-two strings), the Zymo-Xyl (liquor bottles, hubcaps, and oar bars), and various marimbas. One of the marimbas, the Mazda Marimba, is made out of light bulbs. It has been estimated that it takes Partch about six months to train a group of musicians to play his instruments and read his notation.

In the years during which Partch has built his twenty or so instruments, he has found time to write nineteen pieces of Monophonic music. Partch's music can be separated into two periods, the first influenced by his thinking, the second by his reading. One of the compositions in "The World of Harry Partch" is from his early period. It is called "Barstow—Eight Hitchhiker Inscriptions from a California Highway Railing at Barstow, California," and it was written in 1941. Partch also calls it, informally, his Hobo Concerto. It is scored for several voices and for Surrogate Kithara, Chromelodeon I, Diamond Marimba, and Boo (Bamboo Marimba). The voices intone eight inscriptions left by hoboes and hitchhikers on a highway railing outside the town of Barstow, California—inscriptions that Partch found and copied verbatim. All the inscriptions are American and dramatic and musical. One of them goes, "It's January 26th. I'm freezing. Ed Fitzgerald, Age 19, 5 feet, 10 inches. Black hair, brown eyes. Going home to Boston, Massachusetts. It's 4:00 and I'm hungry and broke. I wish I was dead. But today I am a man." The other inscriptions are a proposal of marriage, a reply to the proposal of marriage, comments on life and religion, and the address of an easy handout. Some compositions from Partch's early period that are not on "The World of Harry Partch" are also based on intoned American speech. They have titles like "U.S. Highball—A Musical Account of Slim's Transcontinental Hobo Trip" and "San Francisco—A Setting of the Cries of Two Newsboys."

In his second period, Partch began to write music that could be used as part of a more elaborate, Corporeal performance, involving music, dance, and drama. There are two works from this period on "The World of Harry



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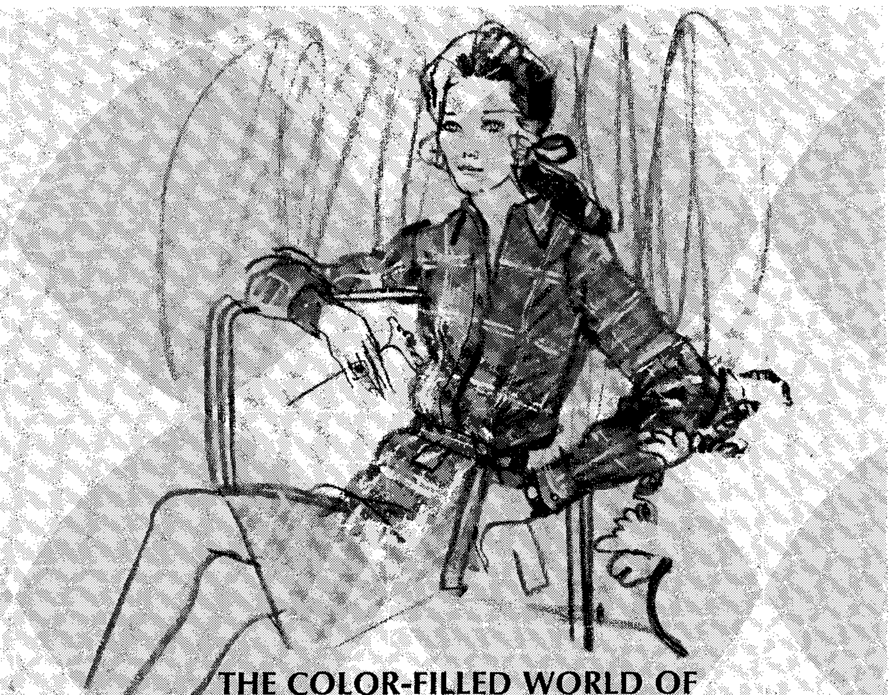
Partch." One of them, which he now calls "Daphne of the Dunes," was originally written as the soundtrack of a movie made in the late nineteen-fifties by a lady named Madeline Tourtelot. The movie was called "Windsong," and it was about Apollo and Daphne. The other piece from this period on the record is called "Castor & Pollux," and it was written during the years 1949-52 as "a dance-theatre work." It begins with Leda's encounter with the swan, and ends with the birth of Castor and Pollux. These pieces are necessarily less interesting to listen to on a record, because the "dance-theatre" elements are supposed to be seen while they are being heard. The recordings should be, I suppose, thought of as Abstracts of the two pieces of music.

What does Partch's music sound like? Tuneful, rhythmic, rather gentle, and surprisingly old-fashioned. There are a number of reasons for this. Partch never did abandon the octave, as has been noted. Moreover, his forty-three-note Monophonic scale contains very close approximations of all seven notes of the conventional well-tempered harmonic minor scale. This gives a familiar and rather mournful touch to much of his music. And the three works on "The World of Harry Partch" are rarely scored for more than four instruments at any one time, and never for more than seven. This means that all his music is really chamber music, and that it is all confined within the rather small dimensions of chamber music. Finally, most of the instruments at least remind one of instruments one has often heard in the past. The Adapted Viola sounds, of course, like a viola. The Chromelodeons I & II sound very much like ordinary harmoniums. Every harmonium I have ever heard has been at least slightly out of tune, and what Partch has in fact done, I think, is reconstruct the harmonium he used to hear his mother playing back in Arizona and New Mexico. The Cloud-Chamber Bowls sounds like distant church bells, and the Spoils of War sounds like the fancier kind of pinball machine. This is not to say that Partch's music is not capable of a profound range of expression—only that it is capable of the same range of expression as the music he so intensely dislikes. But that is one of the things that make Partch so very American a composer: he has produced something fine and individual and homespun, and not at all unlike what it was supposed to replace for all time.

—ANTHONY HISS



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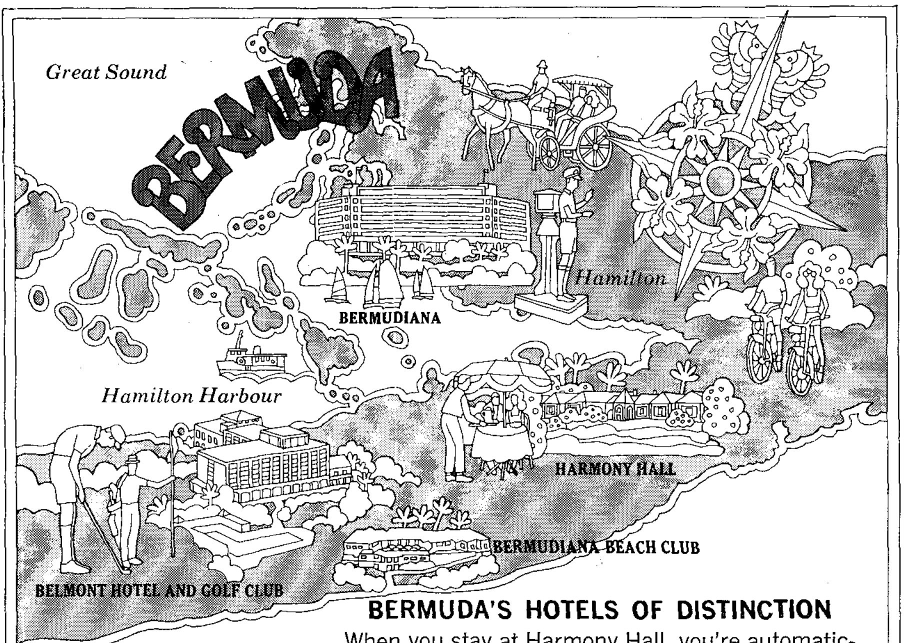

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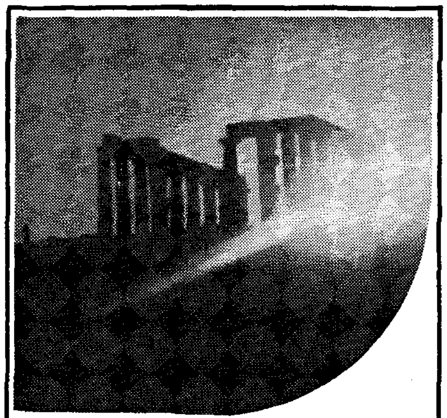

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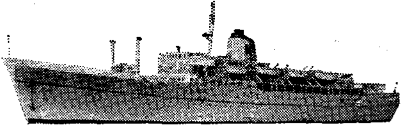

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Horses on the Grass

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Earlier in the week, Stephen Calder's Office Queen, winner of the Jasmine Stakes, rolled home by eight lengths in the Mimosa, for three-year-old fillies. At the sale of Florida-bred two-year-olds that evening, Charles Engelhard bought Office Queen's little brother, Fireside Chat, for eighty thousand dollars. (Mr. Calder paid eighty-five hundred for Office Queen a year ago.) Mr. Engelhard also gave a hundred and twenty thousand for a filly by Raise a Native. Both are booked for racing in England.

I DOUBT whether Bernie Bond, one of Maryland's two popular Bond Boys, has a wonder three-year-old in the J.I.B. Farm's Rollicking, who was beaten in the Francis Scott Key Stakes at Bowie last Saturday. Though he was giving Imokalee eleven pounds, on past performances he should have been well able to do it. Instead, Imokalee sailed off in front and stayed there. Mistybrava was third. Imokalee, who was bred by and raced for Peter Fuller, had been sold the day before to A. H. and A. M. Stall, New Orleans horsemen, who, of course, picked up the purse of $14,722.

ONCE more we have with us that old incubus off-course betting. Mayor Lindsay, Comptroller Beame, and City Council President Garelik whipped it up at a news conference last week, announcing that a measure to legalize it would shortly be introduced in the legislature. This would provide for a hundred betting shops around town, which would produce at least two hundred million dollars annually for the city and the state—the city to get eighty per cent, and the state what's left. The gentry in Albany have already taken a dim view of the proposal. I, too, am opposed to off-course betting, though not for the same reason. It has done no good in England. Here, it would turn racing into a craps game. Moreover, it wouldn't produce the revenue the politicos expect. Look at what's happened to the state lottery, which was going to be a Golconda for "education." For one thing, only bets on races run in New York could be accepted, and I'm sure that Mr. Beame, who is no stranger to Aqueduct and Belmont, knows that most of the business with the book-on-the-block is on horses running in New Jersey, New England, and Maryland. I'll lay two points better than the market that we won't have off-course betting.

AS expected, New York's season will open at Aqueduct on March 10th. It won't be long now.

—AUDAX MINOR

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Lester's father, Ray, used to work in the coal mines, but since the mines "played out" he's been unemployed. As Tressie admits, "It's awful hard going. We never could get us a good start before." They still wouldn't have a "start" if it weren't for the Cossum family.

Ed and Martha Cossum live in a suburban community of contemporary homes. Looking out back you can see one of those large, above-ground plastic swimming pools. And you can see the beginnings of a redwood deck around the pool, which Ed and his two children, Bill and Carol, are building themselves.

Ed is a systems analyst. He spends most of his day thinking about third generation computers. Fortunately, Ed and Martha also think about this generation of children living in Appalachia.

Through Save The Children Federation, the Cossums are helping Lester and his family. They contribute $15 a month. Though it's not a lot of money, the Cossums could probably have done a lot of other things with it.

The Cossums' contribution will be made available to the Davises not as a gift, or charity, but as a loan. An interest-free loan which Lester's father can borrow to begin a self-help project.

Mr. Davis already has a project in mind. He plans to use the Cossums' money to buy and feed two cows, then sell the calves as they come along. As Mr. Davis says, "A man likes to find ways to take care of his own family."

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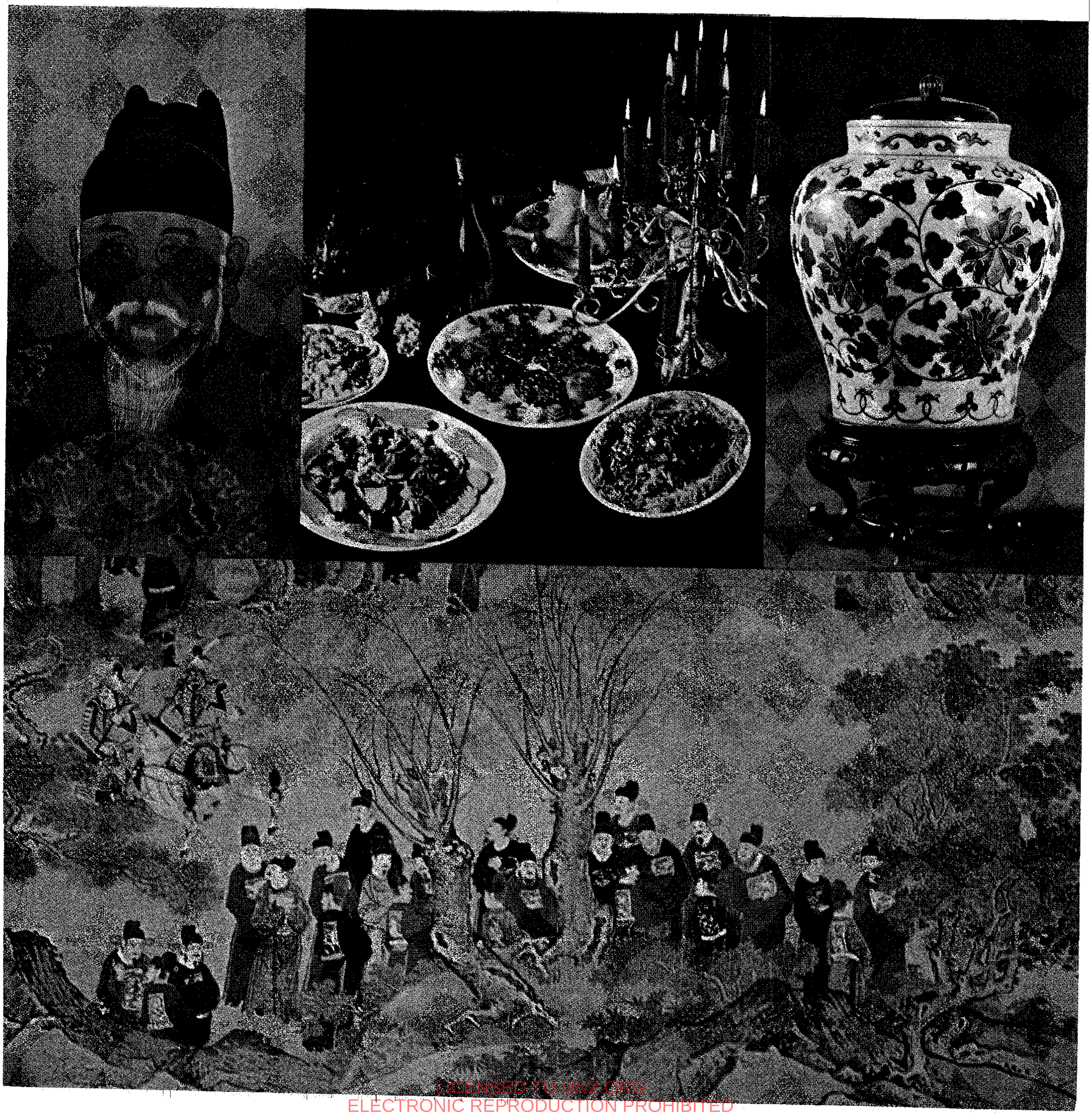

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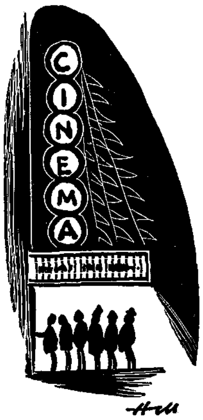
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Duds

THE new Luis Buñuel film, "The Milky Way," is genial, and its tone of cool irony is charming and very distinctive, but an awful lot of Buñuel's little jokes are so clerical and enigmatic that although I could see where a joke was intended, I didn't hear myself laughing. After a while, watching it became a trifle wearisome—like listening to an amiable academician whose recondite anecdotes depend on a familiarity with ancient languages. Buñuel's story—a guided tour of heresies—concerns two pilgrim-tramps and their encounters with the Devil, the Virgin Mary, people who are arguing about Catholic doctrine, and assorted religious zealots. There are polished, witty scenes (such as a class of young girls reciting anathemas), but there are also many scenes that leave one blank—not, I think, because the dogmas being parodied are so difficult to penetrate but because Buñuel's sense of humor is. The absence here of a controlling dramatic logic is often tonic, but Buñuel's comic timing is so casual and eccentric that sometimes, as in a sequence involving two bedrooms at an inn, one seems to be expected to chortle over private, antiquarian jokes that never come off. And sometimes, as in an episode in which Jesus is about to shave until his mother persuades him to keep his beard, one seems to be watching a Catholic college revue, full of dud barbs and daring seminary humor. The film looks beautiful (the cinematography is by Christian Matras), and it moves along in a masterly way that is specifically, characteristically Buñuelian; it's all very simple—just one episode after another, with past and present joined without effort or fuss, and with occasional (and very odd) animal sounds on the track. It's interesting to see that Buñuel, at seventy, has abandoned surreal violence for this relaxed parody of religious doctrines and excesses. "The Milky Way" is more impudent than blasphemous. It's a rather mild movie—almost innocuous.



"THE MOLLY MAGUIRES" is a failure, nailed on its own aspirations to the tragic and the epic, yet it's an impressive failure. It's unusual for an American movie to be carried more by an elegiac feeling and by its visual qualities than by the story idea, and it would be wasteful to neglect the qualities that "The Molly Maguires" has because of those it lacks. It's not a movie one can work up much enthusiasm for, but it's not a negligible movie. One rarely sees a new movie that doesn't just try everything, that has a design and works within it. The cinematography, by James Wong Howe, which stresses abstract and geometric values, is integral to the stylized plan, and the basic compositional strength and the handsome use of space give the movie an imposing solidity. "The Molly Maguires," which was directed by Martin Ritt, is too sombre and portentous for the rather dubious story it carries, but it feels like a reminder of a bitter, tragic past, and when you come away you know you've seen something.

The picture is set among the Irish immigrant coal miners in Pennsylvania in the eighteen-seventies. The Molly Maguires, a secret terrorist organization within the larger body of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, commit repeated acts of sabotage—dynamiting the trains carrying the coal they have just mined, and so on. It is never explained how they think these acts will get them the living wage they need. The picture is so beautifully made that its intellectual short circuit is puzzling: the violent Molly Maguires are treated as heroes because they have the courage to defy the mineowners and destroy things. One waits in vain for something resembling a plan of action or a rationale; instead, one sees them martyred after their secret organization has been infiltrated by a company spy. Since there is no strategy suggested behind their violence, one concludes that the movie is concerned not so much with its apparent subject as with presenting an analogy (a deeply sympathetic one) with contemporary black violence, and it all seems like a screenwriter's fancy. Maybe "The Molly Maguires" is more lifeless and more lugubrious than evocations of the past generally are because it's so basically artificial; it's a dirge, and not a dirge for people who actually suffered and died so much as a dirge trumped up for current relevance. And so it just doesn't connect with enough and doesn't add up right; we don't quite believe any of it, and we come out wondering what the people who made it thought they were doing.

But the movie not only has a look, it's acted with great intensity, and it focusses on a figure who is generally given only marginal treatment in this kind of material—the company spy. Richard Harris, whose devious, hangdog expression makes him a natural for the role, is wily and complex as a smart but weak man. Harris has a volatile edginess that draws us into the spy's divided spirit and contributes most of the suspense in the film. Sean Connery, who has admirable screen presence—grace as well as strength—gives a sure and intelligent contrasting performance as the leader of the Molly Maguires, even though it's an almost unwritten role and we never discover what's in his head or how he thinks his explosions will feed his family; and Samantha Eggar is surprisingly forceful as the girl who becomes the fiancée of the stool pigeon.

It was easy to see why the Swedish film "Adalen 31," also a re-creation of labor strife in an earlier era, had a romantic feel to it; it's more difficult to grasp why "The Molly Maguires" seems romantic. I think maybe it's because Ritt takes his time in building the atmosphere and introducing the people, and lets an image stay on the screen until we take it in. There are bad scenes (like the overloaded one of Frank Finlay, the sadistic cop, talking to Harris, and the Judas routine at the end), but the movie has unusual dignity, and there's a fullness to it. It's good to see a movie now and then that allows time for scenes to be prepared—that doesn't just rush from one scene to the next. Ritt assumes (rightly, in this case) that a scene is worth lingering over, and this in itself makes the movie feel romantic. One person connected with it who certainly didn't behave romantically was the composer, Henry Mancini. When a movie costs over eleven million dollars, a composer who skimps must value his creativity very highly indeed; the music is so repetitive that it recalls those poor few themes that Max Steiner used to bring back over and over again. By the second hour of "The Molly Maguires," Mancini's themes are an assault.

THE publicity calls "The Kremlin Letter" "John Huston's cinematic exercise in amorality," which is an allusion to the fact that the methods of the American spies in it are as disgusting as those of the Russian spies, but the amorality that the film traffics in is the disease of commercialism—making a movie for no reason except to make a movie, making it without involvement in the subject or in the craft of moviemaking. Like the big Warner and M-G-M films of the late forties that seemed to have rotted in their tins before they were shipped, "The Kremlin Letter" reeks of money and lethargy. Though it's full of marquee names (Max von Sydow, Richard Boone, Patrick O'Neal, Orson Welles, George Sanders, Barbara Parkins, Bibi Andersson, and on and on), there don't seem to be any people in it. The actors can't find suitable expressions to go with lines like "Then in 1954 he was reported dead in Istanbul," so they mostly remain deadpan. With a couple of exceptions (Bibi Andersson and Nigel Green), the large cast is badly used or simply wasted. Patrick O'Neal has given amusing performances in the past (particularly as a psychiatrist in "A Fine Madness"), but as the central character here he has a deadpan so totally dead and a voice so unmodulated and ill-recorded that he seems to be walking through a rehearsal while suffering from the blahs. Richard Boone, as the other major character, chews up the screen in a meaninglessly self-serving way. The trouble with a "magnetic" actor like Boone is that when he's bad you can't take your eyes off him—he's magnetically bad. He scowls his malign smile and holds the audience, but his magnetism is like that of the domineering drunks who make scenes in bars. And Huston directs in the same way Boone acts—obviously and insensitively, as if all the gross, leering touches were signs of mastery.

"The Kremlin Letter" carries a foul load of script, full of exposition, and a complicated plot that loses one at the outset. The picture is visually undistinguished, and the sound is badly recorded. About midway, the picture begins to have an unpleasant kind of tension that is, I suppose, "gripping," but it isn't much fun to be clobbered and brutalized just so you won't be bored. I don't know who needs to receive the message that *we're* no better than *they* are, but if moviemakers are determined to tell us something via the thriller form, hadn't they better show enough dexterity to make us care about the corrupters and their victims? "The Kremlin Letter" has a trick, unresolved ending that is miscalculated, because we don't give a damn. The publicity says, "Be on time. . . . For, if you miss the first five minutes, you miss one suicide, two executions, one seduction,

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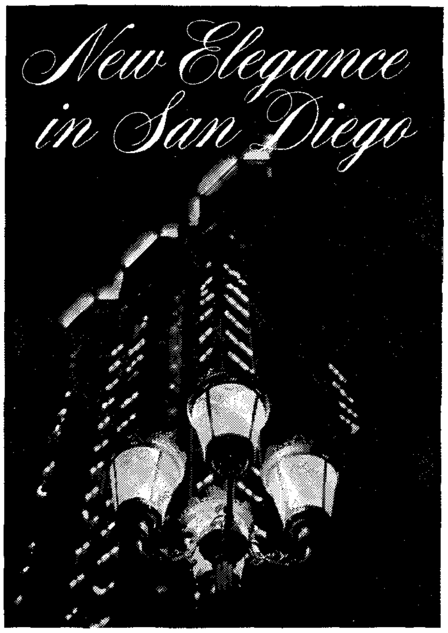

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and the key to the plot." If you don't go at all, you can miss that and a lot more.

"THE HONEYMOON KILLERS" is terrible in such a primitive way that it has a strange sort of austerity and integrity (qualities notably lacking in "The Kremlin Letter"). Based on the lives of the multiple murderers Martha Beck and Raymond Fernandez, who met their victims through Lonely Hearts clubs, and who were put to death at Sing Sing in 1951, the movie is so literal-minded that it resembles a *True Detective* account of the case—so faithful to its tawdry crime-exploitation genre that it seems almost like a documentary. It is dedicated realism governed by a vision of life drawn from pulps. It's as if someone re-created the Grade Z movies of the forties and did it in absolute seriousness. Is "The Honeymoon Killers" uncompromising in its unromantic approach or is it so limited in its artistic means that it accidentally becomes something resembling "minimal art"? I think maybe a little of both. The movie goes through the chronicle of the Beck-Fernandez crimes with pedestrian relentlessness; it's paced as if the actors were walking in lockstep. Probably the writer-director, Leonard Kastle, whose first film this is, confuses the forties low-budget realism that he imitates with "honesty" but isn't certain enough about what he's doing to stick to it. He puts excerpts from Gustav Mahler on the sound track and at one point tries to be expressively artful with some fast cuts.

The beginning of the movie is a shambles, with holes in the continuity, and Shirley Stoler, who plays the two-hundred-pound Martha Beck, is much too shrill, reminding one of the gorgons in "Caged," of twenty years ago. The picture never explains what Ray sees in fat Martha, but Miss Stoler quiets down and improves as the movie plods on, and after the almost incredible lack of depth of the first half hour the movie begins to acquire a sort of fascination *because* of the total superficiality. Watching it is like looking at the work of a Sunday painter and wondering if he knows how two-dimensional it is. In this case, I suspect not, but a movie made without the conventional skills can, by its very limitations, become a real one-of-a-kind thing, like a castle built of toothpicks or clothespins. Since a movie has duration, we see each stick being put in place. We know exactly what's coming in every scene in this movie—when to

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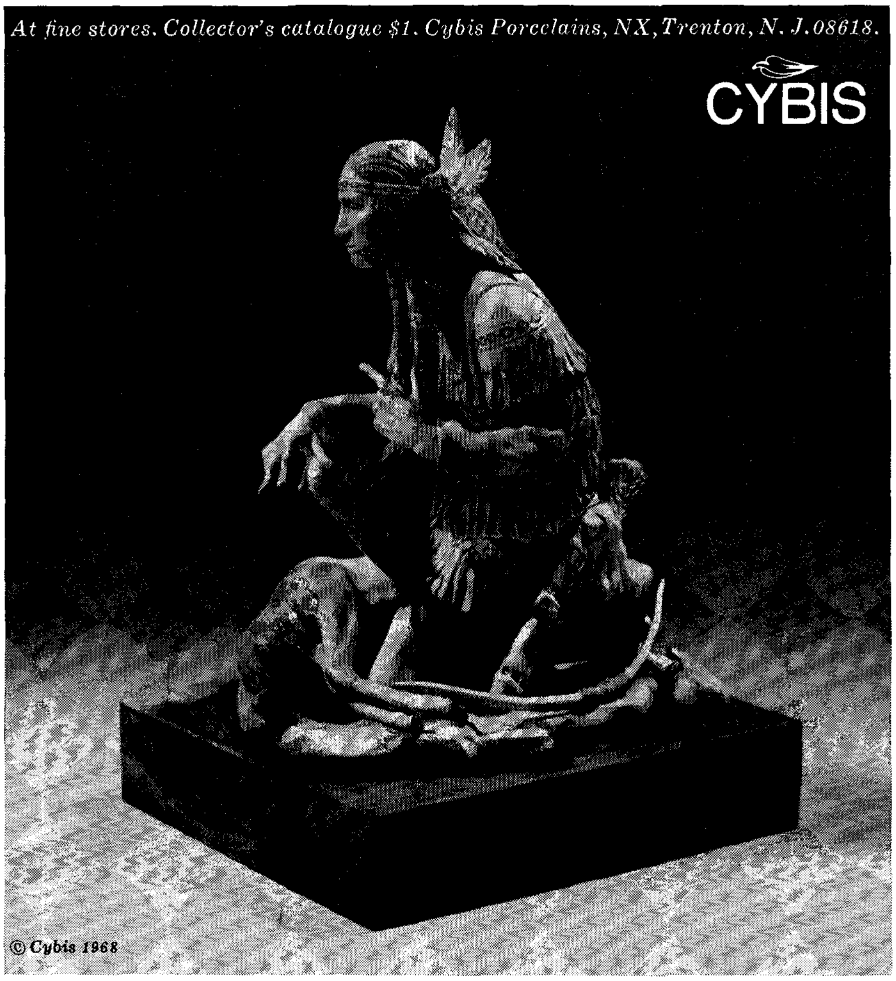

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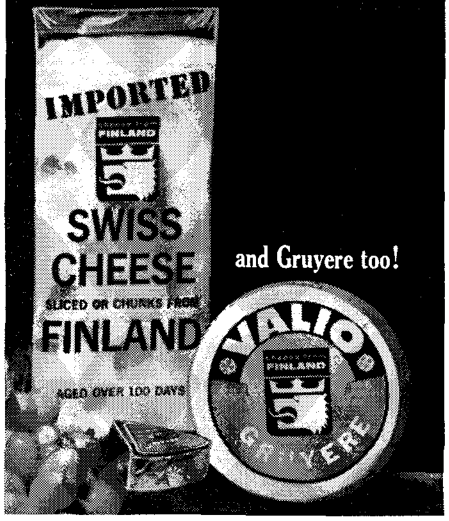

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expect an old lady to get suspicious, when to expect a child to scream. It's so banal it isn't even lurid; the black-and-white images are as neat as the nice old ladies' living rooms. The picture is so brightly lighted and so exactly planned and worked out that every ugly detail is in place—the hammer blow on the head, the trickle of blood, the ludicrous tongues sticking out of dead faces. As the sleazy charmer Ray Fernandez, Tony LoBianco, who looks a bit like Charles Aznavour, is almost alarmingly authentic to the pulpy genre, and the woman victims are a fine group of actresses, each of whom could have been convincing if the director hadn't let them set their own rhythms. Since they try to milk their opportunities, they frequently pace themselves as if they were on daytime TV, and to the banality of their characters is added the banality that undirected, uninterrupted performances usually have on the screen. But these actresses do good things—particularly Marilyn Chris, Barbara Cason, and Mary Jane Higby (who would make a great Mamie Eisenhower). It's such a terrible movie (with only one line clever enough to break the monotony: when Martha suggests going back to nursing and Ray says he won't live off a woman) that I can't recommend it to anybody. I would not have sat through it for my own pleasure. Yet it can't quite be overlooked, either; it's simple-minded in such a nagging, insistent way that this anachronism—a primitive version of old Republic pictures—is a true curiosity. People hostile or unresponsive to the subtleties and the difficulty of many modern movies may even *enjoy* it. —PAULINE KAEL

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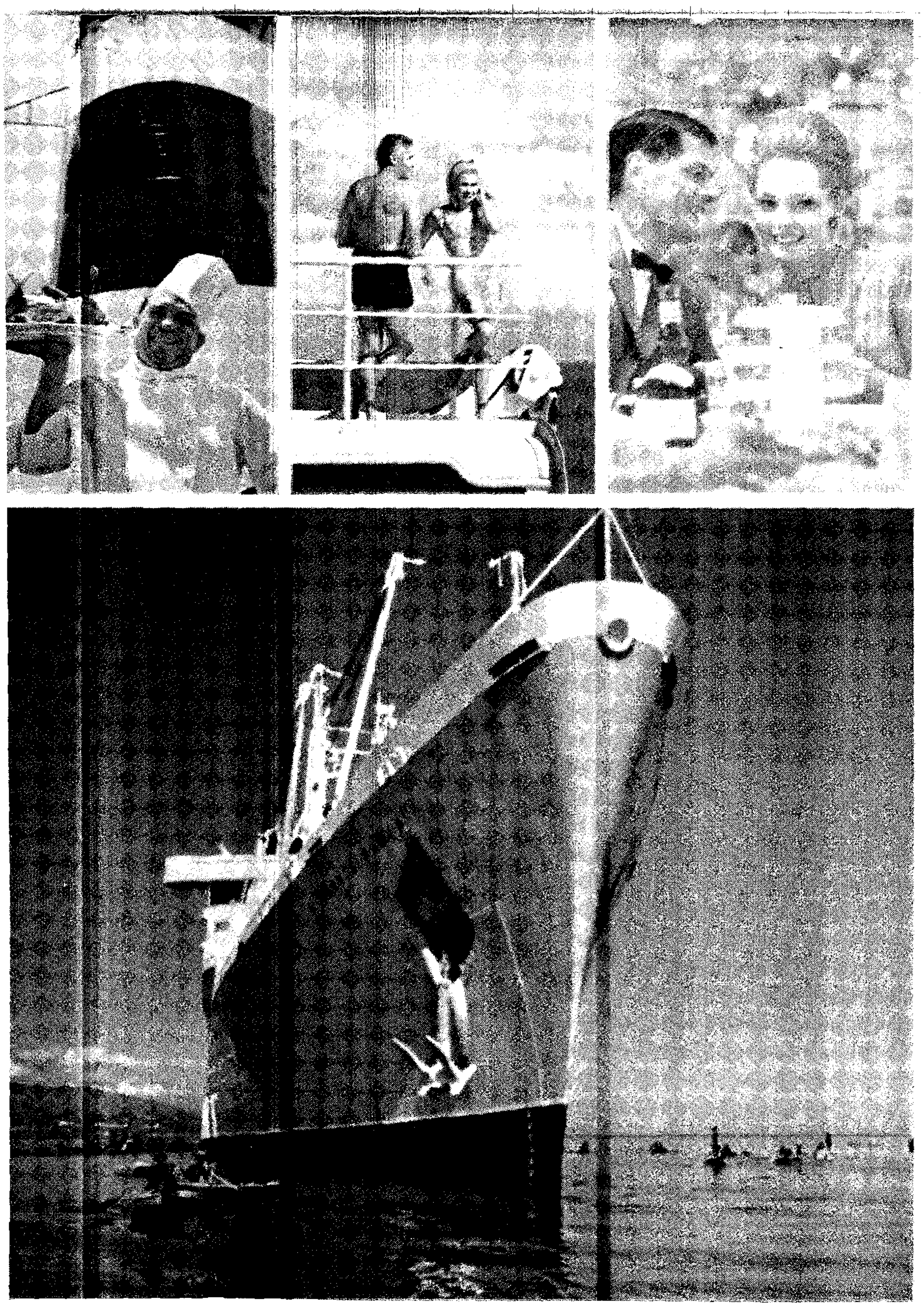

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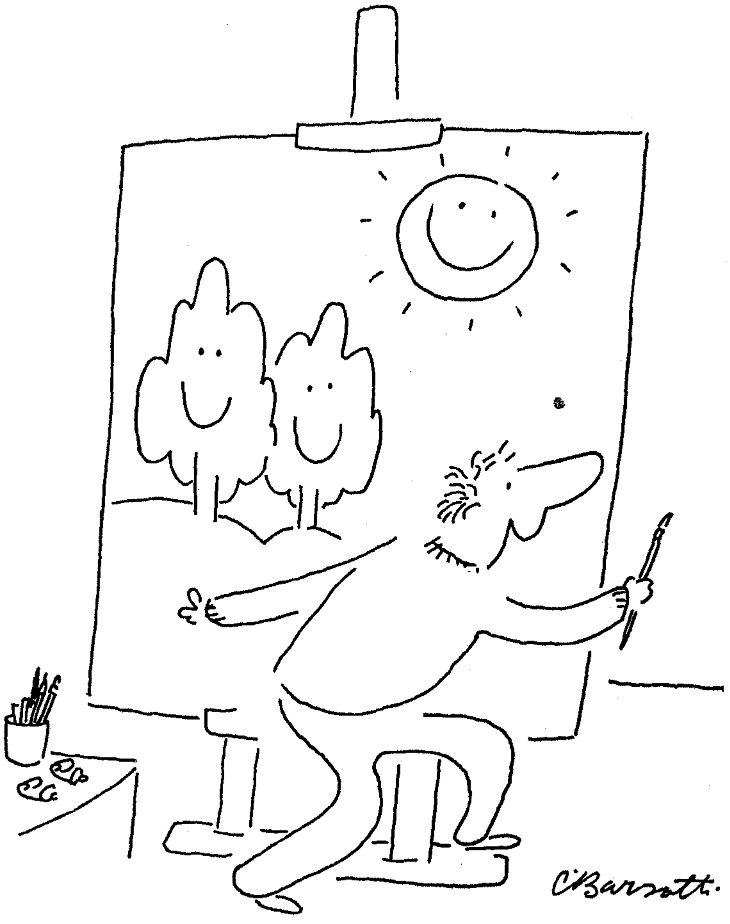
The time and place could thus be now, in the United States; they are, though, a hundred years ago in Poland. Isaac Bashevis Singer's two related novels, "The Manor" and "The Estate" (now published as a set, at twelve dollars and seventy-five cents, by Farrar, Straus & Giroux), deal at length with the upheavals that beset Polish life and the Polish people, both Jews and Gentiles, in the years between the abortive uprising against the Russians in 1863 and the end of the century. As Mr. Singer points out in an author's note, "All the spiritual and intellectual ideas that triumphed in the modern era had their roots in the world of that time—socialism and nationalism, Zionism and assimilationism, nihilism and anarchism, suffragetism, atheism, the weakening of the family bond, free love, and even the beginnings of Fascism." It is clearly part of his self-assigned task in writing these books to establish and explore these origins and parallels, to connect the present and the past in fiction. But only a part. For Mr. Singer also sets out to give us in these two novels a full conspectus of Polish daily life, down to the last details of dress, speech, manners, and food. This he does brilliantly; despite the limitations of a pedestrian translation, there is a sense of vivid actuality, achieved by means of meticulous knowledge and observation, throughout these books. A Warsaw tenement, a ducal ball, a rabbi's court during the high holidays, a winter landscape all come equally to life.

These books are not simply a gallery of large-scale period landscapes and interiors; Mr. Singer uses his settings mainly as explications of the lives and purposes of a very large cast of characters, who progress through these scenes on their way to various accommodations with the demands of their times. Half a dozen of these characters are the pivots on which the action turns: Calman Jacoby, the pious country Jew who amasses a fortune through good business sense and the expansion of the Polish economy but who remarries unwisely after his first wife dies; Clara, his second wife, a willful charmer and termagant who makes his life wretched before she leaves him to follow a younger lover; Count Lucian Jampolski, the half-mad and wholly irresponsible son of the lord of the manor of Jampol, who elopes with one of Jacoby's daughters and pursues a fatal career as imagined romantic rebel and actual thief and murderer; Reb Jochanan, the sickly husband of another of Jacoby's daughters, who becomes a Chassidic saint in his own lifetime; and Ezriel Babad, the husband of still another daughter, who breaks with Chassidism and, indeed, with Judaism to become a Warsaw doctor and a pioneer in the study of psychic disorders. These major characters are vigorous and organic; they grow and change throughout the story, which grows and changes with them; without being allegorical or emblematic, they come to stand for the whole range of reactions to the plight of their country and its people. Below the level of these characters, there is a sizable supporting cast of wives, suitors, lovers, sisters, sons, and brothers, who are rendered in the round and at almost equal length. Below *them* is a small army of minor but memorable characters, each sharply delineated—and not in terms of a single "humor" or trait—during his short turn upon the stage. All these big and little characters are orchestrated by Mr. Singer into what sometimes seems the entire population of Poland in the nineteenth century; for all the dominance of dialogue, for all the domesticity of event—there are no great battles, no sweeping national triumphs or disasters—these books build up a huge and panoramic mosaic of a place and period.

My only quarrel with the story itself—and it may be a purely subjective one—lies with the apparent arbitrariness of the events in the last half of "The Estate": a series of deaths that rivals the last act of an Elizabethan play. These deaths—all except Calman Jacoby's—seem unnecessary, especially since they are all rather premature. At that, the death of Jacoby, the patriarch and pivotal figure of the book, is scanted; there is only one brief reference to its effect on his numerous family. And the book ends with a series of incidents, not really prefigured, that seem to overstate the sudden rise of anti-Semitism and a perhaps con-



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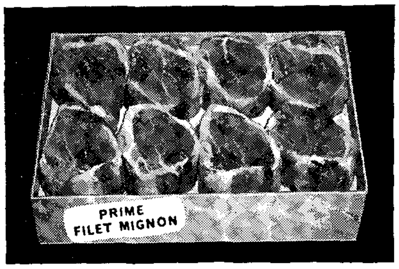

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A Silent Woman-how can that be? Patient traveller, do not scoff; Drawn from the very life is she. And mute, because her head is off!

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sequent withdrawal of enlightened Jews in the Poland of 1900 into their faith. These episodes, and the deaths of so many principals, make the final chapters forced and anticlimactic, even though the scenes themselves—especially the final one, in which the Rabbi Jochanan, still seeking his mandate from God as a holy man, sees a vision and dies satisfied—are telling. This apparent rush to wind up the lives of certain characters and to include a couple of ideological strains not very visible in the earlier pages may be the result of the pressures of serialization. Both books, when they originally appeared, in the mid-fifties, ran serially, in Yiddish, in the *Jewish Daily Forward*, and it may be that Mr. Singer had to complete his work against a word limit or a time limit.

A second clue to my uneasiness lies in the translation. While it may be sufficiently apt and faithful to carry the action along for the first three-quarters of the work, it is subjected to an increasing and eventually unbearable strain as events move to a climax. Let me cite some examples. First, it is copy-bookish, sometimes maddeningly:

> Olga went into the kitchen and returned with a wet sponge and towel. Natasha smiled wisely like an older sister as the boys' hands were being washed. Kolia stuck his tongue out at her, and Misha began to laugh. Ezriel poured tea for Zadok and himself. The children added granulated sugar, but Ezriel and Zadok bit into pieces of lump sugar. The cook came in and out of the room as she served cookies and cake. She wore a white apron and a cap over her blond hair.

> The cab came to a stop. Fire wagons had appeared. The men did not wear brass helmets as in Warsaw. Here they wore black hats. They reminded Clara of executioners.

Second, it is unidiomatic, or just careless and clumsy:

> Shaindel, attempting to speak elegant Polish, was constantly making mistakes.

> In Clara's eyes the old flame again became ignited.... It all happened within several seconds.

Third, it makes occasional but ominous errors:

> In nature there is no such specie as Jew.

> However much the people of Jampol slandered him, they literally pelted Clara with slime from head to toe.

I hasten to add that she was only figuratively pelted.

This translation reduces people and actions of the utmost complexity to a kind of simplistic literalness. Yet every attempt was made to insure success: in "The Manor," Mr. Singer credits two translators and three editors; in "The Estate," he credits *three* translators and two editors. Perhaps it should have been a one-man job. Part of the trouble is Yiddish. Yiddish is a near-fossil language, suspended, like the coelacanth, between life and death; robbed of nearly half its speakers by the Nazis, it now faces the loss of many of the rest, dispersed in dozens of countries and approaching their old age. Nor will their children, already assimilated, take it up. Yiddish, as I understand it, is highly local and dialectal, despite its currency in many parts of Europe—a language, unlike many written languages, that is largely a vernacular; therefore, it is likely that only a translator intimately familiar with the Yiddish vernacular of Mr. Singer's Poland when he grew up there could manage his style and his expressive power.

There is no traditional answer to this problem; it is almost too new to be answerable. If there is an answer, it lies, I imagine, in the increasing familiarity of the author, now an English-speaking American, with *our* vernacular. The more he can participate in his translations, the more he can hope to achieve an equivalency between Polish Yiddish and American English. In some of his latest stories in American periodicals—stories in which he shares in the translation credits—the tone and style are at once more casual, more intense, more urgent, more subtle. On the evidence of "The Manor" and "The Estate," dimmed as they are in translation, Mr. Singer is a writer of the first importance. He may also, ironically, be the only one who can carry his own gift of style, the mechanics of his vision, across the bridge from Poland to America.

—L. E. SISSMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

DESPERATE CHARACTERS, by Paula Fox (Harcourt, Brace & World). This short, brilliant novel of New York City life centers on Otto Bentwood, a successful lawyer of forty, and his pretty, aware, well-dressed wife, Sophie, also forty. The Bentwoods, who are childless, live in their charmingly remodelled Brooklyn brownstone, but although they have achieved their version of the good life, and even though they like each other very much, their lives are dull with an unhappiness that is aggravated by the hatred that drives

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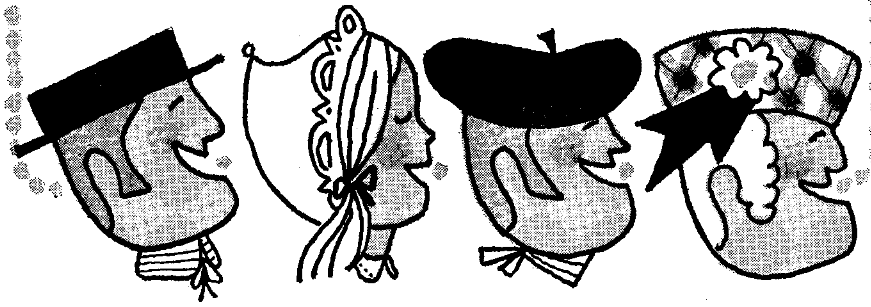

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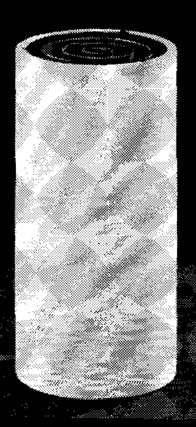

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toward them from the slum streets crowding close against the end wall of their elegant little back yard. It seems the Bentwoods and their neighbors have reclaimed a tenement block and made livable houses for themselves only to discover they have attracted an attention that may be dangerous and that is always disquieting. It is unbearable for the Bentwoods to find themselves forced into a state of secret guilt and open siege, while the furnishings and pictures, and even the kitchen utensils they have so carefully collected, begin to look precious and false, every object seeming only the materialization of a separate affectation. The old Brooklyn house, the vehicle of their dreams, takes on the air of a tumbril, but with comic trappings. It is all very unfair and uncomfortable. The precariousness of their home is not the only trouble the Bentwoods have. There is Otto's split with his partner of many years—a split that means little financially but that does end an old friendship. And there is Sophie's irritation with her own lethargy, and with her sad memory of a wispy demon lover she once had. Sophie is a good linguist and has done a lot of translating, but since prosperity set in she has given up working. The Bentwoods are not seekers and dreamers, forever unsatisfied. They are achievers whose hard-won sense of achievement turns out to be only a sense of emptiness and loss. A stray cat who can't keep his claws in proves to Sophie that she is still alive—fear of tetanus makes her real to herself. An exasperating telephone call proves to Otto that *he* is still alive—hear his nerves snap? These nice, bitterly disappointed people become understandable and sympathetic in Miss Fox's kind, ironic, dispassionate vision of them and their city. She is one of the most attractive writers to come our way in a long, long time. There are even moments when she recalls the tone and pitch of the great Tess Slesinger's work.

NOTE: Viking has published "A Horse and Two Goats," a collection of five short stories by R. K. Narayan, three of which first appeared in *The New Yorker.*

GENERAL

THE MASTERS OF POWER, by Brian Crozier (Little, Brown). An utterly absorbing work whose author, the former political-affairs editor of the *Economist*, examines the be-

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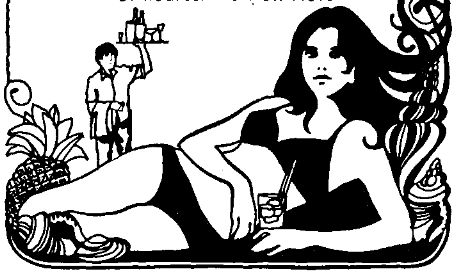

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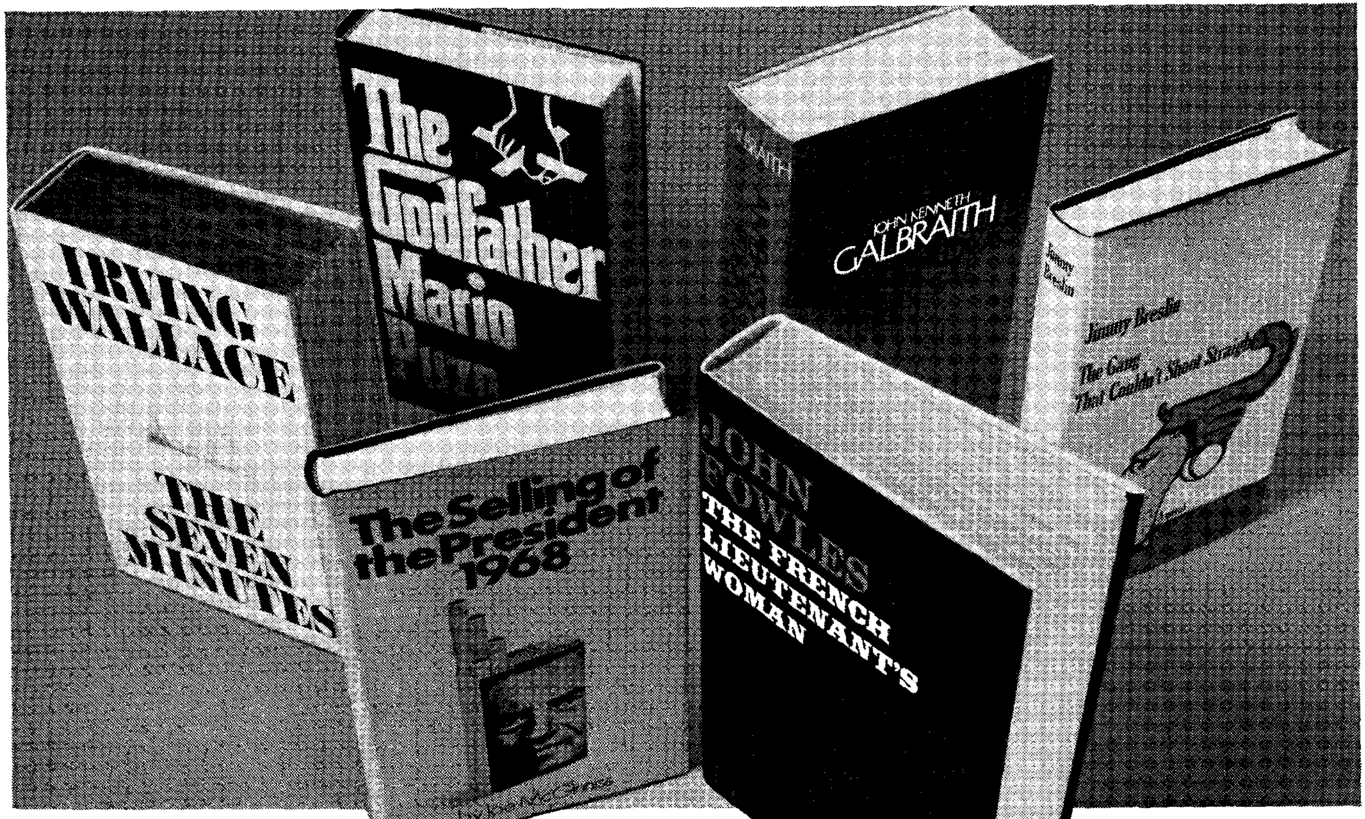

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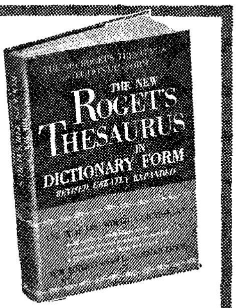

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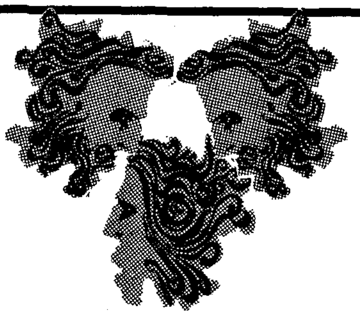

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QUEEN ALEXANDRA, by Georgina Battiscombe (Houghton Mifflin). In 1863, the eighteen-year-old Princess Alexandra of Denmark was married to Albert Edward, Prince of Wales. Queen Victoria toddled on in widow's weeds until 1901, while Alexandra—a seemingly unaging beauty, the darling of society and populace alike—ably played the role of second lady and affectionate daughter-in-law. She took pleasure in the yachts and balls and frolics to which "Bertie" was addicted, but came to prefer life at Sandringham with her children and her horses. By the time she became Queen, she was almost totally deaf. However mortified she may have been by Bertie's more public peccadilloes, she remained devoted to him. In private, she was gracious to his mistresses. The book affords a jolly glimpse of the crowned heads of Europe, who were nearly all kinsfolk and exchanged endless twittering and domestic, or confusedly political, letters; these multiplied when royal marriages were being planned. To find a spouse neither too old nor too ugly, of unsmirched pedigree and apt nationality, was no mean task. Bertie seems to have struck gold.

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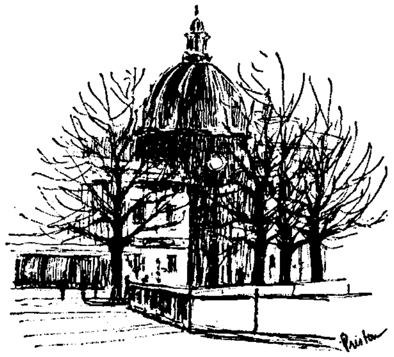

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ed States would have no political parties, in the belief that parties were pernicious—at once a symptom and a cause of a corrupt polity—and they all became, frequently without realizing it, staunch party men. Even so, as Professor Hofstadter explains, the recognition that parties are useful (and the notion of party loyalty among politicians) did not appear until a new, post-Revolutionary generation of Americans took command of politics. Mr. Hofstadter thinks that New York State's Martin Van Buren is the Founding Father of the American political party, and certainly many of Van Buren's discoveries—for instance, that a too successful party falls apart, so that a strong opposition is an absolute necessity—have proved true. Mr. Hofstadter is telling, not arguing; nonetheless, the reader cannot help feeling that the American two-party system (which has often seemed protean, or protozoan, in its shapelessness) is indispensable.

THE FLOWERING OF THE RENAISSANCE, by Vincent Cronin (Dutton). A study of the high, or *cinquecento*, Renaissance, from its explosive birth in Rome during the spirited pontificate of Julius II (1503-13) through its agonizing death by suffocation after the heresy-hunting bigotries (the Inquisition, the Index) of the Council of Trent, in 1564. It thus opens with Michelangelo and Raphael and the architect Bramante; it continues (under Leo X) with Ariosto, Vida, Machiavelli, and Fracastoro (whose poem "Syphilis" named that new disease); and it broadens to embrace Luther and his Ninety-five Theses, Galileo and Copernicus, the anatomist Vesalius, Castiglione and his style-setting "The Courtier," the sack of Rome in 1527, and Leonardo, Bronzino, Cellini, Palladio, Aretino, Tintoretto, and Titian. It is part history, part biography, part an elucidation of ideas, and it shows us most impressively the triumphs and the disasters that marked the beginnings of the modern era. Illustrated with reproductions of works described, and a map.

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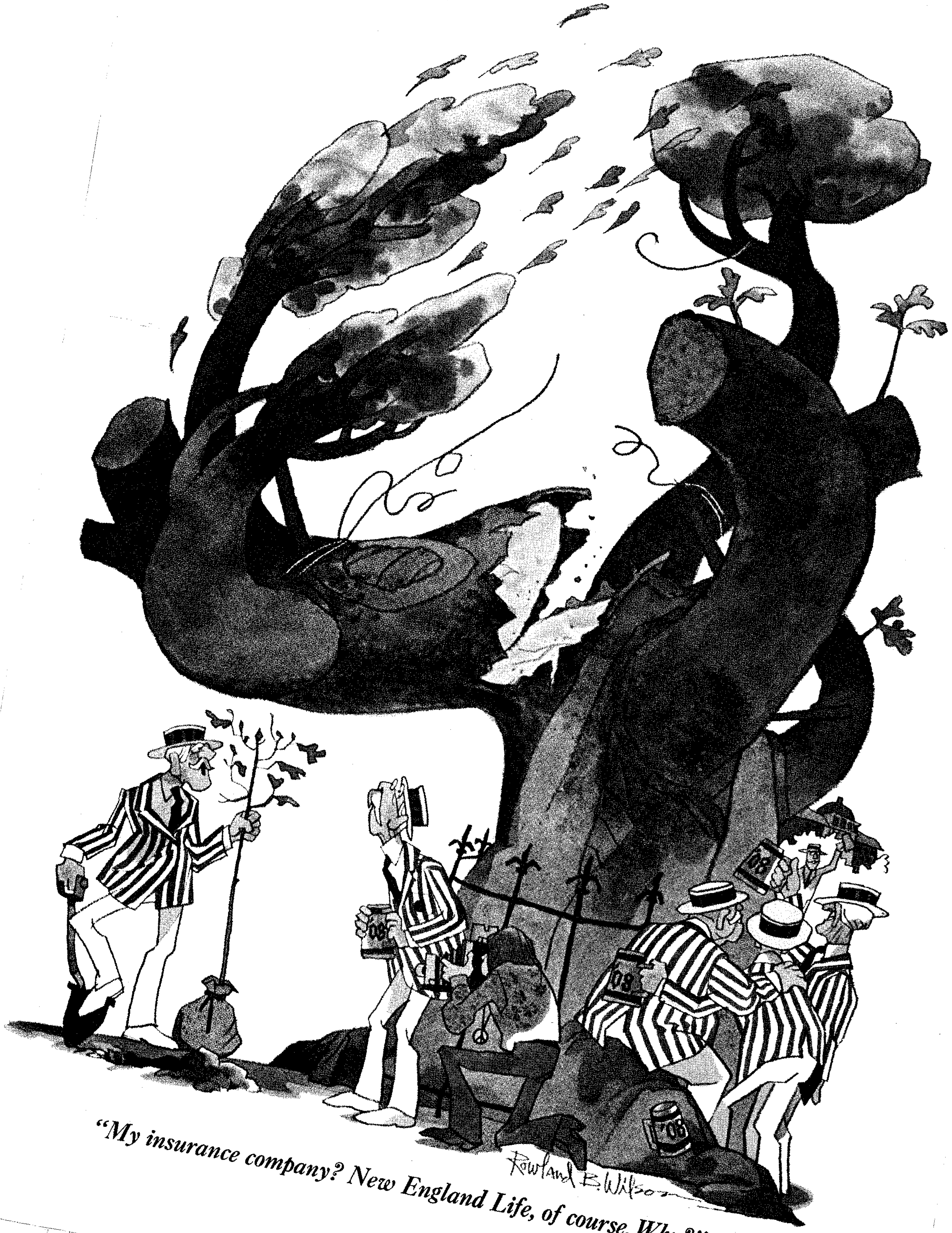
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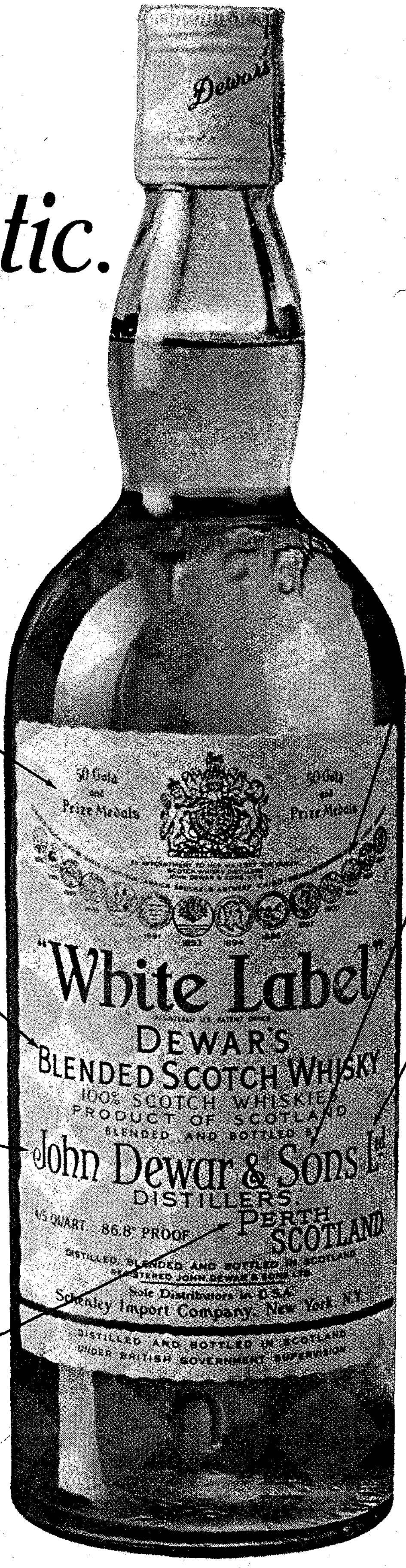
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The facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by the management of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland

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